

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Correspondence— <i>European Politics</i> ,	513
1. Our Family—Chapters 8, 9, 10, 11,	<i>Hood's Magazine</i> , 515
2. One Night in the Life of a Man of Business,	" " 525
3. War—Its true nature,	<i>Spectator</i> , 529
4. Privateering—proposal to treat it as Piracy,	" " 530
5. What altered the intention of Euphrates?	<i>United Service Magazine</i> , 531
6. Facts and Fictions—Oriental Character,	<i>Athenæum</i> , 536
7. Morocco and Tahiti,	<i>Examiner</i> , 538
8. France and Morocco,	" " 539
9. The Prince de Joinville,	<i>Britannia</i> , 540
10. The War Mania in Paris,	" " 540
11. Increase of the British Navy,	" " 541
12. France and England,	<i>Atlas</i> , 542
13. Venice in 1844,	<i>Athenæum</i> , 543
14. Military Punishments,	<i>United Service Magazine</i> , 545
15. American Geologists and Naturalists,	<i>Athenæum</i> , 549
16. Mrs. Grant of Laggan, (concluded,)	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , 550
17. Am I a Coward or not?	<i>Hood's Magazine</i> , 552
18. The Key: a Moorish Romance,	" " 554
19. Future Life of Animals,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , 555
20. The Miners: a Tragedy,	<i>New Monthly Magazine</i> , 558
21. Madame de Stael,	<i>Gallery of Portraits</i> , 573
22. POETRY.—Struggle for Fame—Burns' Festival, 524—Lesson of the Louvre, 536—August—With Angels and Archangels, 557—September, 572.	
23. SCRAPs.—Order of Odd Fellows—Waterloo—Louis Philippe—Iron, 523—Railway Excursions, 529—Population of Hungary, 542.	

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE desire to give, with the Literature of the day, the varying phases of European Politics, so as to prepare our readers, especially the younger part of them, for intelligent and interested observation. The movement goes on with great velocity, which may be expected to accelerate every month ;—and we earnestly urge upon heads of families, and also of schools, to take care that the short summary which we give, shall be read by young persons—and that with the map before them. We cannot too often repeat that steam has brought Europe into neighborhood with us, as well as with Asia and Africa, and has invested the literature and politics of the great nations with tenfold importance to Americans. Our system of government is about to be subjected to stronger trials than it has yet borne ;—and a clear sense of the danger, and a watchful look-out, will be necessary to our safety. We shall need to set aside the paltry game of party politics, and call our best and strongest to man the bulwarks.

The following remarks from the French paper, the *National*, should be read in connection with the article on Privateering from the Spectator, and may suggest to the people of the United States some reflections upon the effect of the difference of policy which grows out of the different interests of nations :

"A word as to the privateers, which have at all times been regarded as the terror of British

commerce, and which must bring about its inevitable ruin. It is unnecessary here to repeat that England draws all its resources from her commerce, and that to strike at this commerce is to strike at her very existence. Who, then, can estimate the loss which would be occasioned to England by the fast-sailing frigates and corvettes, which would instantly be despatched in all directions, with which we should at once threaten her coast, and hold her vessels in check! The loss to both sides could not be equal, for reasons which we have already given. The English merchant trade would offer to our light cruisers and privateers a rich harvest.

"In the event of a war, all our attention would be directed towards our navy. Innumerable steamers would be built in every port; and some fine day, when a storm had completely swept the Channel, we should suddenly land 50,000 men on some undefended point of the British coast. This landing and this result are, in our eyes, but a question of time and opportunity."

After giving extracts from many English and French papers, the *Britannia* thus concludes :

We close this view of the opinions of our contemporaries on the question of peace or war with one more extract from the *Times*. The language is cautious and moderate, and, contrasted with the rabid violence of the *National*, appears to as much advantage as a sage delivering precepts of philosophy and wisdom beside an idiot bellowing forth the frantic rhapsodies of his distracted imagination. Yet it is still impossible not to see that the writer shares in the impression now pervading society that the present position of affairs is full of peril, and threatens grave consequences :—

"Yet, it is not peace between two great and often antagonist nations; it is not the harmony of the lily and the rose that men alone think of; it is the concord of many kingdoms, the tranquillity of innumerable states, and the pacification of Christendom, that men consider when they long for peace. England and France at war, where would be the tranquillity of Europe? England and France in harmony, what great or desolating war can interrupt the happiness of the world! It were as reasonable to suppose that the great bodies in the physical world could come into mutual collision, without carrying havoc and destruction amid their dependent satellites, as that the two kingdoms of France and England could contend, without involving the other states of Europe in the fortunes of the contest. And it is the consciousness of this—of the peril to which a rash engagement in war would expose more than the first parties to it—of the responsibility which lies upon men in high station—of the enormous evil that one hasty or ill-judged measure may introduce amongst other elements of disturbance—it is this which, felt in a lesser way and with a less individual interest by men in private station, should exert a strong and intelligible influence upon the mind of ministers, on whose every word and every sentence depend, humanly speaking, the chances of war or peace. A minister of foreign affairs cannot but feel the momentous responsibility too deeply to act with precipitation. He should be cautious and wary, therefore, not to be the first to throw away the scabbard, and to plunge Europe amid the conflagration of an unnecessary and unnatural discord."

The probable course of Russia, in the event of War, is confidently supposed to be hostile to France. The Britannia says:

The visit of the Emperor Nicholas to this country, followed so speedily by that of his minister, Count Nesselrode, gives countenance to the idea that an important negotiation is in progress for binding together more closely the ties which exist between Russia and England. The emperor, it is probable, took the initiative in this important business, laid his views frankly before the queen, and, when he found them cordially received, committed to the hands of the most experienced statesman in his dominions the task of carrying out his wishes and intentions. What the precise proposal of the emperor was cannot of course be known with certainty, but general opinion assigns it to have an intimate relation to the present aspect of affairs in Europe, and to be connected with the possibility of a French war. It is even conjectured that Russian councils saw more in the famous pamphlet of the Prince de Joinville than the restless ambition of a petulant youth; and, conceiving its publication to be a piece of diplomacy rather than an act of individual rashness, thought it expedient to secure the alliance of the other four great courts by additional guarantees. If this view be well founded, the proposed visit of the Emperor Nicholas to the Prussian court may have a political significance. His Imperial Majesty is not of a disposition to rest satisfied with half measures. To a Russian diplomatist belongs the honor of that alliance which preserved Europe from war in 1840, and satisfactorily settled the Turco-Egyptian question. A treaty of a yet more important nature, and projected by a higher mind, may now be in progress, having an equally pacific aim, but des-

tinued to have a more lasting influence, and to embrace a wider sphere of action.

The spirit of the Irish Press is thus spoken of:

THE REPEALERS' HOPE.—Some of the Irish Repeal papers are holding a language which is not calculated to raise their cause in public respect. The *Belfast Vindicator* holds forth thus—

"The Prince de Joinville has won his laurels before the ramparts at Tangier. We are sure *they will not be his last. We are full of confidence in his future triumphs.* He has a mother, whose prayers we doubt not are offered up for his honor and welfare; *that mother is a living saint, and her prayers are not offered in vain.* More triumphs await him in the Mediterranean, and perhaps on the Atlantic. *What if he should invade Ireland?*"

Drowning men catch at straws; and at this hero of straw the champion of repeal catches to sustain the wild hopes of its cause.

There is really vast humility in this. It supposes that the millions of Ireland are helpless without foreign aid. If France throws a few regiments to her coasts she is to throw off the English yoke; but if there is no invasion by that great captain, the hero of Tangier, why then all the castle-building falls to the ground. A national cause, relying on such aid for success, must be a very weak and spiritless one. If six millions of people were in earnest, they would find their way of shaking off an oppression without the help of a handful of Frenchmen and a puppet prince in an admiral's uniform. The men who accomplish great exploits are they who depend on their own resources and energies; not those who look to strangers for help, which is the expectation of the intervention of Hercules instead of putting the shoulder to the wheel.

Frail and pitiful indeed must be the cause, the hopes of which are built on the speculation of such a championship as that of the Prince de Joinville, and on the strength of the wondrous achievement of knocking down a few stones at Tangier!

And does it quite become a people who complain of oppression to desire to exchange even the misrule of England for the sort of government with which the Citizen King has blessed the French. The heaviest abuse of which Ireland has now to complain would be light and trivial compared with the vexations, mortifications, and oppressions to which she would be subjected as a French province. It may however be imagined that France, for the sheer love of freedom and of Ireland, would deliver her from England, and then leave her to herself; but what if there should be a mistake in such a calculation, and the French should find Ireland an easier and pleasanter possession than Algeria? We must apologize for the folly of contemplating such absurdities, but nonsense must be combated on its own ground.

The piety of the *Belfast Vindicator* is in keeping with the rest of its views. Heaven is to heed the prayers of the "living saint," the Queen of the French; and those prayers being for the honor and welfare of the Prince de Joinville, Providence is to subject people to the horrors of war as conducive to the prince's aforesaid "honor and welfare."

Are there no mothers, living saints, in Ireland, whose prayers, though not offered up from a throne, may, through the honor and welfare of their sons, bring about the redress of Ireland's wrongs by milder means than the scourge of war?

It seems rather strange to reckon on prayers so far off, and with so roundabout an effect.

The logic is briefly this. The Prince de Joinville has a mother whose prayers will obtain for him success in whatever he undertakes. *Ergo*, if the Prince de Joinville should invade Ireland, he will carry all before him, and sweep the English from the face of the land.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE ALTERCATION.

THOSE two angry females—just imagine them, ripe for their verbal duel!—Mrs. Hopkins fierce, resolute, and pale as the mask, in marble, of an ancient Fury: Kezia, with her homely person, coarse limbs, scrubby head, staring eyes, and that violent red blotch on her cheek, not unlike the ill-painted figure-head of the Bellona, or some such termagant ship of war.

"O you wretch!" began Kezia, panting for utterance.

"Wretch yourself!" returned the woman. "Who gave you leave to meddle?"

"Those babes—those blessed babes!" exclaimed Kezia; "to want them devoured in their innocent cradle by a wild man of the woods! Babes only fit to devour with kisses—and such as would soften any heart but a stone one, that nothing will touch, except the fizzling stuff as cleans marble!"

"Say, muriatic acid," suggested Mr. Postle.

"Twin babes, too!" continued Kezia, "the very pictures of heavenly innocence—and might sit to a painter for a pair of cherubims!—and to abuse them so—it's almost blasphemy—it's next to irreligious!"

"Heyday!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins; "here's a fuss, indeed, about babies!—As if there was no more of them in the world! Prize ones, no doubt. I should like to see them soaped and scrambled for!"

"You would!" cried Kezia, almost in a scream—"you would! Oh! you wicked, wicked monster!"

"Monsters are for caravans," said the woman; "and if I was you, before I talked of monsters, I would go to some quack doctor,"—and she glanced viciously at my father—"for a cosmetical wash, to make both my cheeks of a color."

"My cheeks are as God made them," said Kezia; "so it's Providence's face that you're flying into, and not mine. But I don't mind personals. It's your cruel ill-wishing to those precious infants; and which to look at would convert a she-ogress into a maternal character. Do you call yourself a mother?"

"Do you?" asked the woman with a spiteful significance.

"No I don't," answered Kezia, "and not fit I should. I'm a single spinster, I know, and therefore not a motherly character; but I may stand up, I hope, without committing matrimony, for two helpless innocent babes. Dear little infants, too, as I've washed, and worked for and fed with my own hands; and nursed on my own lap; and lulled on my own buzzum; and as such I don't mind saying, whenever attacks them, I'm a lioness with her yelps."

"Whelps, Kizzy, whelps,"—but Kizzy was too angry to notice the correction.

"A rampant lioness sure enough! And if I was your keeper," said Mrs. Hopkins, with a malicious glance at my father, "I'd keep you to your own den. The business has n't improved so much, I believe, as to require another assistant."

The wrath of Kezia was at its climax. Next to an attack on the family, a sneer at the business was a sure provocation. "I know my place," she said, "and my provinces. It's the kitchen, and the back kitchen, and the washus, and the nussery; and if I did come into the surgery, it was to beg a little lunatic caustic to burn off a wart.

As for our practice, Mr. Postle must answer for himself. All I know is, he can hardly get his meals for making up the prescriptions; what with mixing draughts, and rolling pills and boluses, and spreading blisters and Bergamy pitch plasters, and pounding up drugs into improbable powders."

"Impalpable," said my father.

"Well, impalpable. Not to name the operations, such as cupping, and flea botany, and distracting decayed teeth."

"Extracting," said my father, "the other would be a work of supererogation."

"Well, extracting—and the vaccinating besides,—and all the visiting on horseback and on foot,—private and parishional,—including the workus. Then there's master himself," continued Kezia, dropping a sort of half courtesy to him, as an apology for the liberty of the reference,—“if he gets two nights' rest in a week, it's as much as he does, what with confinements, and nocturnal attacks, and sudden accidents,—it's enough to wear out the night bell! There was this very morning, between one and two, he was called up, out of his warm bed, to the Wheel of Fortune, to sow up a juggler."

"Jugular," said my father.

"Well, jugular.—And the night before, routed out of his first sleep by a fractious rib. I only wonder we don't advertise in the papers for a partner, for there's work enough for a firm. First there's a put-out shoulder to be put in again,—then a broken limb to set,—and next a cracked penny cranium to be jappened —"

She meant trepanned, and the correction was on my father's lips, but was smothered in the utterance by the vehement Mrs. Hopkins. "Japan a fiddlestick!" she cried, impatiently rolling her head from side to side, and waving her hands about, as if battling with a swarm of imaginary gad-flies. "What do I care for all this medical rigmarole?"

"Oh! of course not!" said Kezia, "not a brass button. Only when people affront our practice, and insinuate that we have a failing business, it's time to prove the reverse. But perhaps you're incredible. There was no such thing, I suppose, as the pison'd charity-boy, with his head as big as two, and his eyes a-squeezing out of it, because of eating a large red toadstool, like a music-stool, in loo of a mushroom."

"There might, and there might not," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"I thought as much!" exclaimed Kezia, "and in course you never heard of the drowned female who was dragged out of the canal, a perfect sop! and was shocked into life again, by our galvanic battering?"

"I never did," replied Mrs. Hopkins.

"Oh no—not you!" said Kezia, bitterly. "Nor the stabbed Irishman, as was carried into this very surgery, all in a gore of blood, and pale, and fainting away, and in a very doubtful state indeed, till master applied a skeptic."

"A styptic," said my father, "a styptic."

"Well, a styptic. And maybe you've not heard neither of the scalded child—from pulling a kettle of boiling water over her poor face and neck,—and which was basted with sweet oil, and drudged with flour, and was so lucky as to heal up without leaving a cockatrice."

"If I was you," said Mrs. Hopkins, "I would say a cicatrix."

"Well, perhaps I ought," said Kezia. "How-

somewhat there was n't a scar or a seam on her skin, —so that's a cure at any rate. Then there's the Squire.—But, maybe, nobody has seen his groom come galloping, like life or death, to fetch master to a consulting of the faculty—no, nor the messenger from the rectory—nor the curate himself dropping in here for medical advice—quite out of sorts, he said, and as hoarse as a raven with a guitar."

"A catarrh," said my father, "a catarrh!"

"Well, catarrh—and could n't swallow for an enlarged tonsor in his throat."

It is uncertain how much farther Kezia might have "carried on the business," and improved it, but for an importunate voice which began calling in a stage whisper for Mrs. H. Mrs. Hopkins looked towards the road, where a shadow had for some time been fluttering on the threshold, whilst part of the skirt of a female garment dodged about the door-post, and a bobbing head now and then intercepted the sunshine, and uttered its subdued summons. But as Mrs. H. did not seem inclined to obey the call, the unknown stepped, or rather stumbled, into the surgery, for she was purblind from a complaint in her eyes, and therefore wore a green shade, so deep, that it shadowed her crimson nose, like a pent-house over a pet carnation. The two females were obviously confederates, for the newcomer took up a position beside her predecessor, with a determined air and attitude which showed that the broadside of the Tartar would be supported by a volley from the Vixen. Kezia, who would have engaged a fleet of shrews in the same cause, maintained as bold a front, and there wanted but the first shot to bring on a general action, when my father interposed, and suspended hostilities by a friendly salute.

"Glad to see you, Mrs. Pegge."

"That's as may turn out," replied Mrs. Pegge, throwing back her head, with her chin up in the air, and looking along her nose, at the doctor, in a posture, as it seemed, of the most ineffable disdain.

"Your sight must be better at any rate," said my father, "to let you come out so far without a guide."

"Well, it is better," said Mrs. Pegge, and then turning as on a pivot to her ally—"No thanks to nobody, eh, Mrs. H.?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"I did n't follow the doctor's directions,—did I, Mrs. H.?"

"Certainly not."

"And should have been no better if I had—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"Not a tittle," said Mrs. Hopkins, "but quite the reverse."

"It is n't the hophalmy at all,—is it, Mrs. H.?"

"By no manner of means."

"Nor gutty sereny—it don't come from the stomach—do it, Mrs. H.?"

"Not in the least."

"I never said that it did," put in my father, more tickled than hurt by the attack on his medical skill.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Pegge; "you'd have been wrong if you had,—for it's Amor Rosis—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"Exactly so—the very name," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"I can guess where they got that," muttered Mr. Postle, just loud enough to be heard by his principal; but my father was in too good a humor, and rubbing his nose too briskly to be accessible to sinister suspicions.

"Well, well," he said, with a tone and smile of conciliation enough to have smoothed a pair of ruffles into Quakerly wristbands. "Amor, in the eye, is a very common affection amongst females, and so you may be right. And in spite of all that has passed, should you or Mrs. Hopkins wish at any time for medical advice or medicaments—"

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Pegge, tossing her head like a horse at the hay-rack. "We are poor,—but we won't be experimented on any longer—eh, Mrs. H."

"The Lord forbid!" cried Mrs. H. "We've been too much experimented upon already!"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Postle, determined to test his secret suspicions, "you had better seek other advice."

"Eh, what?" asked Mrs. Pegge, wheeling about with her green verandah, till she brought her red ferret-like eyes to bear on the assistant.

"What might you say, young man?"

"I said that perhaps you had better seek other advice."

"Perhaps we have," replied Mrs. Pegge, with a suppressed chuckle, and the usual appeal for confirmation to Mrs. H.

"We certainly did," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"And whatever was advised," said Mrs. Pegge, "there was one thing not recommended, namely, for a young child to sleep in an apiary—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"If you mean with a monkey," said Mrs. Hopkins, "most decidedly not."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Pegge, "Doctor Shackle knows better than that—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"I said so!" exclaimed Mr. Postle, with a slap of his hand on the desk that would have crushed a beetle into a dead flat.

"Hush, hush," whispered my father. "Dear me, you have killed the poor inky fly!"

"Curse the fly!" cried Mr. Postle, fairly beside himself with vexation. "I wish they had both been in its skin,—a couple of ungrateful old Jezebels!"

"He! he! he!" tittered Mrs. Pegge. "Some people will want one of their own cooling draughts!"

"Why, you ungrateful creature!" cried Kezia, whose face had been purpling and swelling with indignation till it seemed ready to burst like an over-ripe gooseberry. "I wonder you can name a 'fevervescing draught, for fear of its flying in your face!"

"Hoity toity!" said Mrs. Pegge, turning on Kezia, with her green shade over her glistening red eyes, like an angry hooded snake. "What have we here!—A hen doctor—a 'pothecary in petticoats!"

"I don't mind names," answered Kezia, "you may be as scrofulous as you please."

"Scurrilous," said my father.

"Well, scurrilous. I don't mind that," continued Kezia. "It's your base return for our pharmacy, and your sneers at our practice. Such shocking unthankfulness! And to think of all the good physic you have enjoyed, gratis!"

"Physic!" retorted Mrs. Pegge, with a sneer of unutterable contempt. "Physic indeed! such physic! If it's so good, why don't you enjoy it yourself! I'm sure we don't want to rob you of it. If it was worth anything it would n't be given away—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"My own words," replied Mrs. Hopkins, "to a syllable."

"It's not physic at all!" said Mrs. Pegge.

"No!" exclaimed my father, "what then?"

"It's the grouts of other people's," said Mrs. Pegge, "and that's how we get it in charity. But come Mrs. H., we have been long enough here."

"Quite," said Mrs. Hopkins.

"And it will be long enough before we come here again,—eh, Mrs. H.?"

"Ages," said Mrs. Hopkins; and drawing the arm of her purblind confederate under her own, she led her towards the door, through which—the one stumbling and the other limping—the two ingrates groped and hobbled away, and were seen no more.

"Say I told you so!" exclaimed Mr. Postle, desperately snatching up the pestle, but grinding nothing, except some inarticulate execrations between his teeth. My father even looked a little grave; and as for Kezia, she could only stare up at the ceiling, flap her hands about, and ejaculate "Oh, I never!"

"Yes, Shackle's at the bottom of it all," muttered Mr. Postle, shrewdly adopting my father's own mode of thinking aloud as a vehicle for administering his private sentiments. "Those two beldams have been prompted by him that's certain,—and he has been called in at the Great House."

"He has?" said my father.

Postle, however, took no notice of the interrogation, but shook his head, despondingly, and proceeded. "That infernal little monkey has done for us! We shall never be sent for again master or mate. No, no, a doctor who could n't save such a little creature would never preserve so great a lady! So there is our best patient gone—gone—gone! And the parish will go next, for Shackle has got the board by the ear."

"Not he," said my father.

"Then he sells opium, and we don't, and that gives him the village. The more fools we,"—and Postle shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows—"We're unpopular with rich and poor. I should not wonder, some day, if we were even to be hung or burnt in effigy!"

My father smiled and rubbed his nose, and none the less, that Kezia clasped her hands and groaned aloud at the imaginary picture. But he repented of his mirth, when he saw her eyes, swimming in tears, fixed alternately on himself, and the assistant, as if they were already swinging like Guys, over the opprobrious bonfire.

"Postle—Mr. Postle!"—he began, but the assistant continued his soliloquy.

"There's Widow Warner's child in one of her old convulsions—"

"Poor thing!" cried my father. "I will go and look to her directly!"

"But there has been no message," said Mr. Postle, suddenly waking up from his pretended fit of abstraction. "We're not sent for."

"No matter," said my father; and snatching up his hat and clapping it on, the wrong side before, was about to hurry out of the surgery, when he was checked by an exclamation from Kezia.

"Gracious!—the yellow lamp is broke again!"

"Yes—last night for the fifth time," said Mr. Postle.

"It is very strange," said my father, looking up at the gap in the fanlight, where there ought to have been a glass globe, filled with a certain yellow fluid; and which nightly, by the help of a lamp behind it, cast a flaring advertisement over

a post, across the road, and partly up a poplar tree on the opposite side of the way. "It is very strange—there must be some cause for it."

"Nobody breaks Shackle's green lamp," observed Mr. Postle.

My father made no reply; but, stepping hastily out of the surgery, set off—at what Postle called his acute pace, in opposition to his slower, or chronic one—towards the Widow Warner's cottage.

CHAPTER IX.—OUR CARVER.

Amongst my father's little vanities—and in him it was partly professional—he rather piqued himself on his dexterity in dividing a fowl or cutting up a joint of meat. The performance, nevertheless, was generally a slovenly one,—not for want of skill in the operator, but through the fault of the carver, which was as blunt as any *messer* in Germany.

Every family has some standing nuisance of the kind,—a smoky chimney, a creaking door, a bad lock, a stiff hinge, or a wayward clock, which, in spite of a thousand threats and promises, never gets Rumfordized, oiled, mended, eased, rectified, or regulated. Our stock grievance was the carver. In vain Kezia, who never grudged what she called elbow-grease, rubbed the steel to and fro, and round and round, and labored by the hour to sharpen the obstinate instrument; wherever the fault lay, in her manipulation, the metal, the knife-board, or the Flanders brick, the thing remained as dull as ever. My father daily hacked and haggled, looked at the edge, then at the back of the blade, and passed his finger along both, as if in doubt which was which,—pshaw'd—blessed his soul—wondered who could cut with such a thing—and swore, for the hundredth time, that the carver must and should go to the cutler's. Perhaps, as he said this so positively, it was expected that the carver would go of itself to the grindstone: however, it never went; but Kezia and the knife rubbed on, till the board, and the brick, and my father's patience were nearly worn out together. The dinner-tool was still as blunt as a spade; and might have remained so till doomsday, but for the extraordinary preparations for the christening, when, every other household article having undergone a furbishing, the eye of our maid-of-all-work fell on the refractory knife, which she declared—please the pigs—should go forthwith to be set and ground by Mr. Weldon, the smith.

Luckily there was an errand due in the same direction; so, huddling herself into her drab shawl, and flinging on her black bonnet, without tying the strings—for there was no time for nicety—away went Kezia through the village at her best pace, a yellow earthenware basin in one hand, and the naked carving-knife in the other; a combination, be it said, rather butcherly, and to a country-bred mind inevitably suggestive of pig-sticking, and catching the blood for black puddings: but the plain homely Kezia, who seldom studied appearances, or an ideal picture of her own person, held sturdily on her way, with striding legs and swinging arms, the domestic weapon flashing to the sunshine in her red right hand. How her thoughts were occupied, may be guessed,—that the usual speculations of menials had no place in her brain. Instead of thinking of sweethearts, fairings, ribbons, new bonnets, cast-off gowns, tea and sugar, the kitchen stuff, vails, perquisites,

windfalls, petty peculations, warnings, raised wages, and what did or did not belong to her place, her mind was busy with the baptism, the dear babes, Mrs. Prideaux, her master, mistress, and Mr. Postle, and generally all those household interests, in which her own were as completely merged and lost as water is in water. Amongst these the medical interest, of course, held a prominent place, and induced in her, not only a particular attention to the practice and the patients, but a general observance—which became habitual—of looks and symptoms, with a strong tendency, moreover, to exhibit what she called her physical knowledge. This propensity she was enabled to indulge in her passage along "the street," a long straggling row of one-storied cottages, mud-built and thatched, and only separated by the road in front from the sluggish river, which added its unwholesome damps to the noxious effluvia from mouldy furniture, musty garments, and, perhaps, rancid provisions, and sluttish accumulations of dust and dirt, in dark, ill-ventilated rooms. At the back, dotted with stunted willow-pollards and windmills, and intersected by broad ditches, lay the Fens, a dreary expanse, flat as a map, and as diversely colored by black and brown bogs, water, purple heath, green moss, and various crops, blue, red and yellow, including patches of hemp and flax, which, at certain seasons, were harvested and placed to steep in stagnant ponds, whence the rotting vegetable matter exhaled a pestilential malaria, as fetid in its stench as deadly in its influence on the springs of health and life. The eyes of Kezia rested, therefore, on many a sickly sallow face and emaciated frame amongst the men and women, who lounged or worked beside the open windows, and even in some of the children that played round the thresholds, biting monstrous candles out of slices of bread and butter, or nursing baby brothers and sisters only half a size smaller than themselves. With all these people, big and little, Kezia exchanged familiar greetings, and nods and smiles of recognition, occasionally halting for a brief conference,—for example, to recommend "scurvy treatment" for little Bratby, to prescribe a dose of "globular salts" for the younger Modley, or to hint to Mrs. Pincott, whose infant was suffering from dentition, that its gums wanted "puncturation" with the lancet. But at one house she paused to deliver an especial salute; for on the door-step sat little Sally Warner, cuddling her arms in her pinafore, and upturning a cheerful, chubby face, with a fair brow, bright blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, but sadly disfigured, between the snubby nose and dimpled chin, and all round the pretty mouth, by an eruption which might have been averted by a timely dose of brimstone and treacle,—a spectacle Kezia no sooner observed than, abruptly stopping for an instant, with a certain gesture, she pronounced certain ambiguous words, so appalling, in one sense, that the scared child immediately fled indoors to her widowed mother, on whose lap, after a paroxysm of grief and terror, she went off into one of those constitutional fits to which she had been subject from her cradle.

Poor Kezia! How little she dreamt that, by merely pointing at a child with a carving knife, and saying, "You want opening!" she was seriously endangering a young life. How little she thought that she was preparing for her dear master another of those mortifications which were beginning to throng round him so thickly as to justify the old proverb, that misfortunes never come

single, but are gregarious in mischief, and hunt in packs like the wolves.

In the mean time my father, good easy man! walked on quite unconscious of the impending annoyance; for the incident of the carving-knife, which furnished this little episode, occurred prior to the scene in the surgery recorded in the last chapter.

CHAPTER X.—THE VISIT; AND THE VISITATION.

A good man, of kindly impulses, and contented with their gratification, is not apt to resent very violently the ungracious reception of his benefits; but, however indifferent on his own account, he cannot help feeling some vexation, partly for the sake of the ingrate himself, and partly on behalf of mankind in general. There is a wrong done to the species; a slur cast on human nature; and his cheek flushes, if not with personal indignation, with shame for his race. Thus, there are men whom a series of injuries, readily forgiven, have failed to convert into misanthropes; but have inspired, nevertheless, with a profound melancholy.

Something of this depression probably weighed down my father's spirits, seeing that he walked without his usual music, the whisper of a whistle, and looking earthwards besides—as if out of tune for sunshiny thoughts—into his own shadow—heedless alike of the sparrow's taking a dust-bath in the road, and the wagtail that kept just a-head of him by a series of short swift runs, its delicate legs almost invisible from the rapidity of their motion, and its tail, at every halt, balancing with that peculiar vibration from which the bird derives its name.

And yet the scene was much brighter than when he had last paced the same road: the day was fine, and the landscape as lovely and cheerful as its "capabilities" allowed. The river glittered in the sun; the bleak rose at the flies, making numberless rings and dimples in the surface; and myriads of minnows and stickle-backs—for which the water was famous—wheeled and manœuvred in dark shoals, like liquid clouds, amidst the shallows; while larger fish skulked in the eddies round the lock-gates, or glistened silverly through the intricate golden arabesques that sparkled in the rippled water, and thence reflected, danced on the piles of the dam, and the supports of the Dutch-looking swing-bridge. For a swarm of expatriated Flemings had settled aforetime in the neighborhood; and by the style of such erections had made the country, in its artificial features, as well as in its natural aspect, very similar to their own.

On the other hand lay the broad ditch; here and there widening into a little pool, that bristled with rushes and flags, amidst patches of brown water, and green scum, and aquatic weeds, enlivened by numerous yellow blossoms, like bathing buttercups, over which the red, blue, or green dragon flies, all head and tail—like glorified tadpoles—darted about on their gauzy wings; or with a dipping motion, regular as a pulsation, deposited their eggs in the stagnant fluid; or settled, and clung motionless to some reedy stem. In the clear spaces, the water-spider, skating without ice, performed its eccentric evolutions on the surface; whilst clouds of gnats pertinaciously hovered over some favorite spot, though dissipated again and again by the flutter of the fly bird, hawking at insects, and returning after each short flight to perch on the same dead twig of the alder. The bank was gay with flowering weeds, and covered with tangled verdure

—plants, shrubby, pyramidal, and pendulous, interlaced and festooned by straggling creepers and parasites, out of which, at intervals, struggled the trunk of the pollard willow, still clasped by the glossy ivy, and embossed with golden or emerald moss—or the silvery stem of the aspen, up-turning at every breath the hoary side of its twinkling leaves, and changing its foliage from green to gray, and from gray to green, with the variable shades of the summer sea. The very slime oozing round the muddy margin of the pool, and filling the holes poached by the feet of horses and cattle, assumed prismatic tints; whilst the fresh splashes, running up into the road ruts, glanced alternate blue and white with the shifting sky: in short, there was all the beauty that color, change, light and shade, life and motion, can give to even common-place objects; and on which, generally, my father, a lover of nature, would not have turned a careless eye, no more than he would have let the sedge-bird warble, as unheard as invisible, amongst the waving reeds.

But his mind was preoccupied. In spite of himself the harsh voice of Mrs. Hopkins still echoed in his ear; he still saw the red and black eyes of Mrs. Pegge glimmering, like live charcoal, under their green shade. With every step, however, the image and the sounds became fainter, and the cloud passed away from his soul.

"Pshaw," he said to himself, "I am as unreasonable as the old women! Poor creatures, that have hardly daily bread enough to justify a thanksgiving—and to expect from them a grace before and after a dose of physic! To be sure they might have been more civil—and yet, poor, ragged, infirm, disappointed in life, and diseased—the one half-blind and the other a cripple—what worldly sugar have they in their cup to sweeten their dispositions!—What cream of comfort, or soothing syrup, to make them mild, affable, and good-humored! And besides, what do they meet with themselves from society at large but practical rudeness? Scorned and shunned because penniless and shabby; oppressed, snubbed, and wronged, because weak and powerless; neglected and insulted, because old and ugly; and unceremoniously packed off at last, as no longer ornamental, useful or profitable, to that human lumber-hole, the work-house! Accustomed to endure poverty without pity, age without reverence, want without succor, pain without sympathy,—what wonder if their minds get warped with their frames, and as sensitive to slights and affronts as their bodies to damp and cold winds—if their judgments become as harsh as their voices, or if their tempers sharpen with their features? What wonder if their prejudices stiffen with their limbs—their whims increase with their wrinkles—their repinings with their infirmities—nay, if their very hearts harden with their fates, or their patience fails utterly under the tedious suffering of some chronic disease, which art can only palliate, whilst hope perhaps promised a cure? No, no, we must not expect too much from human nature under such trials, and so many privations!—And so let them enjoy their discontents," said my father, raising his voice: "the worse for them, poor souls, that they are past other pleasure!—and if grumbling be a comfort, who would grudge it, any more than their solitary luxury—a pinch of snuff!"

"Or a drop of lodnum," grumbled a surly voice.

My father looked up, and recognized the speak-

er; but the man, gazing straight before him, as if suddenly seized with a stiff neck, passed hastily by, to escape the words which pursued him.

"Yes, yes, Roger Heap, or a dram of oxalic acid, which I would as soon sell you as the other. It's the curse of the county, what with their laudanum drops—and opie pills—and syruing the infants—and if ever I saw a flower like a well-frilled last night-cap it's the White Poppy!"

My father stopped, for he had reached the widow's pretty cottage, and stepping through the open front door, walked into the parlor. It was a small room neatly but tastily furnished; for Mrs. Warner had been left in easy circumstances by her late husband, a farmer, in those prosperous war times when farmers reaped golden harvests; and long before the distressed agriculturist learned to cry "*Ichaboe!* My glory is departed from me! and I am dependent for profitable crops on a species of foreign Penguin, of dirty habits!" His competence, indeed, was rapidly growing into a fortune, when he perished suddenly after a market-dinner by an accident which, communicated too abruptly to the widow, made her, prematurely, the mother of an infant, afflicted from its ill-starred birth with convulsions. A black profile of the father hung over the mantel-piece, beside the old-fashioned mirror; and in his vacant elbow-chair, beside the fire-place, reposed his favorite terrier, blind with age, and asthmatic, from the pampering of his mistress, whose whole affections were divided, though in unequal portions, between her little Sally and the dog. At the sound of a strange foot the wheezy animal uttered a creaking growl, but quickly began to thump the damask seat with his tail on recognizing my father, already met, or rather intercepted by the widow, who, omitting her usual courtesy, placed herself directly before him, so as to bar his passage to the inner room.

"Well, and how is Sally?" asked my father, kindly looking down at the diminutive widow, for she was the smallest woman, to use the popular description, "that ever stood in shoe leather, not to be an absolute dwarf." Besides which, since Master Warner's death, she had pined and wasted away to a perfect atomy, and looked even less than she really was in that pinched cap and the black dress which reduced her figure. Not that she fretted visibly, or wept: her eyes shed no more tears than those of the peacock plumes over the old mirror; but if grief has a *dry rot* of its own, by that decay she had crumbled away till her whole widowed body, as my father said, contained but just clay enough to make one little lachrymatory urn. In truth, she was singularly withered and shrivelled, and, in the common belief, still shrank so rapidly as to beget a notion amongst the more imaginative of the village children, that she would eventually dwindle to the fairy standard, and then disappear.

"Well, how is Sally?" asked my father: "I hear she has had a fit."

"She has," answered the tiny widow. Her very voice seemed smaller than usual, and to come, a mere sibilant murmur, through her thin compressed lips and closed teeth.

"Poor thing! I'll go in and look at her," said my father, making one step sideways, and then another forward.

"There is no need," said the widow, stepping one pace backward, and then another sideways, so as to still keep in his front.

"Is she well then?"

"No."

"I had better see her then," said my father.

"Doctor Shackle has seen her," said the widow.

"Quite right—he was the nearest"—replied my father, who was as free from the professional as from any other species of jealousy. "Quite right! then I am easy about her—for she is in good hands."

Just as my father pronounced this eulogium the object of it issued from the inner room; and the little widow stepping apart, left the rival doctors—if there can be rivalry all on one side—standing face to face. What a contrast it was! my father, plump, rosy as a red-streak, and bright-eyed—one of those men of the old school who looked handsome in hair-powder; the other a tall bony personage, sandy haired, with large yellow whiskers, stony light gray eyes, a straight sharp nose, high cheek-bones, colorless cheeks, and thin lips, parted in a perpetual smile that resulted less from good temper than good teeth—a proper enough personification of Lent, reminding one of the hard, sordid dryness of the stockfish, and the complexion of the parsnip. Then, his manners were cold and reserved, his voice uniform in its tone—his words few and sarcastic, and often marked in *italics*, by a sneering curl of the lip—one of those men from whose veins, if pricked, you would expect not blood but milk—not milk warm and sweet, but acrid like that of the dandelion—men whose livers, you feel sure, are white; their hearts of the palest flesh-color, and always on the wrong side; their brains a stinging jelly, like the sea-nettle. That my father, one of the warmest of the warm-blooded animals, could endure such a polypus—that they could meet without his instinctively antipathizing and flying off, was proof of his easy disposition, his exquisite temper, his childlike simplicity, large faith in human goodness, and catholic attraction towards all his race.

"Well, doctor," said my father, "how is the little patient?"

"All safe now," answered Shackle. "But a terrible shock to the system—tremendous fit—brought on by a fright."

"A fright?"

"Yes: some fool or other, with a knife, or magical instrument, or something—threatened to rip her up."

"The brute deserved a flogging!" exclaimed my father.

"I think so, too," said Shackle, with a glance aside at the mother.

"Why, the brute, as you call her," began the widow, but was checked by Shackle, who placed his finger on his lip, and, stooping down to her ear, whispered,

"Assumed ignorance!"

"Poor child!" said my father; "I have been quite anxious about her."

"You must have been," said Shackle; "you came so quickly!"—a sarcasm my father, in the innocence of his heart, mistook for a civility.

"It happened hours ago," remarked the little widow.

"Is it possible!" cried my father. "But I knew nothing of it—not a syllable."

Shackle said nothing, but looked incredulously at the widow, who replied, by an almost imperceptible shake of the head.

"Postle only told me," said my father, "about ten minutes since."

"Oh, that Postle!" exclaimed Shackle, "what a treasure he must be!"

"He is, indeed," said my father, quite unconscious of the intended sneer.

"And that—what's her name!—Kezia?" cried Shackle, "taking such a family interest in everything—even to the medical practice!"

At the mention of Kezia and medical practice, the figure of the little widow appeared to dilate, her eyes flashed, and her tiny tongue began rapidly to moisten her thin lips; but before she could speak, Shackle broke in with some directions about the sick child; and then seizing my father by the arm, hurried him out of the cottage. "I have another case to attend," he said, "and a very urgent one."

"I hope the present one," said my father, "is going on favorably."

"Oh, quite; she is all right;" answered Shackle. "By the by, I hope I am excused. There is a certain etiquette between medical men,—and I ought to apologize for interfering with one of your patients."

"Not at all! not at all!" cried my father. "We are both of us engaged in the same great mission—coöperators in the good work of alleviating human suffering."

"Exactly so—of the same order of *charity*," said Shackle, with a sneering emphasis on the last word, intended secretly for my father's gratuitous practice. "Yes, both of us are of one fraternity, or, as we should be called abroad, brothers of mercy," a phrase which so delighted my father, that seizing Shackle's hand between both his own, he warmly urged a request conceived some minutes before.

"With the utmost pleasure," replied Shackle, bowing and returning the squeeze with apparent cordiality; and then the two doctors parted—one with an ivory smile on his face, that vanished the moment he turned his back; the other with a kindly glow on his countenance which promised to endure till the next meeting.

My father, however, instead of turning homewards, guided by some vague impulse, bent his steps towards the dwelling of the Hobbeses—to see, after so many disappointments, how his kind intentions had thriven in that quarter? Perhaps so. Meanwhile little Sally was safe, and his whistle was resumed. He was conscious of the warmth and glory of the sunshine; heard and enjoyed the carol of the lark; observed the gray goose leading her callow yellow gulls across the road to the river; and laughed at the consequential airs of the hissing gander, as he sailed on, with raised stern, and one broken wing hanging down at his side, like the weather-board of a Dutch yacht. But a stranger spectacle was in store for him—a low mud cottage, rudely thatched with brown mossy straw and reeds—the broken panes of its one window stopped with dingy rags—and two men, in the livery of the magpie but repudiating its loquacity, in short, two mutes, in black and white, standing one on each side of the humble door! My father stopped and rubbed his eyes like a man "drowned in a dream." But no, there they were, the two mummers, with their paraphernalia in their hands, surrounded by an undress circle of the village children, backed by an outer ring of men and women, who stared over their black, white, brown, red, yellow, cropped or curly little heads.

In another minute there was a stir and murmur

of expectation amongst the crowd,—and first a black and white hat, and then a man in black with a white scarf, came stooping through the low door; followed by two other men in sables, carrying a little coffin, covered with French gray cloth, and studded with silvered nails. After a pause, as if to afford time for the spectators to gaze and comment on the handsome coffin and its ornaments, another attendant threw over it a black velvet pall with a white border; and then came forth the mourners, stumbling over the threshold, the mother with a white handkerchief at her eyes; but the father with his grief, all unveiled, writhing in his hard-featured yellow face. The silk hood and scarf but partially concealed the shabby, ragged clothing of the poor woman; and the funeral mantle was far too short for the tall man, whose mud-stained corduroys were visible a foot below its skirt; whilst one half of his best and worst beaver, brown in color and of no particular shape, bulged out roughly above the sleek hat-band which encircled it, and thence flowed down his nape, and with a full convex curve over his high round shoulders. There was a moan from the crowd as the mourners appeared, and then a hush, only broken by the sobs of the bereaved parents, whereat the tender-hearted of the circle looked tearfully at each other, and clasped their hands. At last the man in black, with the white scarf—composing his face as it were to some audible dead march—solemnly took three steps forward, and then suddenly wheeling about, walked six steps backwards, with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the moving pall which followed him—and then three more steps backwards, but on his tiptoes, to look over the pall at the mourners—when, all being right, he turned round again, and walked on, as slowly as he could pace, to eke out the very short distance between the hut of mourning and the church. The crowd, which had opened to the procession, closed again, and followed in its wake—men, women, boys, and girls, all seriously or curiously interested in death, except the vacant baby faces, which leaning chubbily on the mothers' shoulders, looked quite the other way.

"A foolish job, bean't it?" said an old woman, leaning on a crutch,—too lame to follow the funeral. "To chuck away money that way! Quite a waste, bean't it?"—and she put up a tin ear-trumpet, and turned its broad end towards my father.

"It is, indeed!" cried my father, surprised by such an echo of his own reflections.

"Ay, bean't it?" repeated the old deaf woman. "And such poor paupers as them too—as might have had a burying by the parish!"

My father hesitated to answer. He knew the poor well; their intense abhorrence of a parish funeral; and the extreme sacrifices they would make to subscribe to a burial society, and secure a decent interment. But he thought it best to chime in with the old woman's humor.

"Of course they might," he said. "The Hobbesses are on the parish books already, and the overseer would, no doubt, have given them an order on the parish undertaker."

"Who will take her?" asked the deaf woman.

My father loudly repeated his words.

"Ay—an order for a common deal box," screamed the old woman, in a voice so different to her former one, that my father looked round for another speaker. "A rough wooden thing, only fit for soap and candles! Look there!" and she pointed with her crutch—"I'd sooner bury a child

o' mine, wi' a brickbat in yonner pool! But any thing is good enow for the like of us to be packed into. Ay, an old tea-chest, or a forrin fruit chest, with our pauper corpses a-bulgin out the sides, and showin, like the orangers, through the cracks!"

"No, no, no!" shouted my father.

"But I say yes, yes," cried the old woman.

"Screwed down in a common box, and jolted off, full trot, to be chucked into the parish pit-hole—and a good riddance of old rubbidge! And better that than to be made a gift of, privily, to the parish doctor! Ay, you! you! you!" she screamed, shaking her crutch in my father's face—"with your surgical cuttings, and carvings, and 'natomizings! And can hardly have patience to wait till people are dead!"

"If I know what you mean," bawled my father, "I'll be 'natomized myself!"

"Oh! not you, forsooth!" answered the old woman, who had imperfectly heard the anecdote of Kezia and the carving-knife, and, like other deaf people, had made her own blundering version of the story. "But you long, you know you do, to cut open little Sally Warner, and to look in her inside for the cause of her fits!"

My father winced—it would have vexed Job himself.

"Plague take it!" he said, as much ruffled as it was possible for him to be in his temper. "I do believe some dog has run mad, and bitten all the old women in the village!"

"Ay, that comes home to you," cried the crabbed cripple. "And mind Death don't come home too—to your own twin babies. To begrudge poor Sukey Hobbes her funeral! Suppose it was even a hearse-and-six, with ostrich plumage—and why not? An only child, quite a doting-piece, and begrudged nothing in life by fond parents, if it cost the last penny, and why should she be begrudged by them in death—and gold and silver in the house! And which some say was flung in, by night, through the window by Doctor Shackle, and that he owns to it, or leastways, don't deny it—but I say, chucked down the chimney by a guardian angel, in the shape of a white pigeon, as was seen sitting on the roof."

"No doubt of it," shouted my father, rubbing his nose, and quite restored to good humor by his new metamorphosis. "There was a guardian angel seen lately sitting on a rock in America—only"—and he dropped his voice—"it turned out to be an exciseman tarred and feathered."

"That's true, then," said the old woman.

"But the funeral will be coming back, and I must speak a condoling word to the Hobbesses. Poor souls! I know myself what it is to be childless—but it will be an everlasting blessed comfort and consoling to them to reflect they have given her such a genteel burying as was never seen afore in their spheres of life." And the old crone hobbled off on her crutch, leaving my father to whistle or talk to himself as he pleased. He did the last.

"Yes, the old deaf body is right. The money was intended for the comfort and consolation of the bereaved couple; and they were justified in seeking for them in the mode most congenial to their own feelings. An odd mode, to be sure, considering their usual habits and rank in life! And yet, why should not the poor have their whims and prejudices as well as the rich? Grief is grief, in high or low, and, like other morbid conditions, is apt to indulge in strange fancies. So let the guineas go—there are worse lavishings in this

"No."

"I had better see her then," said my father.

"Doctor Shackle has seen her," said the widow.

"Quite right—he was the nearest"—replied my father, who was as free from the professional as from any other species of jealousy. "Quite right! then I am easy about her—for she is in good hands."

Just as my father pronounced this eulogium the object of it issued from the inner room; and the little widow stepping apart, left the rival doctors—if there can be rivalry all on one side—standing face to face. What a contrast it was! my father, plump, rosy as a red-streak, and bright-eyed—one of those men of the old school who looked handsome in hair-powder; the other a tall bony personage, sandy haired, with large yellow whiskers, stony light gray eyes, a straight sharp nose, high cheek-bones, colorless cheeks, and thin lips, parted in a perpetual smile that resulted less from good temper than good teeth—a proper enough personification of Lent, reminding one of the hard, sordid dryness of the stockfish, and the complexion of the parsnip. Then, his manners were cold and reserved, his voice uniform in its tone—his words few and sarcastic, and often marked in *italics*, by a sneering curl of the lip—one of those men from whose veins, if pricked, you would expect not blood but milk—not milk warm and sweet, but acrid like that of the dandelion—men whose livers, you feel sure, are white; their hearts of the palest flesh-color, and always on the wrong side; their brains a stinging jelly, like the sea-nettle. That my father, one of the warmest of the warm-blooded animals, could endure such a polypus—that they could meet without his instinctively antipathizing and flying off, was proof of his easy disposition, his exquisite temper, his childlike simplicity, large faith in human goodness, and catholic attraction towards all his race.

"Well, doctor," said my father, "how is the little patient?"

"All safe now," answered Shackle. "But a terrible shock to the system—tremendous fit—brought on by a fright."

"A fright?"

"Yes: some fool or other, with a knife, or magical instrument, or something—threatened to rip her up."

"The brute deserved a flogging!" exclaimed my father.

"I think so, too," said Shackle, with a glance aside at the mother.

"Why, the brute, as you call her," began the widow, but was checked by Shackle, who placed his finger on his lip, and, stooping down to her ear, whispered,

"Assumed ignorance!"

"Poor child!" said my father; "I have been quite anxious about her."

"You must have been," said Shackle; "you came so quickly!"—a sarcasm my father, in the innocence of his heart, mistook for a civility.

"It happened hours ago," remarked the little widow.

"Is it possible!" cried my father. "But I knew nothing of it—not a syllable."

Shackle said nothing, but looked incredulously at the widow, who replied, by an almost imperceptible shake of the head.

"Postle only told me," said my father, "about ten minutes since."

"Oh, that Postle!" exclaimed Shackle, "what a treasure he must be!"

"He is, indeed," said my father, quite unconscious of the intended sneer.

"And that—what's her name!—Kezia!" cried Shackle, "taking such a family interest in everything—even to the medical practice!"

At the mention of Kezia and medical practice, the figure of the little widow appeared to dilate, her eyes flashed, and her tiny tongue began rapidly to moisten her thin lips; but before she could speak, Shackle broke in with some directions about the sick child; and then seizing my father by the arm, hurried him out of the cottage. "I have another case to attend," he said, "and a very urgent one."

"I hope the present one," said my father, "is going on favorably."

"Oh, quite; she is all right;" answered Shackle. "By the by, I hope I am excused. There is a certain etiquette between medical men,—and I ought to apologize for interfering with one of your patients."

"Not at all! not at all!" cried my father. "We are both of us engaged in the same great mission—co-operators in the good work of alleviating human suffering."

"Exactly so—of the same order of *charity*," said Shackle, with a sneering emphasis on the last word, intended secretly for my father's gratuitous practice. "Yes, both of us are of one fraternity, or, as we should be called abroad, brothers of mercy," a phrase which so delighted my father, that seizing Shackle's hand between both his own, he warmly urged a request conceived some minutes before.

"With the utmost pleasure," replied Shackle, bowing and returning the squeeze with apparent cordiality; and then the two doctors parted—one with an ivory smile on his face, that vanished the moment he turned his back; the other with a kindly glow on his countenance which promised to endure till the next meeting.

My father, however, instead of turning homewards, guided by some vague impulse, bent his steps towards the dwelling of the Hobbesses—to see, after so many disappointments, how his kind intentions had thriven in that quarter! Perhaps so. Meanwhile little Sally was safe, and his whistle was resumed. He was conscious of the warmth and glory of the sunshine; heard and enjoyed the carol of the lark; observed the gray goose leading her callow yellow gulls across the road to the river; and laughed at the consequential airs of the hissing gander, as he sailed on, with raised stern, and one broken wing hanging down at his side, like the weather-board of a Dutch yacht. But a stranger spectacle was in store for him—a low mud cottage, rudely thatched with brown mossy straw and reeds—the broken panes of its one window stopped with dingy rags—and two men, in the livery of the magpie but repudiating its loquacity, in short, two mutes, in black and white, standing one on each side of the humble door! My father stopped and rubbed his eyes like a man "drowned in a dream." But no, there they were, the two mummers, with their paraphernalia in their hands, surrounded by an undress circle of the village children, backed by an outer ring of men and women, who stared over their black, white, brown, red, yellow, cropped or curly little heads.

In another minute there was a stir and murmur

of expectation amongst the crowd,—and first a black and white hat, and then a man in black with a white scarf, came stooping through the low door; followed by two other men in sables, carrying a little coffin, covered with French gray cloth, and studded with silvered nails. After a pause, as if to afford time for the spectators to gaze and comment on the handsome coffin and its ornaments, another attendant threw over it a black velvet pall with a white border; and then came forth the mourners, stumbling over the threshold, the mother with a white handkerchief at her eyes; but the father with his grief, all unveiled, writhing in his hard-featured yellow face. The silk hood and scarf but partially concealed the shabby, ragged clothing of the poor woman; and the funeral mantle was far too short for the tall man, whose mud-stained corduroys were visible a foot below its skirt; whilst one half of his best and worst beaver, brown in color and of no particular shape, bulged out roughly above the sleek hat-band which encircled it, and thence flowed down his nape, and with a full convex curve over his high round shoulders. There was a moan from the crowd as the mourners appeared, and then a hush, only broken by the sobs of the bereaved parents, whereat the tender-hearted of the circle looked tearfully at each other, and clasped their hands. At last the man in black, with the white scarf—composing his face as it were to some audible dead march—solemnly took three steps forward, and then suddenly wheeling about, walked six steps backwards, with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the moving pall which followed him—and then three more steps backwards, but on his tiptoes, to look over the pall at the mourners—when, all being right, he turned round again, and walked on, as slowly as he could pace, to eke out the very short distance between the hut of mourning and the church. The crowd, which had opened to the procession, closed again, and followed in its wake—men, women, boys, and girls, all seriously or curiously interested in death, except the vacant baby faces, which leaning chubbily on the mothers' shoulders, looked quite the other way.

"A foolish job, bean't it?" said an old woman, leaning on a crutch,—too lame to follow the funeral. "To chuck away money that way! Quite a waste, bean't it!"—and she put up a tin ear-trumpet, and turned its broad end towards my father.

"It is, indeed!" cried my father, surprised by such an echo of his own reflections.

"Ay, bean't it?" repeated the old deaf woman. "And such poor paupers as them too—as might have had a burying by the parish!"

My father hesitated to answer. He knew the poor well; their intense abhorrence of a parish funeral; and the extreme sacrifices they would make to subscribe to a burial society, and secure a decent interment. But he thought it best to chime in with the old woman's humor.

"Of course they might," he said. "The Hobbesses are on the parish books already, and the overseer would, no doubt, have given them an order on the parish undertaker."

"Who will take her?" asked the deaf woman.

My father loudly repeated his words.

"Ay—an order for a common deal box," screamed the old woman, in a voice so different to her former one, that my father looked round for another speaker. "A rough wooden thing, only fit for soap and candles! Look there!" and she pointed with her crutch—"I'd sooner bury a child

o' mine, wi' a brickbat in yonner pool! But any thing is good enow for the like of us to be packed into. Ay, an old tea-chest, or a forrin fruit chest, with our pauper corpses a-bulgin out the sides, and showin, like the orangers, through the cracks!"

"No, no, no!" shouted my father.

"But I say yes, yes," cried the old woman. "Screwed down in a common box, and jolted off, full trot, to be chucked into the parish pit-hole—and a good riddance of old rubbish! And better that than to be made a gift of, privily, to the parish doctor! Ay, you! you! you!" she screamed, shaking her crutch in my father's face—"with your surgical cuttings, and carvings, and 'natomizings! And can hardly have patience to wait till people are dead!"

"If I know what you mean," bawled my father, "I'll be 'natomized myself!"

"Oh! not you, forsooth!" answered the old woman, who had imperfectly heard the anecdote of Kezia and the carving-knife, and, like other deaf people, had made her own blundering version of the story. "But you long, you know you do, to cut open little Sally Warner, and to look in her inside for the cause of her fits!"

My father winced—it would have vexed Job himself.

"Plague take it!" he said, as much ruffled as it was possible for him to be in his temper. "I do believe some dog has run mad, and bitten all the old women in the village!"

"Ay, that comes home to you," cried the crabbed cripple. "And mind Death don't come home too—to your own twin babies. To begrudge poor Sukey Hobbes her funeral! Suppose it was even a hearse-and-six, with ostrich plumage—and why not! An only child, quite a doting-piece, and begrudged nothing in life by fond parents, if it cost the last penny, and why should she be begrudged by them in death—and gold and silver in the house! And which some say was flung in, by night, through the window by Doctor Shackle, and that he owns to it, or leastways, don't deny it—but I say, chucked down the chimbley by a guardian angel, in the shape of a white pigeon, as was seen sitting on the roof."

"No doubt of it," shouted my father, rubbing his nose, and quite restored to good humor by his new metamorphosis. "There was a guardian angel seen lately sitting on a rock in America—only"—and he dropped his voice—"it turned out to be an exciseman tarred and feathered."

"That's true, then," said the old woman. "But the funeral will be coming back, and I must speak a condoling word to the Hobbesses. Poor souls! I know myself what it is to be childless—but it will be an everlasting blessed comfort and consoling to them to reflect they have given her such a genteel burying as was never seen afore in their spheres of life." And the old crone hobbled off on her crutch, leaving my father to whistle or talk to himself as he pleased. He did the last.

"Yes, the old deaf body is right. The money was intended for the comfort and consolation of the bereaved couple; and they were justified in seeking for them in the mode most congenial to their own feelings. An odd mode, to be sure, considering their usual habits and rank in life! And yet, why should not the poor have their whims and prejudices as well as the rich? Grief is grief, in high or low, and, like other morbid conditions, is apt to indulge in strange fancies. So let the guineas go—there are worse lavishings in this

world than on the obsequies of an only child! And after all, if the money went foolishly, it came quite as absurdly—for medical attendance on a sick monkey!"

CHAPTER XI.—OUR DOCTOR'S BOY.

The surgery was quiet—the assistant leisurely making up some sort of medical Swan-shot—when my father entered, and hung up his hat.

"Well, I have met Doctor Shackle at last:—he was at Mrs. Warner's—and the child is better."

"I should like to meet him too," observed Mr. Postle, very calmly in tone, but squeezing his finger and thumb together so energetically, that the bolus which was between them—instead of a nose—was flattened into a lozenge.

"Then you will soon have that pleasure," said my father, "for I have asked him to the christening."

Mr. Postle turned faint, sick, red, and then white, with disgust: symptoms the doctor must have observed, but that his attention was absorbed by a phenomenon elsewhere.

It was Catechism Jack,—who after a preliminary peep or two from behind the door-post, at last crept, with a sidling gait and a sheepish air, into the surgery, where by eccentric approaches, like those of a shy bird, he gradually placed himself at the counter.

"Well, Jack," said my father "what do you want?"

Jack made no reply; but dropping his head on his right shoulder, with a leer askance at my father, plucked his sodden finger out of his mouth, and pointed with it to one of the drawers.

"You see," said my father, in an aside to Postle, "the fellow is not quite a fool. He remembers where the lozenge came from."

"Mere animal instinct," answered Postle, in the same under tone; "a monkey would do as much, and remember the canister where he got a lump of sugar."

"I will try him further," said my father, putting his hand in the drawer for a lozenge, which he held out between his finger and thumb. "Well, Jack, what will you do if I give you this?" Jack eyed the lozenge—grinned—looked at my father; and then drawled out his answer.

"I'll say my Catechism."

"No, no, Jack," cried my father, "we don't want that. But will you be a good boy?"

"Yes," said Jack, his head suddenly drooping again, while a cloud passed over his face. "Yes, I will,—and not tumble down stairs."

"Poor fellow!" said my father. "They made a fault of his misfortune. I have a great mind to take him. Should you like, Jack, to get your own living?"

"Yes," answered Jack with alacrity, for my father had unconsciously given him a familiar cue—"to learn and labor truly to get my own living and to do my duty in that state of life to which it may please God to call me."

"Catechism again!" whispered Mr. Postle.

"Yes, but aptly quoted and applied," answered my father. "Do you know, Jack, what physic is?"

Jack nodded, and pantomimically expressed his acquaintance with medicine by making a horrible grimace.

"Well, but speak out, Jack," said my father. "Use your tongue. Let us hear what you know about it. 'What's physic?'"

"Nasty stuff," said Jack, "in a spoon."

"Yes," said my father, "or in a wine-glass, Jack, or in a cup. Very good. And do you remember my foot-boy Job, who used to carry out the physic in a basket?"

Jack nodded again.

"Should you like to take his place, and carry out the medicine in the same way?"

"I—don't—know," drawled Jack, sympathetically sucking his finger, while he ogled the little oval confection, which my father still retained in its old position.

"Do you think you could do it?"

Jack was silent.

"Would you try to learn?"

"I learn two things," mumbled Jack "my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbor."

"Not very apposite that," muttered Mr. Postle.

"Not much either way," answered my father; and he resumed the examination.

"Well, Jack, suppose I were to take you into my service, and feed and clothe you—should you like a smart new livery?"

"Yes."

"And a new hat?"

"Yes."

"And if I were to give you a pair of new shoes, would you take care of them?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and walk in the same all the days of my life."

"There!" said my father, giving Postle a nudge with his elbow; "what do you think of that?"

"A mere random shot," said Mr. Postle.

"Not at all," said my father, turning again to his protégé. "Well, Jack, I have a great mind to give you a trial. If I take you into the house, and find you in a good bed, and comfortable meals, and a suit of clothes, and provide for you altogether, would you promise to behave yourself?"

"They did promise and vow three things in my name," answered Jack; "first, that I should renounce the devil and all his works—"

"Yes, yes," cried my father rather hastily, for Postle was grinning. "We know all that. But would you take care of the basket, Jack, and leave the medicine for the neighbors at the right houses, and attend to your duty?"

"My duty towards my neighbor," answered Jack, "is to love him as myself; and to do to all men as I would they should do unto me—Give us the lozenge."

My father gave him the lozenge, which the lad eagerly popped into his mouth, occasionally taking it out again, to look edgeways at its thinness, till all was gone; and then deliberately licked his sweetened hand, beginning at the thumb, and ending with the little finger. My father, who had watched every motion with intense interest, mechanically turned round to the drawer for another "Tolu;" but falling into a fit of musing at the same time, forgot the destination of the lozenge, and eventually clapped it into his own mouth, to the infinite discomfiture of Jack, who, by a sudden depression of his features, while his head dropped on his bosom, and his arms fell straight by his sides, typified very vividly the common catastrophe of the Hope going down with all hands.

"Yes, my mind is made up," said my father, awakening from his reverie. "At any rate, the unfortunate creature shall have a chance. With a little looking after at first, he will do very well."

Mr. Postle looked earnestly at my father, with

an expression which might be translated "What next?"—then up at the ceiling with a shrug which signified "Lord, help us!"—and then performed "Confound it!" by a frantic worrying of his hair, as if it had been wool or flock that required teasing. To remonstrate, he knew, was in vain. My father, in ordinary cases, was not what is called pigheaded; but in matters of feeling, his heart, as Postle said, was "as obstinate as the influenza, which will run its own course." In fact, from that hour "the idiot" was virtually engaged *vice* Job,—for the parish of course made no objection to the arrangement; and as to the old dame, his guardian, my father found means, never exactly known, to reconcile her to the loss of her charge

and the stipend. So the thing being settled, Mr. Postle made the best of it, and endeavored to initiate his subordinate in his duties; but it was hard work, and accordingly Kezia volunteered her help to convert Jack into our Doctor's Boy.

"To be sure," she said, "his faculties were not over bright, and he would protrude his catechiz at unseasoned times; but he was very willing, and well-disposed, and an orphan besides, and, as such, every woman ought to be his mother." And truly, however she found time for the labor, she turned him out daily so trim and clean, that could she have scoured up his dull mind to the same polish, Jack would have been one of the smartest boys in the parish.

THE ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.—Some curious statistical details, illustrative of the present state of this extensive fraternity, were laid before the Grand Metropolitan Lodge, at its late anniversary meeting. It appears, that on the 1st of April last, when the returns were made up, there were in England and Wales, 3840 lodges, and 325,000 members, showing an increase of 450 lodges, and 23,000 members over the previous year's return. The subscriptions for this year amounted to 352,583*l.*; the expenditure to 300,000*l.*; leaving a balance of 52,583*l.* in favor of the association. The total amount of property belonging to the order (including pictures, flags, banners, lodge paraphernalia, official apparel, and various insignia) was estimated at 700,000*l.* Amongst the enrolled members are, 130 members of parliament, 629 ministers of religion of various denominations, and 9000 honorary members who make no claim upon the funds. If each member were to contribute only one-halfpenny each it would amount to 34,126*l.* a-year. If they were to walk two and two, one yard asunder, the procession would extend 92 miles and 380 yards. If they walked three miles an hour it would take 30 hours 14 minutes to pass any given spot—10,214 passing every hour. The chief item of expenditure consists of the charge for medical aid afforded to the sick and indigent of the order.

WATERLOO.—"What did *you* think of Waterloo?" I inquired of an old fellow I found one morning digging in my garden, where he had been hired to assist by the lazy head gardener. "Think of it?" said the old crab, stopping and leaning upon his spade, "I thought it hell upon earth. I was utterly deaf with the continued roar of the artillery on one side or the other, and the sound of the musketry of the men beside me. I could not see my companion's face for one minute (as he stood next me) for the thick smoke; and the next I found him choking, retching and vomiting in the agonies of death, and clutching my very feet. Sometimes a shot went tearing through our ranks, and almost shaking the part of the square where I had been for some hours standing, seeming to loosen our files as it knocked the poor fellows head over heels, like ninepins on a bowling-green; and then we heard the familiar tones of the old colonel, to prepare for cavalry, as those devilish cuirassiers poured upon us, and we were wedged together into a wall of iron again to receive them. That's all I know about my feelings, sir," said the old soldier. "It was a terrible sight, and awful to look upon. It was hell upon earth," he muttered, as he resumed his spade, and commenced

digging with energy.—*United Service Magazine.*

INTERESTING TRAIT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—We extract the following paragraph, relating to Louis Philippe, from the *Voss Gazette*, a Swedish Journal:—"On the 2d, Vice-Consul Burk celebrated the 82d anniversary of his birth-day. On the same day he received a letter from the King of the French, written with his own hand, accompanying a gold medal, bearing on one side the profile of his Majesty, and on the other the following inscription:—'Given by Louis Philippe to M. C. Burk, as a memorial of the hospitality received at Hammerfest, in August, 1795.' The letter, which was dated at Neuilly, June 6, is in these terms:—'It is always agreeable to me to find that the traveller Muller has not been forgotten in a country which he visited in simple guise, and unknown; and I always recall with pleasure this journey to my mind. Among my recollections I give the first place to the hospitality so frankly and cordially granted me, a stranger, throughout Norway, and particularly in Norland and Finmark; and at this moment, when a lapse of 49 years since I made this journey into Norway has left me but few of my old hosts remaining, it is gratifying to me to be able to express to all, in your person, what grateful feelings I still entertain.'"

IRON.—The attention of the iron-masters has been attracted to a process of considerable importance lately introduced into their manufacture. The application of electricity, to supersede several of the expensive processes, has, it is stated, been tried in the Welsh and Derbyshire furnaces with satisfactory results. It appears that the costly fuel and labor required for the purification of the ore from sulphur, phosphorus, and such subtle elements, create its high market value; and these being all electro-negative, have induced the new process, whereby the impure stream of metal after flowing from the blast is in its moment of consolidation subjected to a powerful voltaic battery, which so disengages the impure components that in the process of puddling they are readily extracted. The London blacksmiths, it is stated, have tested this iron after a single re-heating, and pronounce it equal to the best metal in the market. By the same process an experiment was tried by Dr. Ure, by whom a soft rod of iron was held in contact with a moderate red heat, and that gentleman is understood to have stated that in a few hours the metal was converted into steel. Should these facts prove what they seem, they are calculated to affect most seriously this important branch of trade.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

ADVICE TO AN ASPIRANT—BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame ;
If thou th' immortal wreath wouldst claim,
And make the Future bless thy name ;

Begin thy perilous career,
Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear,
And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,
That ever whispers, " Work and win,"
And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin :

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed :

If thou canst struggle day and night,
And, in the envious world's despite,
Still keep thy cynosure in sight :

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn :
Nor curse the day that thou wert born,
To feed on chaff, and he on corn :

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that Fortune is unjust :

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dress'd,
While thou must walk in tatter'd vest :

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and moil till evening gray,
At thankless work, for scanty pay :

If, in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down :

If thou canst bear th' averted face,
The jibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the self-same race :

If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind :—

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul !
Thou 'lt win the prize, thou 'lt reach the goal !

If not—what matters ? tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,
That thou must gild thy living name,
And snatch the honors of the game ;

And hast not strength to watch and pray,
To seize thy time and force thy way,
By some new combat every day :

If failure might thy soul oppress,
And fill thy veins with heaviness,
And make thee love thy kind the less :

Thy fame might rivalry forestal,
And thou let tears or curses fall,
Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall ;

Pause ere thou tempt the hard career,
Thou 'lt find the conflict too severe,
And heart will break and brain will sear.

Content thee with a meaner lot ;
Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

STANZAS FOR THE BURNS' FESTIVAL. BY DELTA.

I.

STIR the beal-fire, wave the banner,
Bid the thundering cannon sound—
Rend the skies with acclamation,
Stun the woods and waters round—
Till the echoes of our gathering
Turn the world's admiring gaze
To this act of duteous homage
Scotland to her poet pays.
Fill the banks and braes with music,
Be it loud and low by turns—
This we owe the deathless glory,
That the hapless fate of Burns.

II.

Born within the lowly cottage
To a destiny obscure,
Doom'd through youth's exulting spring-time
But to labor and endure—
Yet Despair he elbow'd from him ;
Nature breathed with holy joy,
In the hues of morn and evening,
On the eyelids of the boy ;
And his country's Genius bound him
Laurels for his sun-burn'd brow,
When inspired and proud she found him,
Like Elisha, at the plough.

III.

On, exulting in his magic,
Swept the gifted peasant on—
Though his feet were on the green-sward,
Light from heaven around him shone ;
At his conjuration, demons
Issued from their darkness drear ;
Hovering round on silver pinions,
Angels stoop'd his songs to hear ;
Bow'd the passions to his bidding,
Terror gaunt, and Pity calm ;
Like the organ pour'd his thunder,
Like the lute his fairy psalm.

IV.

Lo, when clover-swathes lay round him,
Or his feet the furrow press'd,
He could mourn the sever'd daisy,
Or the mouse's ruin'd nest ;
Woven of gloom and glory, visions
Haunting throug'd his twilight hour ;
Birds enthrall'd him with sweet music,
Tempests with their tones of power ;
Eagle-wing'd his mounting spirit
Custom's rusty fetters spurn'd ;
Tasso-like, for Jean he melted,
Wallace-like, for Scotland burn'd !

V.

Scotland !—dear to him was Scotland,
In her sons and in her daughters,
In her Highlands,—Lowlands,—Islands,—
Regal woods, and rushing waters ;—
In the glory of her story,
When her tartans fired the field,—
Scotland ! oft betray'd—beleagu'r'd—
Scotland ! never known to yield !

Dear to him her Doric language,—
Thrill'd his heart-strings at her name;
And he left her more than rubies,
In the riches of his fame.

VI.

Sons of England!—Sons of Erin!
Ye who, journeying from afar,
Throng with us the shire of Coila,
Led by Burns' guiding star—
Proud we greet you—ye will join us,
As, on this triumphant day,
To the champions of his genius
Grateful thanks we duly pay—
Currie—Chambers—Lockhart—Wilson—
Carlyle—who his bones to save
From the wolfish fiend, Detraction,
Couch'd like lions round his grave.

VII.

Daughter of the poet's mother!
Here we hail thee with delight;
Shower'd be every earthly blessing
On thy locks of silver white!—
Sons of Burns, a hearty welcome,
Welcome home from India's strand,
To a heart-loved land far dearer,
Since your glorious Father's land:—
Words are worthless—look around you—
Labor'd tomes far less could say
To the sons of such a father,
Than the sight of such a day!

VIII.

Judge not ye, whose thoughts are fingers,
Of the hands that witch the lyre—
Greenland has its mountain icebergs,
Ætna has its heart of fire:
Calculation has its plummet:
Self-control its iron rules;
Genius has its sparkling fountains;
Dulness has its stagnant pools;
Like a halcyon on the waters,
Burns' chart disdain'd a plan—
In his soarings he was heavenly,
In his sinkings he was man.

IX.

As the sun from out the orient
Pours a wider, warmer light,
Till he floods both earth and ocean,
Blazing from the zenith's height:
So the glory of our poet,
In its deathless power serene,
Shines—as rolling time advances—
Warmer felt, and wider seen:
First Doon's banks and braes contain'd it,
Then his country form'd its span;
Now the wide world is its empire,
And its throne the heart of man.

X.

Home returning, each will carry
Proud remembrance of this day,
When exulted Scotland's bosom
Homage to her bard to pay;—
When our jubilee to brighten,
Eglinton with Wilson vied,
Wealth's regards and Rank's distinctions
For the season set aside;
And the peasant, peer, and poet,
Each put forth an equal claim,
For the twining of his laurel
In the wreath of Burns' fame!

From Hood's Magazine.

ONE NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.

ONE evening as I sat in my chambers, looking over some papers of a process prior to sitting down to a regular study of the same, a messenger was announced who had come to the town post-haste from a considerable distance. On his entrance, I recognized him as a servant of Mr. F——, an eminent Guiana merchant, whose country-house was about ten miles distant.

This gentleman had been for some time ailing; and so serious was the disorder, that during about six weeks I had been three times called to draw out forms of his last will and testament, in the expectation of his immediate demise. Nevertheless, he had still lingered on; and so heavily did the division and disposal of his vast property among his family and connexions press upon his mind, that now for the fourth time I was called to reconstruct a deed of settlement.

The messenger, who had come on horseback, immediately on making his communication withdrew; and hastily packing up some blank sheets of stamped paper and parchment, I prepared to follow with all convenient despatch. Whilst I was about this my horse and gig were brought from the livery-stables where they were kept, and shortly stood all ready at the door. My horse was a very fine one, (for I was a young man then,) and I was very proud of him; he had not been out for two days, and was now quite spirited and alert. Wrapped up to the throat in one or two top-coats and a cloak, I took my seat, and drove rapidly through the town and out along the road.

It was about eight in the evening, and I had a ten-miles' drive before me; very dark, very still, and very cold. I don't think I passed two persons after I left the bright lights of the town behind me; all was solitude, gloom, and cheerlessness, without the small orbit of light my lamps supplied. Nevertheless, we rattled along quite briskly, "Client," my excellent nag, getting over the ground at a beautiful rate. I was perfectly well acquainted with the road; knew it almost as well as the passages of my own writing-chambers; and being thus quite at ease with regard to turnpike-gates, towns, heights, hollows, and bridges, I began to reflect on various subjects, and finally, upon the history of the gentleman to whose house I was proceeding on my very peculiar errand.

He began life as a pedler. His father had been a tradesman of the poorest sort; his mother a washerwoman: and once, in a fit of remorse, after a long period of continual intoxication, the former having terminated his existence by a leap from the window of the garret where he dwelt; and the latter having been left with two boys unprovided for, a subscription was set a-going by certain charitable persons for their relief. Oh, well do I remember my old gray-headed father telling me the tale, and showing me the lofty loophole of a window in one of the dirty narrow streets of the suburbs whence the frenzied drunkard took his last leap; and he would tell me, too, as haply the gorgeous carriage of the moneyed merchant rolled past, how he himself had put a shilling to that subscription which formed the nucleus, round which arose this mighty accumulation of wealth and influence; for this scanty collection, divided equally among the two brothers, had been to each the acorn from which a vast tree of prosperity took

root. One had gone abroad, and, dying, his children were now chiefs and law-makers in the land of his adoption; the other sought a living as I have mentioned, and, though progressively, yet speedily, by honesty, industry, and great talent—nay, let me call it genius—so far raised himself as not only to have filled the highest municipal offices in his native town, but to have also represented it with credit both to it and to himself in two several parliaments.

But as I thus ruminated on his history, I approached a point where the road passed a broad and deep canal. The navigation was for masted vessels, and hence a drawbridge of wood was the only means of crossing. The site of this, too, was peculiar, for it spanned the centre of an immense waterlock. The canal here ascended by a series of locks and basins an inclination of some hundred feet in height; and, as the highway for a mile on each side happened to be upon about a level with this lock, over it the drawbridge was thrown, though somewhat inconveniently, to avoid the expensive and roundabout measure of taking the road above or below the series or flight of watersteps.

The bridge-keeper's cottage was hard by, and, on my driving up, he came out with his lantern, looked to the fastenings of the movable arch, and taking my horse's head led him over; then wishing me good night, he returned to his house, and I drove on amid the darkness as before. About a couple of miles beyond this was the gateway, and, after about a quarter of a mile of avenue, I drew up before Mr. F——'s princely mansion.

A servant was at the door, to whose care I committed "Client" and the gig, and, divesting myself of my outer gear in the hall, I hurried up stairs to the bedroom where I knew the dying merchant lay.

On my tapping at the door, an attendant appeared, who hastily showed me in an adjoining dressing-room to wait while he informed the doctor of my arrival, who should, in the way he thought proper, communicate the information to his patient.

As I looked about me, in this chamber, I could not but be struck with the richness and luxuriousness of everything in it. I had been thrust, in the hurry and confusion, into the dressing-room of the lady of the house, it was evident; and as, being a bachelor, the thing was somewhat new to me, I was, for a little time, lost in admiration of the various costly and beautiful articles of furniture, of apparel, and of the toilet, that everywhere met my gaze.

But, as I stood, a door in a passage, different from that by which I had entered, appeared to fall slightly open, and, on directing my attention to that quarter, I could distinctly hear voices and other sounds, proceeding, apparently, from the sick room. There was a sound of footfalls, now and then treading stealthily about the carpet, a noise of sobbing and subdued wailing of women, over which rose a clear and impressive, though low-pitched, voice, apparently reading prayers. Frequently, too, I could hear a thick, stifling cough, which appeared to afford no relief from the irritation that caused it, but to come to a termination through the sufferer's inability from very weakness to continue it. Presently I heard a voice, which, though wofully changed, even since I last heard it, I recognized as Mr. F——'s.

"Stay, Mr. Etheridge," it said, apparently to the person reading; "the men that made these prayers, may have been very talented and very pious, yet, methinks, it would have a better effect on my mind, if you would kneel beside me, and pray,

with me, and for me, out of the overflowing ideas of your own heart, produced by the view of one of your fellow-men in my awful position."

Thereupon the clergyman, whose voice I now remembered, complying with his request, poured forth a flow of unstudied but impassioned prayer, the fervent "amens" to which of the poor sinking man, evinced its effect upon his spirit. Ere he had concluded, some one drew the door close, and all was silence, save the gush of a tiny escape of water in a bath-room, somewhere along the passage.

In a minute, the doctor came into the room to me. I knew him also.

"Ah, doctor," said I, "how is he,—going from us at last, eh?"

"Yes, poor man, he is sinking fast: he has not twenty minutes! 'Tis a beautiful case; certain valves of the heart must be completely obliterated; the second sound is not audible; but you don't understand these things, probably. But come in, he has asked for you repeatedly."

On entering the room, and rounding a screen that concealed the door, a most striking tableau was presented to me—it was the death-bed of wealth.

Buried in the white cushions of a bed of down, lay the shrunken and pallid figure of the dying merchant, his face wearing that peculiar expression which betokens that the great change is at hand, and for which, I believe, the doctors have a peculiar name. Close by his head, stood his wife weeping. He had married her somewhat late in life, and the match was one of convenience on both sides; for she was the daughter of a general in the army, whose large family—his pay both as a general and as colonel of a regiment, and, also, as governor of some castle in Scotland that had been for two centuries a ruin, and as comptroller-general of something he neither knew nor inquired anything about—but barely sufficed to supply with necessaries becoming the rank he had to support. The suitor was enormously rich, and an M. P.; she, exceedingly poor, and a general's daughter: so, without much trouble in wooing, the matter was arranged between the male parties. She was a large and very beautiful woman, and the expression of ignorant pride, which was habitual to her, had not deserted her features even at the death-bed of her husband. Yes, even amid her tears, she looked up at me with a countenance that plainly said, "I am better than thou!"

"It may be so, my good woman," I could not help thinking, or rather, saying internally; "but I have other things to think about just now."

A little behind her, with his handkerchief to his face, stood her eldest son, the pride of her heart. I knew him well; his education, from his earliest years, had been conducted on the "away from home" principle, and its result was, that he was now the most eminent youth at a fashionable public school—not for learning, for that is vulgar, but dissipation. He had been so long from home as to have forgotten all about his father, and to know him only as the "old governor"—one on whom to draw for money, and from whose knowledge to keep his young vices; for, though barely eighteen, he could play the gourmand, drink, sport, drive tandem, game, and practise other little, expensive follies; nay, he had already even had the honor of being pigeoned by a sparrowhawk "leg," the son of a butcher, but of most respectable connexions nevertheless, who had no means of getting his

bread but by preying on boys, and into whose pockets a few hundreds of the "governor's" hard-earned money had been transferred by the magic of *ecarté*. It would require more benevolence than I was ever possessed of, to fancy into grief the exultation evident in this youngster's countenance, at the awful event that was pending. It seemed to me that his heart, thus early seared by continual contact with the vicious, was busy imagining future scenes of uncontrolled indulgence, of money in unlimited supply; but three short years were to intervene, ere he would be without restraint, and be enabled to cut his present miserable associate, and have the distinction of suffering from titled sharpers and rascals of eminence; and of paying court to London actresses and figurantes, and not squalid provincial hacks.

How different was the mourning of his sister, a slight, fair creature of about fourteen, who knelt by the bedside, clasping her dying father's hand, with her weeping face, and it hidden by the fair hair that fell dishevelled about, in the extremity of her grief. She had always been his favorite; and it was her bitter sobbing that had reached my ears on my first entrance, as I stood in the dressing-room.

How different, too, was the look of the younger son, a pretty boy of seven years old, whose dear papa was going from him forever: that dear papa who used to walk and play with him about the grounds, and fly his kite for him in the park, and who never came from the town but with a toy or some such thing in his pocket. But there was deep dread and awe mingled with this child's sorrow; for his young heart understood not yet what was meant by the word "death," and he stood weeping, and hiding himself among the deep folds of the massive bed-curtains.

The doctor going close to the bed, and taking his patient's wrist, after a moment whispered something to him. He languidly turned his head, and looked toward me with an expression which, though fearfully ghastly, I felt was meant for a smile.

"Ah! Mr. D——," said he, in a scarcely audible voice, "I suppose you see how it is with me?"

And here the tears rose in my eyes in spite of me, although I had always known him in my capacity of a man of business, and had never formed part of his private circle. I said something which I have forgotten, and for half a minute or more he appeared to me to wander in his thoughts. At length he said plainly and distinctly—

"I have sent for you about a trifling matter."

"An alteration in your settlement?" said I. "Will you please to state your wishes as succinctly as you can?"

"Oh, no! I believe that is all as it should be, and as much as possible calculated to please all parties" (here he glanced in the direction of his wife and eldest son): "what I want you about is the disposal of my body. Take your paper and write."

A small table was here hastily brought me, and I sat down.

"I desire," he continued, "my body to be buried, not in General ——'s vault, but in the west churchyard of the —— suburb."

Here his wife and son started, and looked astonishment and indignation.

"And that," continued he, summoning up the last spark of that energy that had carried him over

many a difficulty during his lifetime of struggle; "and that, upon penalty of forfeiture of all money and property I have bequeathed to my wife, which in such a case I direct to be placed in the hands of the trustees before appointed, of whom you are one, Mr. D——, to be disposed as they shall think fit, for behoof of my boy Edward F——. The grave is in the north-west corner of the churchyard, and is marked by two small round stones, one at the head, marked L. S., with the date 1790; the other at the feet, marked H. S. simply."

As I was busy framing this into law-form and phraseology, Mrs. F—— spoke to me with a tone and manner that was extremely unpleasant:

"You surely do not mean to write that down, Mr. D——? You see he is plainly out of his intellects."

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "I must do as he desires me; the question of his sanity cannot be decided on by me, it is matter for a jury."

"Also that a small leather case, which I will put into your possession, Mr. D——, be enclosed in my coffin, with its contents, and buried with me. Have you done?"

"One moment, my dear sir!"

"Now then, give me a pen, and let me sign it; my strength is failing fast."

He managed to put his name to it; when he had, he shut his eyes, and seemed for a moment utterly exhausted: rallying a little—

"Jane!" said he.

His daughter sprang to her feet, and stood bending over him.

"Kiss my brow, dearest!"

The poor girl complied: a gush of new tears falling over his face and the pillow.

"In the drawer of my dressing glass you will find a bunch of keys; haste and fetch them."

Presently she returned, and put into his hands the keys he spoke of. Slowly he fingered them over, when, marking out two, he directed her to take them off the ring. I did it; for her eyes were so blinded, it was a matter of difficulty to her.

"Now," he resumed, "this is the key of the rosewood scrutoire in my study; open it: in the centre you will see a small recess with a door; this other is the key. Within are two bins full of papers, and two small drawers. The upper one is open, and contains, in a corner, the key of the lower; in the latter you will find an old-fashioned leather pocket-book; bring it quickly, as you love me, Jane."

Shortly the girl returned with what he desired. As he took it into his trembling hands, a glow of pleasure seemed to come into his eyes, and from that moment his mind was lost to all around him. He continued to murmur to himself, as he slowly and gradually opened it; and I could distinctly trace the words, "O! Hannah, Hannah! my poor lost Hannah!" Several old time-faded letters, wearing away at the corners and foldings, and with dim faint ink, fell out upon the bed-clothes. One was so worn that it fell asunder, and I could see it was an ancient *Valentine*, and its date was 1783.

He touched and fingered at these papers, in a sort of vague, inane manner, still continuing to murmur to himself: then leaving them alone, he took from another pocket of the book what seemed a small parcel. It opened among his fingers, and there rolled forth over the clothes a most magnificent tress of yellow hair. It appeared to be three

or four feet in length, and as thick as the largest of my fingers. Whether from nature or from the way in which it had been packed, it was full of serpentine curls, twists, and wavings; and as it was moved about in the old man's hands, it showed in the light a hundred tints and shadows, from a pale tawny to the richest golden brilliance. It was quite loose and wavy, being only bound together by a thread at the top, close by where it had been cut from the fair temples it had once adorned.

It was cruel to look upon his wife as this happened; but I could not help it; and I saw that the eyes of all in that chamber were directed to her. Amazement, rage, jealousy, and scorn, followed each other rapidly over the mirror of her features, and, overpowered, she sank into a cushioned chair hard by, and, covering her face with her hands, leaned her head against its back. A moment, and a flood of tears streamed through her fingers, and with them all the woman rose in her bosom. Starting up, she flew to his side, and clasping his head in her hands, cried aloud, amid her weeping,

"Dearest, dearest George! have you no word for me—no word now for me, your own Clementine—your wife, the mother of your children?"

But he neither saw her nor heard her; his mind was far away amid other scenes and events that had happened many, many years ere she was born; and he continued to murmur, as he pressed the tress to his lips and bosom,

"Alas, Hannah! could it be that ambition could overcome love even to the grave? Why did you love a fool like me, and love so deeply, Hannah! Fortune, business, the world divided us; but I know what they are now, and we shall sleep together in the end."

This did he utter, in detached, scarcely audible sentences, while his wife sobbed and wept over him. Presently I thought there was something gasping and unnatural in her breathing; suddenly she stood up, turned round to us, and broke into an appalling fit of hysteric laughter; and, making a sudden grasp apparently at the lock of hair, fell back senseless into our arms.

She was taken away to another room, the doctor going with her. This occurrence diverted my attention for a moment from the dying man. On looking again to him, I found that he had managed to raise the lock to his lips; but appeared not to have strength to remove it again. This set him a coughing, and gradually the coughs became weaker and weaker. I heard a long-drawn sigh; and some one said,

"He is gone."

I will not describe the scene further.

I took the lock of hair and the loose papers and returned them to the pocket-book. It was an old-fashioned thing, of coarse and cheap materials. I sealed it up, and packing it along with the deed that had just been executed, I took my leave, uncared about, amid the confusion; and getting into my gig drove off homewards, toward the town. It appeared I had not been detained more than an hour, and in another hour I could be in my chambers, which I was anxious enough to reach, to lay me down and get some sleep, for I felt myself totally unbinged, and incapacitated for any intellectual labor for that night; indeed, just as one feels on returning from seeing a tragic drama well performed. I endeavored, as I drove along, to shape out something like a moral from the events I had just been concerned in, which took somewhat of this form:

"Surely all the happiness in this world consists but in love and friendship; that is, in the indulgence of the affections. Wealth and power, however much they may seem to promise, are useful to the end, solely in so far as they procure, or preserve when procured by other means, these gratifications; and the man who pursues the former for themselves alone, may have occasion on his death-bed, like the successful merchant I have just quoted, to look back upon his life as a tissue of profitless folly; a vain leaving behind of the substance to chase the baseless shadow; or a leaving of the apples on the tree to make prize of, and run off with the ladder, whereby they might be reached."

"And again," said I; "it is a most strange spectacle to see the first love of youth, the passion of boyhood, living on through a life of anxiety, amid the cares of a vast business and of an extensive family connexion, and amid the struggles of political contention, and thus, in the end, coming to be uppermost, and at the last and most striking period of the whole lifetime usurping all the heart, to the quenching or exclusion of every other feeling—even the domestic emotions—those one would think likely to be the strongest at such a moment."

But whilst I ruminated in this way, I approached the spot where the road crossed the lock of the canal. On my driving up close to the drawbridge, everything appeared as I left it. There was the great square gulf with its mighty floodgates at either end, and dark mossy sides, formed of vast blocks of cut stone, looking, in the regularity of its shape, in its depth and darkness, like a grave dug for some huge Titan that required a thunderbolt to slay him. Everything was cold, dark, and still; and I could hear the fall into the deep bottom of the lock of numerous small gushes of water spouting through crevices in the upper part of the gates. As I sat, too, I heard faint distant shouts, and then a thundering gush of water far away down the chain of locks, as if some vessel were passing through. It was the case, and she had passed the one I was about to cross about an hour before.

I hallooed loudly for the bridgekeeper, but without effect; all in the direction of the cottage continued dark. At length I thought, "Surely it's all right—I can take 'Client' across by myself quite well;" and I drove him down the road a little to make him, in coming back, go right at the drawbridge.

But here let me explain the way in which this machine was constructed. It was lowered by two halves, one from each side of the lock; these, meeting in the middle and pressing against each other, afforded mutual support, upon something of the principle of the arch. But as the whole weight of whatever crossed must come first upon one half, while as yet there was no weight at all on the other, and thus one half might be forced beneath the other, and the whole fabric tumble at once into the depths beneath, two strong bands of iron, each with a heavy bolt and other fastenings, bound them together in the midst, and required to be opened and fixed again every time the bridge was raised and lowered.

Now I confess I had my suspicions about this bridge, and would have got out and examined it had I not been so cumbered with coats and cloak, all buttoned tight upon me; so I hallooed again, and receiving no answer, drove full trot right at it. But "Client" stopped short and backed, and neither persuasion nor force would induce him to try

it. I turned him, took him down the road again, and brought him at it once more full tilt. He sprang upon it, his feet touching it in that sort of hasty, convulsive, mincing way in which a horse treads an insecure place. All at once I felt a sensation I have never experienced before or since. It was as if I was gently let down, while everything seemed strangely to swim around me. Another bound of the horse, and again his feet rattled together on the timber. I was plainly sinking. I shrieked with horror—another frantic spring of the animal, and he got his fore-feet, and for a moment his hind ones, on the solid stones of the other side, at the same time that half we had first crossed with a dread rumbling sound broke from its fastenings, and fell with a hideous splash into the black water at the bottom of the cavernous lock, forty feet beneath me. The other half was sinking gradually under the weight of the gig, which seemed to be drawing the horse back also, whilst his mad plunging made the fire fly all around his heels, and his wild unnatural scream of terror rang and echoed over the neighboring fields. In a paroxysm of fear I whipped him furiously, as the only means that offered a hope of preservation, while ever and anon the treacherous platform was more quickly sinking away from beneath me. A moment, and he seemed to have got secure footing; he made an instant pull with his whole vigor. I felt the wheels rising over the stone coping of the lock, and the next instant he had trotted forward a few yards and stood still, cowed and motionless, save only that he trembled audibly in his harness.

I got down, and going to his head spoke to him, and caressed him, patting his face and neck, then led him to the door of the bridgekeeper's cottage. This functionary was not to be found; but his wife, who had just got out of bed, alarmed by the cries and noise, and was hurriedly dressing herself, informed me he was gone to a neighboring village—persuaded that no vessel would pass the locks so late.

Now it happened that a large sloop had passed, and the men in charge of her, when they had got her through the lock, had lowered the bridge again, but left it without securing the fastenings, which it is probable they did not entirely understand.

With a hearty anathema at her husband, and all praying neglectors of duty, I directed her to take a lantern and go out to the site of the bridge, there to await his return, and prevent further accidents to passengers on the road; I then got up again and drove quickly back to the town.

"And who," thought I, as I drove along—"who that hears the experiences of this one night, will assert that there is no romance in a life of business!"

ECONOMICAL pleasure-seekers are now supplied by railway excursions with the means of transit at the cheapest rate. Dover and Brighton are visited by the cockneys in crowds of one or two thousand at a time; a party of a thousand has been to Liverpool; another has visited Southampton and the Isle of Wight; and next week, Londoners may set off to Bath, Bristol, and Exeter, by the first excursion that has taken place on the great western line. But the northern manufacturing districts are the regions for "monster" excursions—there a party of three or four thousand persons in one train is not a rare occurrence.

From the Spectator.

WAR.

Nobody sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amidst a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides everything from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is specially charged with, to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every wood, water-course, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution: he learns from his reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley or entry into a wood, there is murder committing—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form—God's image—is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and roar without assistance—and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely. Thirst too has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier, who with bloodshot eyes and tongue lolling out plies his trade—blaspheming, killing with savage delight, callous when the brains of his best-loved comrade are spattered over him.

The battle-field is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. They are in their vocation, earning their bread—what will not men do for a shilling a day! But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They who are able have fled before the coming storm, and left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick, are left in the hurry, to be killed by stray shots, or beaten down as the charge and counter-charge go over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon-shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the conflict. Barns and stack-yards catch fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides. At night the dead is stabled beside the altar; and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have left unconsumed. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scenes over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved, amid the blackened ruins of their homes—to mourn with more agonizing grief over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain—to feel themselves bankrupts of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine, and pestilence engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

The soldier marches on and on, inflicting and suffering as before. War is a continuance of battles—an epidemic striding from place to place, more horrible than the typhus, pestilence, or cholera, which not unfrequently follow in its train. The siege is an aggravation of the battle. The peaceful inhabitants of the beleaguered town are

cooped up, and cannot fly the place of conflict. The mutual injuries inflicted by assailant and assailed are aggravated—their wrath is more frenzied: then come the storm and the capture, and the riot and lustful excesses of the victor soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine. The eccentric movements of war—the marching and countermarching—often repeat the blow on districts slowly recovering from the first. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty pervades the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which he is a daily witness, perhaps goaded by revenge, the peasant becomes a plunderer and assassin. The horrible cruelties perpetrated by Spanish peasants on the French soldiers who fell into their power, were the necessary consequences of war. The families of the upper classes are dispersed; the discipline of the family-circle is removed; a habit of living in the day for the day—of drowning the thoughts of the morrow in transient and illicit pleasure—is engendered. The waste and desolation which a battle spreads over the battle-field, is as nothing when compared with the moral blight which war diffuses through all ranks of society, in the country which is the scene of war.

The exhaustion caused by war is not confined to the people among whom the fighting takes place. The invaders must have their ranks, thinned by every battle, incessantly recruited. The military-chest is a constant drain on the treasures of the nation which sends the invading army. It is in preserving its homes undestroyed and the remnants of its family-circles uncontaminated, and in avoiding the actual view of the agonies of the dying, that the belligerent country which is not the scene of war has any advantage over that which is: but this advantage is almost counterbalanced by the chronic panic—the incessant apprehension which haunts its inhabitants that the chances of war may bring all its horrors to their gates.

The madness is catching: two nations may begin a war, but it never ends with *two*. Some infringement of the rights of neutrals involves a third and a fourth in the contest. The exhaustion of the country which was at first the scene of war tempts to a renewal of hostilities with renewed vigor on a virgin field. The ocean becomes as unsafe as the land. The battle-field and the siege find their counterparts in naval actions; and the seas are swept by privateers, the licensed pirates—the “salt-water thieves,” who serve a state for winking at their pillage. The natural channels of industry are dammed up, and artificial ones are created. An unhealthy and temporary stimulus is given to the industry of one country by the paralyzed industry of others. New forms and methods of business are introduced by the necessities of convoys; the merchant's speculations must rest upon totally new combinations. Classes are called into existence who have an interest in perpetuating war: all the agents of belligerent diplomacy, from the ambassador-extraordinary to the spy—the lenders of money to governments—and purveyors—the speculators in the plundering expeditions of privateers—soldiers of fortune, who have no longer a country.

Nor is the war interest the only obstacle to the return of peace. With every new nation sucked into the vortex of hostilities the ulterior aim of the war has been changed. The object for which it was begun, from a principal, sinks into a second-

ry, or is altogether forgotten. As interest, temper, or intrigue breaks up old alliances and forms new combinations, new objects keep still emerging. Men forget what they are fighting for, and fight on merely to conquer a peace. Civilians, overburdened with taxes, become seditious clamorers for peace. Soldiers, sick of unceasing butchery, long at last for peace, and play into the hands of foreign diplomatists—as Napoleon's generals sold him to the allied sovereigns, and their country with him. Armies, recruited from any quarter, have lost all sense of national honor. The objectless war is huddled up by an ignominious peace, wished for because men are tired and sickened of fighting, and brought about by treachery and falsehood.

Peace brings with it a momentary gleam of gladness, which quickly subsides in the sense of exhaustion that pervades all nations. The demand for the industry artificially created by war ceases with war. Other branches of industry revive slowly. The cost of the war is less than half-defrayed; the debts incurred to carry it on press heavily on impoverished nations. The war-interest is beggared and discontented. Men's habits have been unsettled—they cannot at once settle down into the new order of things. The first years of a general peace succeeding a general war are years of bankruptcy and privation—of starving and rioting among the poorer classes, of fraud and political profligacy among the higher.

Such is war, with its sufferings and consequential sorrows. Such is war in Christian and civilized Europe—war in an age and countries in which most has been done to subject it to regular laws, and to alleviate its horrors by the moral self-control and refinement of its agents. Whitewash it as we will, it still remains full of dead men's bones and rottenness within. And they who trust most to it will be sure to feel most severely that it is an engine the direction and efficacy of which defy calculation—which is as apt to recoil upon those who explode it as to carry destruction into the ranks of their adversaries.

From the Spectator.

PRIVATEERING.

On land, war has, in theory at least, been conducted for upwards of half a century upon comparatively humane principles. Attempts have been made to give laws to its lawlessness. It is now understood that war is an affair of the military alone; that the civilian, if he stick to his own business, is not to be meddled with. The sharp justice exercised upon all belligerents out of uniform is vindicated on the plea of the protection extended to non-combatants. The property, too, of the private citizen is respected: he is subjected to extra-levies for the supply of the troops, but confiscation and plunder by private parties is obsolete. Giving up towns to plunder is exceptional; and Napoleon's *marade*, after his experience of its effects in embittering the peasantry and demoralizing his troops, is not likely to be repeated.

If these humane regulations are too little respected in practice, their justice is at least admitted; the decent hypocrisy of pretending to obey them prevails—and that is a great step gained. But in naval warfare, the old system of pillage and outrage on the persons of those who defend their property is still in the ascendant.

The very first step of a naval war is to capture as many of the enemy's merchantmen as can be laid hold of. No doubt, a very efficient and recognized means of beating an enemy is to impoverish him. But in the regulated warfare of the land, each government strives to impoverish the hostile government; leaving to it the invidious task of drawing the purses of its own subjects. Even an army supporting itself in an enemy's country goes regularly to work: it taxes the inhabitants so that men pay in proportion, and have their rights of private property respected. But the capture of merchantmen is sheer freebooting—confiscation—a practical assertion of the doctrine that the subject of a hostile state has no rights.

This is the least part of the evil: in naval wars governments are in the habit of delegating this right to plunder, which they claim, to private individuals, not subjected to the control of military discipline. By letters of marque, private individuals are licensed to plunder the enemy for their own private advantage. The direct gain of robbing the enemy's subjects is theirs exclusively; the government which forms this alliance is only indirectly benefited by the national impoverishment of its adversary.

The privateer is no better than a licensed pirate. He does not fight for glory, or for patriotism, or from a sense of professional duty. His motives are undisguisedly those of the buccaneer and highwayman. He is at best a cowardly robber, who would not dare to commit his crime if he knew that in addition to the risk of being pistolled by the party he bids stand and deliver, he incurred an additional risk of being hanged if he escaped the first danger.

The state which takes such miscreants into its employment never can be sure that they will not exceed the license it gives them and add cruelty to crime. In the war in which this country was engaged when George the Third mounted the throne, the narrow seas were crammed with English privateers. They ran out from the Thames, manned with any desperadoes picked up in the brothels and gaming-houses of London, then the resort of the highwaymen and footpads of the day, and attacked indiscriminately all flags—neutral and allied as well as hostile. The capture of a Dutch vessel with a Spanish *Chargé d'Affaires* on board, by a band of these buccaneers, provoked inquiry into their dealings, and for a time the gibbets at Blackwall groaned beneath hecatombs of them; but to little good purpose. Even peace did not put a stop all at once to their outrages; for parties of them, having contracted a habit of piracy, continued to indulge in it long after the government had any use for them.

Notwithstanding the improvement which better improved police and more generally-diffused education and refinement had made in the morals of most European countries during the interval, the privateers of the beginning of this century were not a whit better than those of 1760. A letter of marque was taken out for some swift-sailing craft, and her master proceeded to man her with the most reckless ruffians he could pick out of the off-scourings of society. The habitués of the slave-trade, the veteran pirates of the Greek Islands and the Gulf of Mexico, rascals whom the fear of deserved punishment had driven to desert from men-of-war, renegadoes who knew that the gibbet awaited them at home for having fought against their country's flag—every callous and desperate

outcast was welcome. The scenes of horror perpetrated in many a fair and stately merchant-bark by those ruffians would appall the most unfeeling. The inveterate hatred felt by our gallant tars for the crews of those low-decked, swift, rascally-looking craft, which used to prowl around our convoys in hopes of picking off a lagging merchantman after nightfall, was well earned.

Great though the culpability of the governments who stooped to avail themselves of such instruments undoubtedly was, there is something yet more hateful in the conduct of those callous and mercenary individuals who invested their capitals in privateering speculations. It is inconceivable how men—decent churchgoing men, respected upon 'change—could grow rich by fitting out privateers, and never feel a twinge of conscience. Surely their dreams were haunted by the thoughts of the bankrupts they made—of the outrages perpetrated on board of prizes by the banditti in their pay. Compared with such men, slave-traders—Pedro Blanco himself—are humane and considerate individuals. The slave-trader preys only upon blacks and savages; the speculator in privateering preys upon men of his own color, and even of his own tongue and kindred.

No one can deny the truth of all this; and yet the next war that Providence sends upon us for our sins will see privateering as rife as ever. So long as peace lasts, the question is looked on as abstract speculation: no statesman will trouble himself about it. When war has broken out, or is imminent, it is too late to provide for the abolition of privateering. The right of issuing letters of marque has too long been sanctioned by the international law of Europe for a single state to refuse to recognize them. There is only one remedy—a sharp one, but sharp diseases require such: let our government abstain from issuing letters of marque, and let the admiralty issue instructions to all commanders of men-of-war, that since the crews of privateers cannot be run up at the yard-arm when taken, *no privateer is to be taken*. The certainty of being sunk is as likely to cool a pirate's courage as the certainty of being hanged. A steamer with a Paixhans gun is more than a match for the best clipper ever built for licensed piracy in Boston, Baltimore, or the creeks and crannies of Bretagne; and though foreign governments might object to our disregarding their letters of marque after making prisoners the crew of a privateer, they cannot oblige us to take their vessel.

From the United Service Journal.

WHAT ALTERED THE INTENTION OF EUPHRATES?

BY T. M. RUSSELL, OF THE KURDISTAN EXPEDITION.

THE uncertain subjection, and unsure obedience of the Kurds, whether nomadic or stationary, have ever been subjects of observation and marvel to travellers in the East. So numerous, so warlike, and so comparatively united are the people, that there cannot exist a doubt but that in many districts in Asia Minor, they might with much ease throw off the easy yoke to which they are nominally subjected by the Osmanli power. Though they have sometimes done this, they have never made any attempt at establishing a political government of their own, not altogether owing perhaps to their ignorance of organization and method

of warfare, but rather to a received rule of action among them never to attack towns, or possess themselves of fenced places. Even in the districts south and east of Erzeroum, where they are essentially paramount, they content themselves with enforcing quarters, rations, and fodder, during the winter season, at the hands of the dwellers in villages and towns, leaving the owner altogether his own master during the summer months. But within Euphrates, or to speak more definitely, throughout the peninsula, such supremacy is not affected, and the Kurd contents himself with robbing wherever and whomsoever he can, and withholding every sort of tribute or tax until compelled by the appearance of an armed force, with whom, as I have observed, it is no part of their system to contend in the field. The restitutions of horses, oxen, sheep, &c., on these occasions, serve to display, in very unmistakable character, their rapacity, industry, and total want of any feeling approaching to shame, which latter is the more to be marvelled at, as the Kurd, unlike his fellow thief the Arab, professes to consider the appropriating another's goods against his will, as a reprehensible, and not a meritorious act.

The woods, mountains, morasses, and pasture-land, generally throughout the country, have been from time to time possessed by the Kurds, and by them appropriated to their peculiar purposes, expelling the former possessor, whether aboriginal Armenian, or like-usurping Turk, rather by a system of incessant annoyance and larcenical spoliations than open warfare; and in a country so abounding in table-land, fir-clad acclivities, and undrained meads, such constitutes a large moiety of the superficial content. It has also happened, that in the abandonment of whole districts to these nomades by their former inhabitants, entire towns, together with the surrounding country, have, almost against the Kurds' wishes, fallen into their occupation. The peculiar position of one of these, the classical association connected with it, and the difficulties attending its being visited, will form the subject of this paper.

The ancient kingdom of Commagena is perhaps more indebted for its celebrity, as far as poetic associations go, to the tragedy of Racine, and its being the birth-place of Lucian, than to any actual historical events of interest with which it has been connected. It lay out of the path of the invader marching westward, and did not in itself present sufficient invitation for very frequent invasion for its mere conquest or occupancy. Its western boundary it would be hard to determine at any time; its southern varied according to the power or will of the Syrian power that was; the eastern was the river Euphrates, which divided its romantic and picturesque valleys and crags from the monotonous level of Mesopotamia; while the northern, with which I have to do at present, was the dark-wooded steps of Taurus, at this part nearly impervious. In this direction consequently, a sort of *cul de sac* presented itself, the river and the mountains inclosing a triangular valley of no very considerable dimensions, but from its peculiar position, no doubt at all times an object of as much importance in regard to its political as to its physical geography. Here, no doubt, was the last halt before the discomfited betook them finally to the mountains. Here was the gathering-place of the mountaineers, or the refugees of Taurus, previously to their entering or reëntering upon Commagena, and thence on Syria. A point of territory so adapted, de-

manded a suitable artificial defence, and consequently at Gergen Kaleh-si, the Juliopolis of former times, one of the clefts is severed by art from its fellow gigantic but fantastically-shaped limestone masses, and castellated with great regard to strength. The cliff, of which the fortified rock constitutes the extreme end next the river, is curiously shaped, like a wave of stupendous size, about to discharge itself on the valley beneath, and is visible for many miles in the westerly direction.

But the identifying, and fixing astronomically this interesting and hitherto questionable site, were not the only objects that took the expedition a circuit of some 260 miles, through a positively dangerous, not to say a hostile country. We had as usual to reconcile some of the dogmas of the early geographers with the explorations of modern discoverers, or as very frequently occurred, as in the case of the sources of the Pyramus, of which I had the pleasure of treating in this magazine, a short time since, disprove them altogether. In the present instance, had we been knocked on the head by the disaffected mountaineers, our best thanks would have been due to an ancient gentleman of the very euphonious name of Pomponius Mela, partially corroborated, and wholly mystified as his assertion had been by one Pliny, sufficiently so as to induce the industrious D'Anville to sever the knot he could not unloose by first removing a chain of mountains, the Amanus, above one hundred miles, and then re-christening them by the name of Taurus; but to a gentleman who managed to distend the width of the peninsula a whole degree of latitude, this was not a very extraordinary exertion of ingenuity.

The expression of Pomponius Mela, on which we were to experimentalize, was this, and he is speaking of the river Euphrates: "It is now about to come (empty itself) into these our seas, (the Mediterranean,) only that Taurus stands in the way."* And this appearing a very feasible objection, the makers of maps, I had nearly called them geographers, give to the Euphrates an abrupt left-face at the point indicated—namely, Samosata, the capital of Commagena. So much for the course of the river, which at the period that that true precursor of all that tends to science and civilization, the British flag, waved in peace at Bir, was, by Col. Chesney's officers, very satisfactorily adjusted; the point of recession from the westward being identified with the bend at Rum Kalah, some forty-five miles from Samosata. But the obstacle that caused this sudden bend was not so easily identified. Pliny had assured the map-makers that Taurus commenced at a place called Elegia, one hundred miles north of the bend in question, and, therefore, must, by virtue of an incontestible *alibi*, be declared innocent of obstructing the purposed emergence of Euphrates at the gulf of Issus. D'Anville, as I have said, at once entered a *noli prosequi* as regards Taurus, but willing to afford Pomponius as much corroboration as lay in his power, would needs obligingly drag the Amanus nearly an equal distance from an opposite quarter, to take the duty and blame of turning Euphrates upon himself. But my friend Mr. Ainsworth, while he will not allow of the mountain Amanus being moved, on any pretext whatsoever, more effectually serves the credit of Pomponius, and

* "Ni obstat Taurus, in nostra maria venturus."

† "Amanus has no existence west of Gaur Tagh."—Roy. Geog. Jour.

reconciles him to Pliny by referring the bend of Euphrates as caused by Taurus from Samosata northward to the remarkable turn eastward at Melitene, so fixing the first offence upon the first accused, and leaving the onus of the second offence to the rocky formation of upper Syria. Unable to trace the downward course of the great river from Eleghia, or Melitene,* through, or rather around, the foot of Eastern Taurus, we had nothing for it but to attain the point of its exit, Juliopolis, and there ascertain the existence of certain rapids or falls which were wanting to complete the identity questioned; and finally commence from that point a downward survey that was at its termination at Bir to bring our labors into connection with those of the Euphrates expedition.

It took the expedition ten days to describe the northern foot of this part of Taurus, penetrate the range, and in like manner skirt the southern acclivities; at the end of which time, namely, June 8th, 1839, we found ourselves within one day's march of the rock fortress of Gergen, but among a people so openly disaffected, that the very Kowas, sent for our guidance and protection by the governor of Adiyaman, drew bridle, and refused us the light of his very dark countenance any longer in those perilous confines. "Two other Kowasses," he asserted, "were here awaiting an opportunity of return, and it was his intention to make a third." He had previously made many attempts to lure us from what he deemed our doom, so we bade him *orradoo*, or "good journey," and commenced setting up our tent in an open space near the fountain. The Kurd Boyah Beg declared he had no control over his nominal subjects, and the barefaced robberies they perpetrated and attempted certainly tended to prove his assertion, among which the most impudent was the old gentleman's openly demanding one of the chronometers. "You English and Russians," said he, "—a strange association that frequently obtains in the interior—"once held this country, and you look to hold it again. Do you think that while we can prevent you from writing all about us, (he meant making charts,) we are to be passed without backsheish!" The extortion peremptorily rejected, he had nothing for it but to threaten the withdrawal of his patronage, and we should then have to find our way without guide, or guard. We accepted the alternative, and accordingly at early dawn, having had to rescue by force a few trifling articles the Moolah had purloined, we, with our single Sourigee, and Macedonian servant, who was but a lad, shook the dust off our feet against Tokariz, and made in a north-easterly direction. But this is a land where everything at that time, and no doubt it is the same now, must be done with the strong hand. The Boyah had refused us a mounted guide under about 8*l.* sterling, and a foot one at any price; but he told us that if we felt justified, which means strong enough, we might compel any one we pleased to act in that capacity. We cared not to essay the power we had while in the village of his unpropitiated worship, but from the next we came to, which had no great man to apply to, we failed not to avail ourselves of his suggestion, and pressed a native for

the nonce, but soon finding that, though we could compel his service, we could not his candor, and that he was positively misleading us, he was peremptorily cashiered on the mountain side, with the usual compliment to his mother, and some heavy blows on his head and shoulders.

The appearance of five well-armed horsemen conducting three well-loaded mules, in a country where nothing but the actual presence of six troops of dragoons a few months previously had been able to exact a nominal subjection, and within three miles of Khacter, a stronghold the Osmanli had failed to reduce, caused naturally a very considerable sensation among the chivalry of these thieving hordes, and more than one well-mounted spearman neared us in ireful reconnoitre; but our marching without guide or Kowas full upon Gergen, known next to Khacter to be the head-quarters of the disaffected, puzzled them much, and probably induced them to believe that we were on good terms with the insurgents, and for my own part I can easily believe that the presence of a few armed Turks is more likely to give a far greater moral offence to such a people than is likely to be made up for by any physical defence they would afford were a collision to take place.

Before ascending the stony height that commanded and led down immediately upon Gergen, we halted at the village of Oldish, inhabited partly by Kurds, partly by Armenians, some of whom went armed, and to see Christians with offensive weapons is not an unusual sight; still their port and demeanor were very different from those of the Kurds, who in these parts are perhaps, in regard to dress and warlike bearing, to be seen to the greater advantage than anywhere else; not a man is ever found without his long-barrelled gun, handsomely if not richly inlaid, the use of which he is so well known to be perfect in, that he is never allowed to carry it into the towns of Bir, Adiyaman, Besni, or Malatya, nor, indeed, through any district in proper subjection. The dress is becoming and suitable; made, with the exception of loose shirt sleeves, to set everywhere nearly close to the person, the breast gathered into numerous receptacles for the cartridge. The turban is white, small, and close-fitting. In height, the Kurd generally approaches the gigantic, though seldom very robust, with, as far as my own observation went, a countenance indicating ferocity and cunning rather than courage; indeed, I have had more than one opportunity of witnessing the test, and forming very unfavorable opinions in relation to this quality.

The Armenians could hardly believe that we were Christian Franks, coming voluntarily among their rocks in search of objects of philosophical interest, and archaeological remains. With respect to the former, they could give us little information, for they seldom travelled, from fear of their compatriots, the Kurds, who, as I have observed, confine themselves almost entirely to highway practice, and seldom break through and steal. But in regard to antiquities, they appeared, owing to the tradition of their priests, to be better informed, and boldly announced themselves the aborigines of the country, and expressed a hope that the day was not far off when they should no longer be held an inferior people. They seemed to have nothing else to complain of.

The object, next to a broken menarch of a ruined Jami, that most bespoke our attention, on descending the steep road-way, was an ancient and not

* Not from the impassability of the mountain, for a tract is said still to exist, but from the positive refusal of the Turks to venture among the Kurds. The Baron Muhlach contrived to pass through on a raft, but we had not heard of it at the time. He moreover was in the service of the Porte, and in personal communication with Hafiz Pacha.

unpicturesque fountain, at which was gathered, in considerable numbers, the fair of Juliopolis, apart from whom, upon a green sward, sat the deputy-governor of the place, surrounded by his Kurd friends,—subjects we soon found he had none; and, indeed, it was on account of their avowed disinclination to, and impatience of, any sort of government, that he found himself *locum tenens*, his superior having betaken himself to headquarters with an account of his grievances.

While Rassam rode up to the admiring circle, we pushed through the town, and took up, as usual, a position on a spot that admitted of a proper *cordon de surveillance* being maintained. The deputy commenced the dialogue, the usual salutations being exchanged.

"Who follows!" meaning, I believe, what force.

"No one."

"Head of my father! what come ye here for?"

"To visit you—wherefore I come to put ourselves under your care—where shall we pitch the tent?"

The governor started to his feet, and the Kurds exchanged looks that were easily interpreted. But that best of all diplomatists for such purposes, Rassam, continued in the same strain, suiting the language and idiom to his hearers. "We have a firman from Stamboul," their faces lowered, "but we never show it to the Kurds; why should we?" their countenances brightened; "we go to them as friends, not as masters, and we always leave them as friends."

The word I here express in italics, was suitably accented, and had its effect. "Do you think," he continued, with admirable tact, "we could not have come when the army was here, if we wanted protection?"

"Let the tent be put up where it is," sighed the deputy; "ten men would not be able to guard you half an hour from this place."

We lost no time in effecting our encampment; meanwhile, the deputy held a consultation, which was of a stormy character, and protracted until a late hour. The purport, there can be no doubt, was as to what sort of claim we had upon their protection and forbearance; and, inversely, what sort of claim they had upon our effects. Fortunately, there were no less than three distinct tribes represented by the aggregate population of the place, and though they are not easily induced to take arms against each other, it is equally as unusual to see them agree to a division of spoil, still less, for one tribe to abstain for the benefit of another; owing to which feeling of policy, at the break up of the *sederunt*, our friends, the Murderli, the Julerli and the Durgunli, sent, respectively, a guard to watch over our tent, which was the more satisfactory, as, immediately across the valley, the mountaineers professed no sort of obedience to any other law than their own lawless desires. Meanwhile our sourgee, as soon as darkness veiled his movements, retraced his way through the pass, and made off for Adiyaman with his jaded horses.

Early the next morning, we were visited by the Armenian priest and some of his congregation; they put us in possession of the above facts, and strongly urged our removing to an enclosed yard that encircled their neat place of worship; but as this would be incompatible with our professed reliance upon the Kurds' sense of hospitality, Mr. A. declined it, at the same time telling them we deemed ourselves more likely to protect them than

to need their protection, and such, indeed, eventually proved to be the fact.

The disappearance of the sourgee and his cattle, threw us upon our own resources for the means of extrication from our present position. At first, it was supposed possible that a raft might be constructed, and Mr. Rassam descended into the lovely valley of Diriskó, in order to make proper inquiries. Left without an interpreter, our difficulties commenced in good earnest, and our friend, the Armenian churchman, the unfortunate first cause. That venerable gentleman, attended by two or three fine young fellows, well armed, but, as it subsequently appeared, not much disposed to use their weapons, was seated in the interior of the tent, Mr. A., seated at the post of honor, at his notes, doing bashi, or head-man, with very suitable gravity and indifference, when suddenly enters a clumsily-built fellow, of large dimensions, but no promise of activity about him, and taking up his form, as the hares call it, opposite the Armenian, and on A.'s right hand, commenced some gibberish in the interrogatory key.

"What on earth is this uncouth animal asking for, Ainsworth?" said I, who was shamming sentry at the door of the tent, after the manner of the Rifles.

"Hang me, if I either know or care," returned he, continuing his avocation; "but I rather think he is asking the priest if we have let him into the secret as to where the gold is hidden, and he seems much displeased at the Armenian's answer."

Scarcely were the words uttered, ere the brown fist of the Kurd was closely entwined in the silvery beard of the Christian, and it required a pretty sharp remonstrance from the butt-end of that veritable *ultima ratio* which I had in my hand, to effect a release and surrender.

"Here," said my friend, starting suddenly to his feet, "let's have that ruffian out."

In a few minutes, each taking an arm of the astonished insulter, who was still seated on the ground, we carried him to the exterior of the tent, in like manner as I have seen children carry one another in a game called flower-pots.

No sooner did he find himself reseated in a manner so unexpected, than, swallowing his surprise and indignation for the present, as well as he might, he threw a handful of dust upon his own turban, cast a look of comic moodiness at the tent, and made off for Gergen with great haste, on his arrival at which place, some sixty yards distant, I observed him enter the low-roofed dwelling near the Jami; I consequently returned to the interior, to report to my commanding officer, that he and I had laid violent hands on the moolah himself! I might have spared myself the trouble, for the abrupt and agitated departure of the Armenians, at nearly the same instant, had apprized him already of the Thomas à Becket sort of deed we had committed.

The poor Macedonian lad soon after came breathless to the tent to assure us that great danger was to be apprehended, and request that he might be put in fighting order. This was not very easily effected, for Rassam had broken the only spare piece we had, so we had nothing for it but to fill his breast and girdle with pistols, after the manner of the East, and his warlike mind with promises of being allowed to join the *meïbe* when it once began, but at the same time strictly enjoining him not to act offensively without orders. I resumed my sentinel duties, and A. his papers, as

if nothing had occurred, though we both knew well that an interruption was at hand.

It had been arranged that whatever occurred, the field of operations should be this time in the open air, for the very sight of our effects we knew would prove incentive, and therefore I placed myself full in the entrance; well assured I should have the rest of our force to my support when required, and, as advised by my friend, who had seen much more of this sort of thing than I had, assumed an air of indifference, such as may at the moment I am writing be traced upon the features of her majesty's private of the foot guards who may be protecting the Cadiz bomb in St. James' Park. I cannot say, however, I felt quite as much at my ease.

In about ten minutes the expelled and outraged moolah made his appearance once again, but followed closely by two huge mountaineers in full array. They talked loudly, and laughed, with the appearance of persons about to do something of very great importance, but which would require but little exertion of their resources. The moolah made at once for the entrance, but when received by a cool shake of the head, without any other movement or intimation, he turned suddenly upon his gigantic tail, and very probably proposed setting aside the veto I had given in a summary manner. They handled their muskets, I gave the signal, Ainsworth joined me, and there we stood, two to two,—for we did not care to call up our pistol-brigade, and the moolah, save an outrageously assassin-looking knife, was unarmed,—regarding one another with the curious expression of men very desirous of ascertaining one another's intentions. Much blustering now commenced on their parts, and more than once were their pieces brought to the make-ready, but ours coming ever to the same position at the same instant, and from their shortness having their nozzles brought much nearer to their persons than theirs to ours, they as often recovered them.

The grand complaint, of course, was the indignity the clergy had been submitted to in the person of the vagabond priest, which we, as well as we could by signs, attributed to his pulling the other clerical's beard. Kneeling upon the ground, the Mahommedan next pulled up handfuls of grass by the roots, from which we concluded he was making promise of clearing the Armenian's face in like manner in due time,—to which we did not feel ourselves called upon to offer any objection.

Unable to intimidate us into affording them access to the interior, and not resolved just then to have recourse to the *vi*, they, after some fifteen minutes, fell back a short distance, and we, accordingly, in the military phrase, *refused our right wing*, by Mr. A. quietly resuming his seat, and telling me, confidentially, they might go to Kurdistan, or some confines or other, whither the expedition had not yet penetrated.

Ball practice is a very pretty amusement, even if one is merely a spectator, and not the *artiste* himself; but when by any circumstance a person becomes associated with the subject practised upon, or the end aimed at, I cannot but confess that all sympathy with the play or players is at once dissipated. At a less distance than thirty yards the moolah and his friends hastily threw together some of the debris of the huge limestone mass that towered above our heads, and resting their long barrels thereon, they commenced as leisurely as may be imagined, blazing away, not at me, exact-

ly, nor the tent, but at stones, sticks, and other objects, at a most unpleasant propinquity. Their object I was soon assured, both by Ainsworth from the interior and from my own observation, was merely to make display of their own abilities and try our nerves; but it assuredly was a test I could well have been spared. The moolah himself, taking one of the guns, commenced firing, and after satisfying himself of the correctness of his aim, he yelled the words "*Sabatan, sabatan*," (to-morrow, to-morrow,) with unmistakable emphasis. After some time I espied Rassam in the distance, returning from his fruitless expedition in search of a raft, and never, I expect, was a *relief* more heartily welcomed.

After a short conference with us our friend joined the irate Kurds, who had been joined by many more, eager to see them put their threats in execution of exterminating the Giaours. He, with as much indifference as if nothing had occurred, proposed their accompanying him to the town, when he would tell them something. They consented, but with the petulance of ignorance actually had recourse to their fire-arms to maintain the right of precedence during that short procession! Rassam got over the difficulty very adroitly by seizing the fellow's elbow, and hurrying him off with the word "*barrabas*," (together.) And so they went to the deputy's, by means of whose mediation,—he had been handsomely propitiated already,—a sort of reconciliation was effected, and, what was of greater importance, an agreement made with mule-owners for transport of our effects down Euphrates, as far as the Ser Askar's head-quarters at Bir. The moolah, however, would not come into the treaty, but most furiously, and probably with sincerity, promised to intercept our march were the whole Douanli to be with us. As our new allies would be obliged to leave their arms behind them, this appeared a very probable conjuncture; but to have purchased his forbearance would have been to have put ourselves under contribution to every long rifle in the country,—so his threats, and those of his lengthy friends were received with contempt, and retorted with defiance.

This affair over, and the mid-day observations taken, which of course was considered part of the gold-finding process, we ventured to visit the very remarkable castle, which is approached by a wooden bridge, forty feet in length, over an artificial chasm of great depth. In the interior we found many inscriptions, and two fantastically-shaped pieces of ordnance (about nine-pounders.) These we set down as *souvenirs* of that inhuman wretch, Timour, who thought proper to cross Euphrates in this place, though, as I have said before, quite out of the road from any place, anywhere. But one of the principal uses to which we had destined the lofty parapets of Juliopolis was a round of bearings, a series of solar observations, and such information as we could pick up relative to rapids, eddies, and whirlpools, all tending to the one great fact in physical geography,—the sudden turning aside of the intent of the great river.

And here we stood upon a point indicating the south-eastern extremity of Taurus, and beneath us rolled the incessant stream of Euphrates, just recovered from his first repulse at Elegia, and describing a semi-circle around that range's base, making for the second attempt at Rum Kalah.

The rapids, whose existence were alone wanted to complete the case, and effect the perfect recon-

ciliation between the ancients, and also between their assertions and the actual conformation of the earth's surface, we heard much of, and a very gentle one was perceptible from the castle's height, but it was not until we had crossed the river, swimming our horses and mules, and made two days' journey along the Mesopotamian bank, that the larger rapids were perceived and properly fixed in hydrography.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE LESSON OF THE LOUVRE.

He stood amid the proudest spoils
That ever warrior won,
Where brightly fell the parting smiles
Of summer's setting sun;
Upon his country's Louvre,
Whose glorious solitude
Was shared by one that well might share
A monarch's loftiest mood.
Around him stood the matchless shapes
Of Grecian song and thought!
Whose glory Time could ne'er eclipse
By all the change he brought.
The scenes of splendör, love, and power,
Which art or genius' hand
Had given to palace, fane, and tower,
Of East or Western land.
On canvass bright and marble fair
That haughty glance was thrown;
But long it paused in rapture where
One stately statue shone.
"It is Immortal!" said the sage,
"Through time, and change, and tears,
That form will last undimmed by age,
A thousand glorious years!"
The gazer turned with kindled eye
And smile of kingly scorn:
"Is this the Immortality
To which our hopes were born?
The aim of every restless heart,
On wildest wave and coast?
The Patriot's dream, the Poet's part;
The Sage and Warrior's boast!
Was it for this the nations grew
So great in power and fame?
And Earth's unrivalled conquerors too—
Was it for this they came?
Is this the purchase and reward
Of all the countless cost,
Which Hope hath given, which Time hath shared,
Which Life and Love have lost!
Oh mighty were the deeds of men,
When human faith was strong,
To fling on Fame's bright altar then,
The spoils of sword and song.
For some, as saintly sages say,
Have offered there the bliss
And glory of Eternity—
And was it all for this?"
So spake the Sun of Gallic fame,
When, o'er his glory's noon,
No dimly distant shadow came,
Of clouds to burst so soon.
But o'er that crowned and laurelled brow,
There past a shade the while;
That dimmed the dark eyes' haughty glow,
And quenched the scornful smile.
Perchance his memory wandered back
To Egypt's deserts vast,
Across whose sands his conquering track
His early glory cast.

Where long forsaken cities rose,
And temples sculptured o'er
With tales and deeds of other days,
Which man might read no more.
Perchance like him whose minstrel art
His own sad requiem sung,
Some prophet chord in that deep heart
With answering echoes rung,
To words that o'er its silence swept
With dark and boding power:
Ah! well if Memory's page had kept
The lesson of that hour!

It is said that Bonaparte, when in the zenith of his power, walking one day with Denon in the Louvre, and hearing him say that a statue which both admired was immortal, inquired how long it would last; to which Denon answered, probably a thousand years; he said, "And is this what you call immortal?"

FRANCES BROWN.

From the Athenæum.

Facts and Fictions, illustrative of Oriental Character. By Mrs. POSTANS. 3 vols. Allen & Co.

Mrs. POSTANS has already made herself pleasantly conspicuous among the English ladies who have written concerning their travels, by her works on "Cutch," and "Western India." She seems, in some measure, to have succeeded to the literary services of Miss Emma Roberts; like that lady, she describes the features of Oriental life falling under the sphere of feminine observation, with ease and good humor. No fine-ladyism obtrudes itself; we are plagued with no talk about fatigues and sacrifices—nor with many ecstasies. The "facts," however, are more to our taste than the "fictions." What Mrs. Postans judiciously observes with regard to the confection of a curry, applies also, in great measure, to the Oriental tale:—to be thoroughly successful, it should be made by a native on the spot; the sprightly romances of Mr. Morier being the exception which proves the rule. Poonah and its neighborhood, during the rains—"that strange season of damp, mildew, and sociability;" Sindh and its recollections, comprising its tribute-levier of the Ameers, its filthy merchant worth a lac of rupees, its peer, (saint,) its believers in the philosopher's stone, its rose gardens, and its jugglers, furnish forth amusing papers. Then we have pleasant gossip touching "Cairo and characteristics," which those who are curious in the collection of evidence may read together with the experiences of the "English-woman in Egypt,"—"Outstation Life;" a peep at Alexandria; a trip to Thebes; notes on a voyage down the Nile; an energetic recommendation of Bombay to all disposed to winter abroad; (what *would* the old travellers, could they be conscious, say to such familiar treatment of places, felt in their day to be almost as distant as Dream-land!) a glimpse at Aden,—a day at Syracuse,—a passing tribute gracefully paid to the tomb beneath the willow at St. Helena:—of such variety are the contents of these volumes. An extract, we think,

will recommend the manner of their author as a sketcher: this being taken from her visit to the crocodile mummy-pits of Maabdeh;—

“The entrance to the mummy-pit we found to be simply a perpendicular hole, cut in the limestone hill, about fifteen feet deep, the sides irregular blocks, and without any means for descent but fissures which occur among them. Having lighted candles, secured the phosphorus-box, in case of the lights being extinguished by bats, and removed the coverings from our heads, we, one by one, lowered ourselves down the mouth of the pit, and perceived an opening in the rocks leading from the left. This gallery, originally high enough, no doubt, for people to traverse with convenience, was so choked up by sand, which had drifted down from the mouth of the pit, and by the falling of blocks of stone from above, that it seemed almost impassable; but the Arabs urged us on, and with one before us, followed by Youssof, both bearing candles, ourselves next, and two more guides bringing up the rear, also with lights, we all on hands and knees commenced our investigations. It would never do to confess to feeling nervous in such a situation, and yet it was far from pleasant to find ourselves gradually losing the glimmering of daylight which streamed down the aperture of the rock, with intense darkness and an unknown road before us, and our way perpetually blocked by stones, whose angularity was sufficiently evident as we crawled over them; but it was possible still to advance, and as the passage seemed clear of bats, we had, as explorers of a mummy-pit, nothing reasonably to complain of. Soon, however, the guides motioned us to lie flat, as the roof was lower, and the blocks of stone sharp above us; so thus, serpent-wise, with our faces close to the ground, we drew and worked ourselves round windings in the gallery and along shifting sand and stones, in a close, hot atmosphere, unvisited by the light of day, until we found ourselves in a chamber some fifteen feet high. The whole of the mummies, whatever they might have been, were removed from here, but the rocky floor was covered with fragments of human and other bones, some completely pulverized. The size of this chamber probably, in its greatest extent, is forty feet, and wholly stalactical, but blackened with the oil and smoke of torches, and to the right-hand lies an enormous block of stone, a portion evidently of the roof. Opposite to the opening leading to the first gallery, we found another: and, our zeal a little increased by having seen this large chamber, we again adopted our crawling position, and found a gallery to which the sand of the mountain had not penetrated, it is true, but which was more difficult to traverse than the first, in consequence of the huge blocks which had fallen from the roof, and in large masses obstructed the way. The heat here, too, was considerably greater, and the impurity of the atmosphere sensibly felt, producing headache and oppression of the chest: the candles (for we had no torches) gave but a dim uncertain light, and we were a long way from our point of entrance, while fresh in our memory was the story of Mr. Legh's Arab guides, who, as they preceded him in these galleries, fell dead from the effects of mephitic vapors. None of these circumstances were very encouraging, and working along for a hundred yards on hands and knees is rather a tiring method of advancing, particularly with a road

rugged and winding as this was. But still the crocodiles had not been seen; the end had not been accomplished; retreat, therefore, was impossible, and on went the party, until the end of the gallery appeared completely blocked up by a huge stone or ledge across it. On near approach, however, the difficulty vanished, and an aperture appeared sufficiently large for the entrance of each person singly, and in a horizontal position; but here bats in millions came rushing forth, shrieking like prisoned demons, and striking in blind terror against everything in their way. Fortunately, our people had brought the lantern, or the whole party, unprepared for this, and unable to trace the windings of the galleries in darkness and alarm, might have been inclosed forever in this fearful place, and become subjects of curiosity and wonder to the antiquaries of future times. Our more provident party still pressed on, dismayed but for a moment by the scared and hateful birds, who, with a loud rushing noise, were hurrying from us to the outer chamber. This third gallery led to a spacious apartment, similar to that we had left, and, like it, empty, with an opening to the right and left. The guide paused for a moment, and took that to the left, which led to another gallery, as close and narrow as the rest, the same, as we conjectured, from which Mr. Legh and his party were constrained to turn, and where his Arabs perished. Soon, the dragoman, who was in advance of the party, stopped; something impeded his progress; and, on inquiry, we found it to be a human body, not in a mummied state, but the skin quite dry, and resembling rather wood than a thing which had once possessed life and animation. A few steps further, a second body lay similarly across the gallery, and this Youssof also moved aside before the party could advance, leaving the conviction that both were, in fact, the bodies of the poor Arabs. * * Mr. Legh and his companions escaped from this gallery to be hunted for murder, by the Arabs of Maabdeh and Manfaloot, and as narrowly avoided that fate as they did the mephitic vapor of the pit: yet had they not reached the chamber of crocodiles, nor seen a mummy. Our people, however, no way daunted by the dead bodies, now removed from the path, crept on; and at length all were rewarded by entering a chamber, as large as the two first, but not more than six feet high, in consequence of the floor being filled up to a considerable depth by stones and rubbish. Here, then, were the long-sought mummies. On every side bodies piled on bodies lay, enveloped in mats, coffinless, but apparently undisturbed from the time of burial. Youssoof unrolling two or three, cerecloths were found beneath the mats, and bundles of small mummied crocodiles bound up with the bodies, some on either side, and others on the chest, in the place where the scarabei are commonly placed. The size of these crocodiles was singularly small, but the contrast in size between the creature when very young and when full-grown is one of its peculiar characteristics, the egg it lays not being larger than that of a goose. The crocodiles we found were perfectly preserved, even to the teeth and feet; but still, no one's satisfaction was complete until, in a small chamber opening from the large one, was discovered a huge full-grown crocodile, perfectly preserved, the *genius loci*. The aperture in front of the chamber was now much less than the body of the crocodile, so that he was safe from the chance of being

dragged from his honorable retreat, by common means at least. But all was gained, and on hands and knees the whole party commenced their backward course full of triumph, and yet not sorry to leave doubt and apprehension, bats and darkness, mummies and dead Arabs, all behind; and pleasant indeed, at the end of the serpentine windings, was it to catch a glimpse of sunshine, to feel a breath of pure air, and at length to emerge from this loathsome pit, and stand erect, safe from the mephitic vapors and atmosphere of death."

We hope to hear more of the East and its matters, from one so enterprising and so unaffected as Mrs. Postans. Will none of our English ladies,

Mistress of (themselves) though China fall,

tell us something about the in-comings and out-goings of those skreen and tea-cup inmates of their boudoirs at home—the natives of the Celestial Empire?

From the Examiner, August 24.

MOROCCO AND TAHITI.

THE doings of the French are beginning seriously to stir John Bull's temper. That personage has evidently hitherto declined to believe that his neighbor menaced either his pride or his interests. It was not possible that all the blood and the treasure and the triumph, expended and won, and recorded on the marble of great monuments and the paper of Bank books should so soon count for nothing, and that the great work of 1815 was to recommence in 1845. Are Trafalgar and Waterloo to be fought over again? Truly, if battles produce such brief results, and victories afford but the short-lived crop of a quarter of a century's repose, are they worth the great outlay and efforts spent upon them?

These and a hundred other analogous reflections forbade John Bull to think the war cry at home or abroad as serious. The reasons given for these war alarms were too remote and occult for him. Our influence in the Mediterranean, the necessity of preventing a pacha of Egypt from possessing and fortifying the coasts and mountains of Syria—for such political ends as these John Bull cared no more than he did for Birmah or the Punjab. Eighteen hundred and forty was a politician quarrel, not a national one. A great country cannot make a little war, said the Duke. He should have said a free country: for there, nothing so important as war can be resolved upon without the popular feeling entering into it, and that cannot be little or half serious. It was Lord Palmerston's misfortune rather than his fault that he entered upon wars, or something approaching to them, without the popular feeling being aroused or wound up to sympathize with them; so that even success brought no credit, and victory no laurels.

The ghost of a quarrel which agitated diplomats and ruffled the money market, without moving popular depths, in 1840, increased John Bull's apathy. The swagger of the French contrasted with their acquiescence; the volume of their journalists' talk, and the nutshell into which their resistance shrunk, flung discredit upon such writers as represented the French to be menacing or dangerous rivals. And these writers, or speak-

ers, in continuing the war, or rather the defiance cry, carried less and less sympathy with them. And somehow or another, all through the discussions and bickerings respecting the abuse of the Right of Search, the mass of the English public was not disposed to consider French complaints as altogether unfounded and malicious, or to visit their acrimony with retaliation or vengeance.

The events of Tahiti and of Morocco are, if not of a more serious nature, at least such as come more home, and excite hitherto unstirred fibres of national jealousy. In Tahiti the French have inflicted upon us a national insult. After taking possession of an island, christianized and governed by our missionaries; an island which could not be a source of power or wealth to its possessors, but merely of annoyance to rivals; they have straight put in activity this power of annoyance for the most childish and most quarrelsome motives. The entire series of acts of the French in Tahiti, from first to last, is too ludicrous for serious invective. Voltaire alone, in the style of his inimitable tales, could do justice to such acts in recounting them. And, for our own parts, we never could contemplate, much less criticise them, without unextinguishable laughter. The French authorities and commander must indeed have had a consciousness of the same kind. They must have been aware that they were enacting a farce upon a very diminutive scene and scale, and that to save themselves from being regarded at present and handed down to the future as Jackpuddings, it was absolutely requisite to throw a spice of the serious and the tragic into their proceedings. They probably had heard of Sir Robert Peel's monster indictment of the Irish in the persons of some chiefs. At any rate, the French invented something like this, for they indicted, after this fashion, four chiefs of the crime of reading a letter of Mr. Pritchard's. The Tahitian chiefs, less obsequious than the Irish princes of Repeal, refused to surrender; and the French took their revenge upon the British consul, Pritchard being the only victim they could catch; besides sending grape-shot from the cannon's mouth at the poor islanders, a race that has ever been ruled by a rush or by the prayer-book.

The two governments will no doubt back out of this scrape. Mr. Pritchard having come home, has obviated the difficulty of recall, and Lord Aberdeen is not the man to send him out again. M. Guizot on his part will make reparation, and if his friends talk big, it is only for the sake of bargaining and negotiating this reparation in as mild a way as possible. Mons. d'Aubigny will be recalled, and Mr. Pritchard will be daubed with some French diplomatic ointment:—a sorry salve for Exeter hall. But the matter does not end here. The nation will remember the insult offered to its consul, even though the government pass it over. And large religious bodies, with the depth and irritability of the theological memories, will remember it also. And thus seeds have been sown, and tempers roused, to render war unfortunately popular and possible, should fresh provocations arise.

It is much to be feared that these will not be wanting. Rivalry to England is almost the only nerve that remains strung of the French mind. All love of liberty at home or abroad has vanished. The Orleans rule has disgusted even liberals with that, and military glory has become the only hope and aim. Had Napoleon bequeathed or ordained

a government in France, for the restoration of his own policy and the resuscitation of his own peculiar ideas and spirit, he could have nothing more effectual than Louis Philippe has done. The reign of the real Napoleon disgusted the nation with war, and taught it to prize the blessings of freedom and of peace. The reign of the *Napoleon of Peace* has had the effect of totally disgusting the nation with peace, and of training the French to the nature of war-dogs, to be held in leash for the moment, but inevitably to dash one day or other at the throats of every neighbor and passer-by. To expect that a population thus taught and reared, can ever turn seriously and steadily to the arts of peace, or keep to the practice of constitutional freedom, becomes more and more difficult. We had once hoped to have the French as allies in the extension of freedom. We now see what Louis Philippe has achieved in Spain—a despotism more fearful than that imposed by the elder Bourbons in 1823. There was once a hope, that the extension of French influence and arms, however menacing, would at least be favorable to freedom and civilization. Yet a French revolution achieved in the Spanish government, has proved as fatal to freedom as if Cossacks had overrun the Peninsula. More freedom and independence have been left to Wallachia than to Spain.

Whilst the French are thus retrograding in liberal spirit, the Germans, we hope, are becoming more enlightened. They have made great progress in achieving unity. They have representative bodies for commercial purposes. Municipal freedom is gaining ground. And although at the present moment the Prussian government looks back to despotism, whilst the Austrian is stationary, still the public mind and the wealth of the middle classes are expanding so rapidly and manifestly, that some great result must follow. The movement, such as it is, and will be, is German, and cannot be repressed. It prefers delay and present resignation to seeking aid from the French. We therefore need no longer look to France, as in any way likely to extend liberty or liberal ideas. And those amongst us, who pardoned Napoleon his despotism and his dragoons, because his arms dispelled old regimes and aristocracies, have no longer a fair excuse for Gallomania. The spring and source of each country's regeneration must now be sought for in itself. The world is sick of political propagandism, and puts neither hope nor trust in the experiment. No one, therefore, can look now to France, as many high-minded, enthusiastic, and mistaken men did fifty years ago, and even much later.

The French themselves, indeed, seem to have come to a conviction that their mission is no longer to dominate or regenerate Europe. They have ceased addressing provocations to continental powers. We never hear a word from their press or in their chambers against the despotism of Austria or Prussia. Their protest for Poland against Russia is but a repetition of an old form. They seem, on the contrary, to have arrived at the opinion that their duties, aims, and future career are henceforth to be marine and transmarine. An empire beyond the Rhine, or even to its banks, they have found too difficult to achieve—they abandon it. And they have hit upon the easier task of subduing and overthrowing the barbarians of uncivilized and far continents. Instead of combating the Austrian on the Alps, they have chosen a more convenient foe in the amiable islanders of

the Pacific; and instead of driving the Russian or the Prussian from Rhine, Elbe, or Vistula, they achieve victories over Arab tribes, and make facile campaigns amongst the poor, decadent Moors of the Atlas.

It is thus the French have thrown themselves into a line of policy which brings them into eternal collision with us; and it is impossible not to foresee a naval struggle between the countries as no longer a contingency but a probability. We, of course, must be the acceptors, not the makers of any defiance of the kind. We must be prepared to undergo the necessities of war, not seek either its glories or advantages. We are passive, contented with the *statu quo*, and merely want to let things be. The French are not so contented,—they would blot out past and present. They are discontented with the award of Providence, which thirty years back condemned France to be contented with its ancient limits and with moderate freedom. They want to change all this; to substitute a new arrangement of the globe. A new trial of arms must, we fear, inflict justice on the unreasonably discontented.

Our fears, however, are for the future more than for the present. The war-party in France will be contented with having humbled Morocco, with having displayed the powerlessness of that emperor to sell the Arab tribes, and thereby established their own irresistible influence all over the Atlas; for amidst that nomad population there is no such thing as a frontier. Our envoy has persuaded the emperor to yield every demand of the French. In assisting at the concession and the bombardment of one of the Morocco towns we have, in Moorish eyes at least, consented to the assumption of empire by the French in North Africa. By all this the French will have gained sufficient advantages without looking for more. Their navy has got its bulletins, and will be covered with legions of honor; and Louis Philippe will come to England with an olive branch in his hat, to embrace our queen and shake hands with Lord Aberdeen.

Such we look forward to as the end of the Morocco business; for the bluster of the tory prints clearly indicates that their patrons have already got the guarantees of peace in their pockets.

From the Examiner, 31st of Aug.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

FRANCE at this moment presents the appearance of two faces under a hood to the eyes of our perplexed politicians. Louis Philippe is all smiles; M. Guizot is all tears; Joinville himself is all compliments to our folks at Gibraltar: but with all this *super suaviter in modo*, the young prince has shown himself confoundingly *fortiter in re*. The prince said he should be delighted to make every concession in *reality* to England, but that concession in *seeming* neither he nor his family could afford. He admitted that there was no use in his bombarding Tangier, and that Mogador was the vulnerable point to hit the emperor; but that if he passed over Tangier, the Paris press would say he was afraid of England; and so Tangier has been knocked about the ears of the Moors in compliment to the *National*. The occupation of Mogador island is a piece of the same policy. The French have a common expression, frequently used in their Parliament, of whipping one person on the shoulders of another. They are now

whipping England upon the shoulders of Morocco.

Their supreme delight at present is the having stuck us into the same humiliating position into which they themselves fell in 1840. Determined on a bold series of bombardments and naval and military operations against their ally Mehemet, we persevered, despite their ill-temper and injunctions, tacitly dared them to try to stop us, and took Acre under their beards. They swallowed the mortification, but have not yet digested it; and now they have thrust us into the same position. They bombard, and subdue, and pummel a sovereign whom we would protect and cover. We intrigue, and implore, and menace as they did; but Joinville and Louis Philippe treat us as Napier and Lord Palmerston treated them. Lord Palmerston gave the French a hearty box on the ear in 1840, and now they are delighted to return the blow upon the cheek of a Wellington cabinet!

The Tory papers are in funny diversity on the subject. The *Post* proclaims war, and nothing less. The *Herald* peace at all price. And the *Times* peace one day and war the next. Meantime we received the Prince de Joinville's account of his doings, (which will be seen elsewhere,) very mild, very excusatory, promising to do no more bombardments, but to offer peace, and to evacuate the isle of Mogador as soon as satisfaction has been given. It is evidently destined to disarm our wrath; and the despatch seems concocted rather in M. Guizot's office than on De Joinville's quarter-deck. At any rate it shows the wish of the French to go no further; and we see all probability of Lord Aberdeen shaking hands with Louis Philippe once more.

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE AND HIS ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE homilies on peace which have appeared in some of the journals, though very excellent, are, we are inclined to believe, quite unnecessary. England presents no symptoms of a war fever. Her pulse beats temperately, and her mind maintains its healthful action, in spite of the French victory in the Mediterranean over a few dismantled towers, and the great war in the Pacific with the unarmed natives of a petty island. Our soldiers and sailors are naturally anxious for employment, and watch every cloud in the political horizon with the same kind of nervous anxiety that a farmer looks up to the sky in a season of drought, or that a physician inspects the bills of mortality in a period of confirmed health. But the general community shares neither their desires nor expectations. Fully conscious of the calamities with which the next great war must be attended—of the heavy guilt that will be on the head of the nation which provokes it, and of the fearful reckoning Europe will demand from the aggressor—we would never speak of war but as of the last alternative to which necessity may drive us, when all other means fail of preserving an honorable peace. In England there is no party resembling the war faction of France. We do not think of dwelling on the injuries we could inflict on her commerce, or of the opportunities we might have of ravaging her coast and capturing her colonies. Our power to injure, or a rival's comparative defencelessness, we venture to predict, will never tempt us into a war of aggression and injustice. We do not care, in considering the question, to balance the chances of gain and loss. Our love of peace is rooted deeper than in considerations of convenience. But

in France the probability of hostilities is discussed with the keen eagerness of desire, and the ablest and most moderate of their journals appeal to the prudence of the nation as an argument for the continuance of peace rather than to any nobler sentiment of public principle. They deprecate war, not on the high grounds of Christian policy, but because France is not yet quite prepared for it—because it will be better for her to wait till she has strengthened her navy or contracted new alliances. They rarely dare to speak of the criminality of war, or to boldly denounce the frantic folly which would wrap the world in conflict for the gratification of that miserable vanity and brutal love of excitement which delight only in lists of killed and wounded.

We cannot afford to be equally complaisant, or to follow the example of those journals here which seem fearful of expressing an honest opinion of recent French achievements lest it might give offence to the Parisian populace. We share in no such apprehension, and think it not worth while to conceal the truth with the hope of conciliating their favor. We see no reason why plain speaking should be banished from the intercourse of nations. Flattery is as misplaced as insult. * * *

But the transaction will give rise to other and more cogent grounds of alarm. It will shake the confidence of England in the integrity of the French cabinet. In all the discussions which took place in our Houses of Parliament it was constantly affirmed by Lord Aberdeen and Sir R. Peel that the French government did not contemplate war with Morocco—that they required only compliance with their reasonable demands to be allowed to hold Algiers without invasion from the Morocco territory—and that the mediation of England would be accepted to negotiate the terms of a treaty. Yet the attack on Tangier was made with the full knowledge on the part of the prince that Mr. Hay was continuing his negotiations. What course could be more directly calculated to throw dishonor on our minister, and to discredit his authority?

If peace with Morocco be really desired by the French government, they have taken an unfortunate course for securing it. Attacks on the poor sea-ports of Morocco may irritate the emperor, but cannot seriously wound him; and every successive act of hostility will but tend to widen the breach between the two countries, and render an accommodation more difficult. In that case it would be difficult to foresee the result. France, as the war continues, may increase her demand, and put forward claims of indemnity. Ports might be occupied until those claims are satisfied. It is from the beginning of affairs of this kind that serious consequences flow; and we sincerely hope that Lord Aberdeen will not let his confidence in the honesty of the French foreign-office blind him to the experience of the past, or lead him to forget that French diplomacy has always been treacherous. A trivial error now may lead to fatal consequences hereafter. We are persuaded that his remonstrances will be treated with respect in proportion to the boldness of his language and the vigor and decision of his measures.—*Britannia*, Aug. 24th.

THE WAR MANIA IN PARIS.

A GENTLEMAN long resident in the French capital, and who has just returned to it after an ab-

sence of some months, writes us in a letter dated Wednesday evening :—

"I was in this capital during the excitement and agitation caused by the July treaty of 1840; but, greatly as the French were enraged against us on that occasion, their anger was nothing compared with the rabid violence I have witnessed since my arrival here. The exhibition of 'temper' on the part of some of my old friends (as I thought them) has really pained me. In official quarters they affect *composure* as to the result of pending events, but the *Anglomani*a amongst the masses is at its height."

It is not easy to account for this feeling, for lately France has had everything her own way. We can only imagine that the sound of her guns in the Mediterranean has aroused her old passions, as sometimes we see a few drops of brandy fire the views of a partially reclaimed drunkard, and make him mad with irresistible desire to gratify his old propensities. M. Guizot is playing a dangerous game. The French people may not long be content with the amusement he has provided for them. When too late, he may find it impossible to check the progress of the flame he has kindled. Ships of the line are dangerous puppets to dandle for a prince's pleasure.

If the Morocco expedition should have no worse consequences than exciting the war frenzy in France, it would be fertile in mischief. These outbreaks of popular feeling will become more dangerous each time they are repeated, and when patronized by princes of the blood, who share in the aspirations of the *National* for an invasion of England with 50,000 men, may have some other results than newspaper harangues and declamations in the Chamber.

Here, the confidence felt in the continuance of peace has been fatally shaken by the Prince de Joinville's pamphlet. We must have possessed a disposition infinitely more dull than that of the ox the butcher marks out for slaughter, if we could read with perfect indifference the plans this prince submitted to a royal council for cutting up our commerce, and pillaging our coasts under cover of the night. There was nothing generous in his hostility; he proposed not to meet us in open fight, but to wound us in secret by plunderings and burnings. Still some allowance was made for the hot blood of a young Frenchman, desirous of raising by any means the service to which he belonged into usefulness and importance. But when, after a farce of affected displeasure, he was appointed to the command of a squadron, destined to a delicate service, requiring great temper and discretion, it is no wonder that some distrust was entertained of the sincerity of those pacific views which still continued to be professed by French councils.

Anxious for peace, and still believing that the King of the French is much too wise to suffer it to be broken, we yet rejoice to learn that our government is fully alive to the danger that threatens, though as yet but distantly, the repose of Europe. The cautious and pacific language of the ministerial journals is curiously contrasted with the reports they give of the activity pervading the various dockyards of the kingdom. We repeat, England will never go to war but from necessity, but, when that necessity arrives, it must not find us unprepared. The judicious expenditure of a few thousand pounds now may save millions of treasure and millions of lives hereafter.—*Britannia*, 24th August.

INCREASE OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

We have no apprehension of war from the instant our government seems alive to its possibility. England is safe while she is vigilant, and then only. The stir in our dockyards—the engagement of additional hands in every port—the orders for despatch in fitting out vessels in ordinary, and for launching new ones—the strengthening of the Mediterranean squadron—the reinforcement of the Gibraltar garrison—the strict discipline and precautionary measures observed at Malta—these, and many other signs of activity, are not to us indicative of the probability of war, but of the certainty of peace. The fact that five ships of the line are getting ready at each of our principal ports will have due weight in the councils of the French cabinet. The "notes" and "memorandums" of our foreign-office may be laughed at, but the prospect of twenty sail of the line lying at Spithead ready for sailing orders to any part of the world at an hour's notice will make the sagacious ruler of France still cling to his title of the Napoleon of peace, and turn M. Guizot from the dreams of conquest in which he now seems to be indulging.

We hope no representations will induce our government to relax their wise energy. A ship in ordinary is a far less pleasing sight to the country than one in full sail with its entire complement of officers and men. We do not like to see the huge dismasted hulls lying idle in the water. People them with busy life; let the roar of their guns be heard in firing festive salutes; and let them bear over the world the flag that gives promise of security and peace. Our pride in our navy is not a matter of sentiment or idle vanity, but a principle of the highest wisdom. To impair its efficiency for the sake of economy would be the madness of a man who tears up the foundation of his dwelling to save the expense of fuel. It is the mighty power intrusted to us, not for our own safety alone, but for the general protection of nations from a spirit of restless aggression and unprovoked violence. Our government may not always be successful in preventing outrage and repressing hostilities, because it does not affect the character of an universal arbiter. But our navy is the great messenger that gives effect to those councils of peace that happily prevail in our cabinet and legislature, and that carries them over the world. For of what effect would be the mediation of England without the view of the union-jack floating from the masts of three-deckers in the distance?

At the present time, as in 1840, it is the power of our fleet alone that prevents a French invasion of England. It is mere nonsense now to continue the language of compliment. In saying that the government and the country alike look with strong distrust on the disposition of France, we only hold the language she instructs us to hold. There is scarcely a person in all her territory, from the Prince de Joinville to the *gamin* of the streets—not a print published, from the courtly *Débats* to the rabid organs of revolutionary frenzy—that do not, one and all, intimate that Great Britain is safe only because she is strong, and that the first symptom of her weakness shall be the signal for a French assault. Nothing but a consciousness of her superior power prevents the realization of that beautiful idea of the Prince de Joinville—a descent upon our coast under cover of the night. Even where our force is for the moment inferior to that of France in particular places, the restless spirit of

that nation cannot be restrained. When an English sloop only was off Otaheite, those acts were committed by the French authorities which the Duke of Wellington has characterized as "a gross outrage;" and, when our squadron was weak in the Mediterranean, the bombardment of the Moroccan seaports was commenced. Those enterprises might have been equally undertaken under other circumstances, but the coincidence of hostilities with the superiority of the naval power of France in those parts is at least remarkable.

It will be the duty of our government, while still using every exertion to preserve peaceful relations with France, and to avoid all unnecessary topics of irritation, to show that it knows how to profit by the lessons it has lately received, and to rate at their just value the promises of the French ministry. It must be mortifying to M. Guizot, no doubt, to view the armament of our ships, while he is heaping on Lord Aberdeen "assurances of his most distinguished consideration," and repeating what he has so often said before, that France desires nothing so much as peace with Morocco. A man so keen-sighted as the philosophic minister will easily see that, though his notes may be received with the utmost politeness, the practical answer given to them is, not from the foreign-office, but the admiralty. Lord Aberdeen may be as bland as ever, but there will be no mistaking the bustle of our dockyards. When all has been done that protocols can effect, it will be found at last that there is no pacificator like a line-of-battle ship, and that, to avoid hostilities and insult, England must trust, not to the moderation of French councils, but to the strength and efficiency of her navy. —*Britannia.*

We confess we are not so sensitive as some of our contemporaries appear to be about wounding the vanity of the French nation. If they were the merest braggarts on the face of the earth, it would take a great deal of telling to make them think so; and though it might excite their fury to hear the truth, it would not wound their self-love, which is most egregiously inordinate. We do not mean to say that the French are cowards, as far as fighting is concerned. On the contrary, we think them as fond of blood and as eager to shed it as any people on the face of the earth, whether civilized or uncivilized. Whatever glory may belong to a disposition of this kind we are willing to accord to the French people,—at least to that portion of them who constitute the war party, and who are thirsting for a conflict with England. The courage that consists in cutting throats, or any other species of human butchery, cannot be denied to a people who have slaughtered wholesale those whose crime was the accident of their birth, or, at the worst, the possession of opinions contrary to those entertained by their very valiant murderers. What we are at present writing may be considered as offensive to the French as the criticisms of the British officers which appeared in the *Times*; but we are saying no more than the truth, and we do not see that we should be always fawning to and flattering a people who seem determined on repaying all the good feeling we have had, with envy, hatred, and malice. What has England ever done to France to warrant the bitter animosity that is evinced by the latter towards the former? Was it such an injury to check that horrible career of war which was fast draining France of her population, retarding her internal progress while professedly extend-

ing her nominal power, by making her name and influence odious throughout all the rest of Europe? Is France angry that she has not for some years had an opportunity of gratifying that thirst for military glory which is evidenced by all her public monuments, which commemorate some frightful slaughter; and all her works of art, which are chiefly devoted to the celebration of some dearly purchased victory? In passing through the magnificent palace of Versailles it is impossible to avoid being struck with the fact that the paintings by which it is adorned are almost all illustrative of bloodshed, which the people are thus taught to look upon as the most honorable occupation to which a human being can devote himself. There are pictures of battles, there are portraits of admirals and marshals, there are whole galleries of men who have *versés leur sang*—poured out their blood—for France, but such a thing as a real benefactor of his species—one who devoted himself to the happiness instead of the destruction of his race—is hardly to be found in the vast collection alluded to.

We have no hesitation in saying that France is far, very far, behind England in everything that can make a country truly great, though a peace of nearly thirty years has sent her almost involuntarily forward in that march of real improvement from which she seems anxious to diverge for the sake of the military glory she delights to cultivate. Though our remarks are conceived in a spirit avowedly hostile to war—though we have a hatred to its very name, and regard it as a most inhuman process to which two really civilized nations cannot have any necessity to resort—nevertheless, we think it may be requisite that there should be a war between France and England. Patience may degenerate into poltroonery, and the most pacifically disposed may find it unavoidable to fight with those who never leave off bullying till they are well beaten. We do not say that it follows as a matter of course that the French would be thrashed by the English in the event of a war, but if they will not let us have peace the experiment must be tried, and, looking at the "antecedents," we do not think we have any reason to believe that our cause is by any means desperate.

In what we have said above we do not mean to reflect on those enlightened Frenchmen who feel no sympathy with the vindictiveness which is generally entertained in France towards our own countrymen. We fear, however, that their numbers are few, and that the hostility of which Englishmen are the subjects is not limited to the low and brutal classes, whose ignorance may account for, if it does not excuse, their animosity. Monsieur Guizot will, no doubt, do all he can to preserve peace, but the wisest and cleverest of men have ere now been unable to restrain the violent passions of the French people. We hope, for the sake of humanity, and for the sake of France, that there will be no war; but as for fear, in its usual sense, we have none, being perfectly convinced that "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," and that the calm determination of the English character comprises more real bravery than all the blustering and vamping for which the French are at present rendering themselves so eminently ridiculous.—*Atlas, Aug. 31.*

It appears, from a recent statistical account in the German papers, that the population of Hungary now amounts to 12,179,140.

From the Athenæum.

VENICE IN 1844.

A MARKED difference in the appearance of Venice must strike any traveller who has visited the city even six years ago: more vessels appear in the port, throwing up their light spars and curving latteen yards against the elegant tower of the custom-house or the picturesque palaces and domes of the stately Queen of the Adriatic. A whole fleet of galleys is seen in the hazy distance,—no longer indeed returning from the conquest of the Morea, or the glorious combats of Cyprus or Candia, but waging a war against the very elements, for the sake of "old Venice;" they are carrying out and dropping stones at the breakwater of Maxomoco, which was begun some fourteen years since, (when Venice was declared a free port,) and is now very far advanced. On the other side of the city, four or five miles of gracefully curved arches unite the aquatic capital to the main-land—not for such a purpose as Alexander joined Tyre to the continent, or Xerxes attempted to affix the island of Salamis to Attica, but to pour the young blood of commerce, trade, and daily life into the heart of time-honored Venice, that it may mantle on her wrinkled cheeks, and renew the vigor of her limbs, stiff with long repose, like the transfusion of blood from an infant to an octogenarian. Another year may suffice to complete the railroad from Venice to Milan, already traversed by engines and trains from the shore to Padua, and soon to be laid down over the above-mentioned arches. Instead of the Bucentaur, "1st, 2nd and 3rd class boats" are seen by the quays of the Doge's palace: and hundreds of gay Venetians hurry to exchange the languid smiles of the Nereids for the embraces of the Vulcanian Cyclops, "The Antenore," or "The Galileo," and are borne in their mighty arms to the schools of Padua. Thus is taught a more practical lesson of life in an hour than the learned professors have produced in the last century. Nor does the famous Piazza di San Marco, with its undying and almost unscathed relics of the past, refuse to give signs of the modern movement. Reparations are going on in the façade of the palace and cathedral, and a number of new silver lamps adorn the Madonna di San Marco. As evening closes, hundreds are to be found reclining to take their ice and their coffee beneath the deep shades of these beautiful arcades, while the regimental bands (of no less than fifty) perform, exquisitely, selections from the best operas, to a critical audience. When the stars become visible, the Promethean spark is rapidly applied to the numerous lamps, and the whole scene is brilliantly lighted with gas; on festas, three or four enormous candelabra are erected down the middle of the piazza, and spread the magic light as if with an enchanter's hand, over the quaint clock-tower, the huge campanile, the cathedral, the column of the Banda, and all the lofty façades of this piazza of piazzas.

One of the immediate results of the railroad will be the introduction of water by pipes into the city, an immense blessing, when it is considered that it is even to this day brought in tanks by barges, and paid dearly for; only a very few wells being open to the poor. Many of the churches are undergoing repair, as well as some other public buildings, at the public expense. The Duchesse de Berri has taken one of the finest of the ancient palazzos on the Canal Grande, and several others are said

to be newly occupied. But, notwithstanding, the greater number of ancient families are driven forever from their once princely abodes, or compelled to abandon them to decay: it is not a little surprising that none seem to have fallen; and that on such a foundation, the neglected walls should not have perished from damp. Among the noblest of the more ancient palaces is that of the Foscari; at the angle of the Grand Canal it commands a double view; and its quaint, but grand façade and balconies, its finely worked arabesque windows and pointed arches, give it an air of grotesque antiquity, which reminds one of a faded dowager of the last century, in her diamonds, lappets, and hoop. In a remote chamber of this palace live, or rather sleep, (like the nautilus in its shell floating helplessly upon the waters,) two noble ladies, its possessors, the last of their house—Laura and Marianna del Foscari. We were told it was rather a compliment than an impertinence to visit them; and under the guidance of one of their acquaintance, we landed from our gondola at the once hospitable door of the Foscari. Dirt, coals, and fragments of wood and stone showed to what base uses the noble hall had been applied; and the court beyond, once a gay "pleasaunce" was filled with blocks of hewn and unhewn stone; tangled grass and weeds were growing from the pavement, and clothes drying on lines from the windows above. The dimensions of the hall, (at least 100 feet long,) its handsome roof and cornices, with the ornamental architraves of its various doors, and the bold and varied iron-work across the windows, still speak of better days. We ascended a now filthy marble staircase, and entered a second hall of the same dimensions, of an L shape, 100 feet and 50 or 60 feet long; at each end is a noble window and balcony; the one in front looks upon the canal, and is large enough to contain 50 or 60 persons; the wide marble balustrade is worn round by the fair arms and stout hands which for ages have rested on it. There at all the pageants of Venice have stood the Foscari, "the observed of all observers!" themselves no mean part of the stately spectacles they beheld. From hence must the family of the great Foscari have witnessed his triumphant procession as Doge, sitting beneath the canopy of gold on the deck of the Bucentaur; little could they dream of the end of that office, to which he was hailed by the acclamations of all the seignury of Venice. In this hall were sovereigns received, for two centuries at least: nor were any festas in Venice more brilliant and more honored, than those here celebrated. Near the lofty portals of the apartments opening to the hall, and entered from it between supporting angels or genii, are tablets with inscriptions, recording the visits of royal and illustrious guests, as John of Denmark, &c., and the names of the Foscari, their hosts. Of all the gay and joyous crowds of the brave, the fair, and the rich—of all the trains of menials who served them, one only representative remained; by the open window, enjoying the breeze from the canal, and looking askance through the balustrade on its melancholy waters, sat the one servant of the house—herself a very type of its misfortunes; she was old and half blind, and had replaced a lost limb by a wooden leg; but she was nevertheless industriously working for the ladies, and sat apart in the dilapidated old hall, to leave them their chamber, with all due respect.

After opening several doors, and retreating from a third story inhabited by washerwomen, and a

variety of nondescripts, in separate apartments, our introducer led us to the kitchen of *the ladies*. It had once been a handsome saloon, with marble chimney-piece, gilded cornices, &c., and on one side still hung an enormous picture, in the lower part of which (below the scriptural subject) were introduced the portly figures of three noble Foscari, for which reason probably it was still preserved, though stripped too of its frame. Round the walls hung kitchen utensils, sausages, &c., while a few articles of once elegant furniture filled the room; and on a walnut table in the centre, lay a quantity of French beans which a dirty urchin had just brought from the market. A good-looking man here received us, who we were told was the son of an old retainer of the family, and had solemnly promised his parent to protect its last remains. He greeted our companion, laid down his cook's knife and soon introduced us to *the ladies*, who were in an inner apartment. Madame Laura rose to receive us, but her sister was too infirm to leave her seat; and we sat down on a chest and a chair from the kitchen to contemplate the last of the Foscari—the “two Foscari” of 1844. They appeared between 70 and 80 years of age (if indeed the hard and shrivelled form of an Italian woman admits of any distinction after 70.) They were very plainly dressed, and the few gray hairs of the elder peeped from beneath the common Venetian veil, while those of the younger were uncovered; both spoke somewhat cheerfully, like those who have long submitted to their hard lot, and as if respect for their great family and its magnificence (now among the things that are not) must be a feeling common to all the world, and therefore needing no effort to maintain it. They complained not, for they had been rudely taught by the world that complaint was long since in vain; they boasted not, for why boast of what was evident! they affected neither pride, humility, nor piety, but simply took things as they were, without apology. The elder said she never left the room in a scirocco, (which was then blowing,) and the younger, that she liked to walk in the Sala Grande—poor women! Of all the retainers of the Foscari, their one-legged old abigail alone was left; and the dirt, stones, and ruins at the great hall door were greater obstacles than they could encounter alone, without danger. Our mutual friend had given an artist an order to sketch the ladies' chamber, and this gave occasion to examine and remark on it. The only entrance used was the one through the before-mentioned kitchen. Over this and the other doors were high mouldings and pediments, which, with a rich chimney-piece, set off the lofty proportions of the room, which was about thirty feet square. A wide bed, without hangings, stood against the farther side, and over this, two enormous black giants in alto relievo stretched their huge limbs against the wall from floor to ceiling. One would have thought the old ladies would have been frightened by such gloomy-looking Anakim; but it was probably for the sake of these very giants they had selected this chamber, for these silent champions challenged all the world to disprove the truth of one of the glories of the house of Foscari. They held between them a portrait of a quiet-looking red-faced gentleman, and a gilt scroll recorded that this gentleman was his Majesty of Denmark, and that he had

slept in this very chamber,—nay, we were led to believe, in this very bed. For the rest, the royal dormitory was now most poorly furnished with a chest and a couple of old tables, whose lacquered legs looked as poverty-stricken as the rest of the palace. But though used for all purposes, there was a degree of careless neatness and order about it; a few torn books were piled in a corner, and on an old wardrobe stood a dilapidated toilet box, with some broken apparatus in it, and a little vase full of faded flowers (even this too dear for an every-day luxury) carefully placed on each side—alas! the Laura and Marianna who had inherited it, little needed a toilet now. Even la Biondina in Gondoletta, for fifty years a reigning beauty, is no more. The masks and carnivals and operas of Venice (such as they are now) are as far from them as if they had been living among the holy virgins of Upper Egypt. We retired with befitting compliments, and the old retainer's son showed us through a number of rooms, in a greater or less state of dilapidation. Some had lost all their carving and wood-work; in others the doors were gone, and several had had pictures cut from the ceilings; one beautiful room had suffered less, and eight or ten fine heads in wood carving, stood out from its walls, sole tenants of the dusty waste; and there it was the worthy man gave us some odd reason why the last prodigal of the house, the nephew of the ladies, “*lui chi oveca mangiato tante cose*” pictures and carvings, &c., had spared this once favorite dining room. He then led us to his own sanctum, a queer den in a retired corner of the palace, which might have served for the studio of Paracelsus or of Faustus. Here he had collected all sorts of odds and ends, old papers and mss., bits of wood and pictures, fossils and casts, and a world of indescribable rubbish, among which he, with much pride, displayed upon a broken easel the mss. of the Foscari pedigree, “from the 9th century down to Laura and Marianna aforesaid, with long notes of achievements, especially of the famous Doge.” Then, in a confidential whisper, he told our friend how the law-suit went on—“*undava bene il processo*,” and that the Avvocato had the most confident hopes of establishing the right of the true branch to—. In fact, he had been zealously collecting materials for Signor l'Avvocato, and had succeeded, after years of labor, in urging the learned man to action. No wonder he was anxious to tell his long tale of unjust cousins and false codicils, &c., which he hoped to set aside in favor of *the ladies*. But they, poor forlorn women, in some by-gone hour of deep distress, ere this zealous advocate came to their aid, had actually sold the reversion of the palace, after their own deaths, for an annuity of sixteen-pence a day, and the home of the Foscari will soon probably be let in as many lodgings as a five-story house in St. Giles', not excepting the chamber “of the Royal Dane.” Such is an illustration of the “base uses” to which the palaces of Venice are tending, and such the actual state of many descendants of her merchant princes. But in the hour of power and of pride they were deaf to the cries of liberty and of justice, and when danger threatened they showed themselves unable to defend a state they were unworthy to govern. Nothing is now left them but to repeat the poet's lament, “O Italia, Italia,” &c.

From the United Service Magazine.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF MILITARY PUNISHMENTS, IN AS FAR AS REGARDS NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

BY HENRY MARSHALL, DEPUTY-INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF ARMY HOSPITALS.

As a useful hint to young medical officers, I have subjoined in detail an instructive case, copied from Dr. Bell's work on the diseases among soldiers in the West Indies.

"A private soldier in the 5th Regiment had been repeatedly sentenced by a court-martial to be punished for theft; but the punishment of flogging had always been changed for that of confinement, as, on the instant he was brought to the halberts, he was attacked with convulsions; and the medical gentleman who attended, thinking it not proper that in those circumstances the punishment should be inflicted, the man was released."

He was again convicted of stealing, and again he was sentenced to be flogged. At this time Dr. Bell attended his punishment.

"These convulsive fits," says Dr. Bell, "were either feigned or real; but in either case it was deemed proper that the punishment should go on. If they were feigned, the pain of the flogging would soon put an end to every exertion of artifice; and, if they were real, it appeared probable that severe pain, to which he had not been accustomed, and the operation of terror on his mind, at the time the fit was approaching, might prevent the attack, and, by breaking the habit, might prove a useful remedy. I never had seen him in any of these fits; but I was informed that he was frequently attacked by them when guilty of any irregularity, and consequently was sent to the hospital instead of the guard-house. On the morning of his punishment I informed him, in presence of the serjeant of the hospital, and of another person, that the commanding officer was determined to inflict every lash, although death should be the consequence, and that I would on no account interfere in having him taken down. He was told, that if he *dared* to fall into fits, the serjeant and my servant had orders to burn him to the bone with red-hot irons, which they kept ready heated for the purpose in the mess-kitchen, at the door of which he was punished. While the drummers were tying him to the halberts I placed myself opposite to him, and his eyes were steadily fixed on mine. His countenance was marked with the strongest symptoms of terror, which was not lessened by turning his head towards the door of the kitchen, where he saw a person prepared, as he thought, for the purpose of which he had been informed. He firmly believed that what had been threatened would be executed. The punishment went on,—the pain it occasioned was almost forgot in his apprehension of that which he more dreaded. He received 300 lashes; and while I remained in the regiment I never heard of his being attacked with any convulsive disorder, nor of his being tried by a court-martial for his old crime."

Dr. Bell leaves the nature of the case still doubtful, and concludes with the following expres-

sion,—“Whether the fits were real or feigned, impressing the mind with terror produced the effect that was desired.”

The following case was obviously feigned:—A soldier belonging to the — Regiment was brought to the halberts to receive punishment. He became apparently convulsed; and the medical officer, believing he had been attacked with epilepsy, recommended that he should be taken down. He was again brought out for punishment, when his frame became greatly agitated, which gave rise to a belief that he again suffered under an epileptic paroxysm. A third time he was brought to the halberts, when convulsions came on. The medical officer, presuming that the symptoms of epilepsy were occasioned by fear, was proceeding to the commanding officer, for the purpose of stating that the man was unfit to receive punishment, when, by accident, he happened to look behind him, and saw the eye of the delinquent watching his motions. This circumstance convinced the medical officer that the symptoms were feigned, and the delinquent received his punishment without further delay.

Pain, but especially pain which is inflicted or imposed as a chastisement, frequently excites fainting, or *deliquium animi*; and when this takes place it becomes highly expedient to arrest the infliction of punishment. When syncope, or fainting, occurs during a surgical operation, I believe it is the ordinary usage of surgeons to cease operating until the patient is restored. But a man under punishment is liable to a partial *deliquium animi*, or fainting, during which it has been recommended, (and it is, I suppose, usual,) to permit the punishment to go on during some seconds of impaired sensibility. In the slighter cases, therefore, of *deliquium* the punishment need not be interrupted; indeed, the stimulus of flagellation frequently restores the sufferer to himself. If, on the other hand, the *deliquium* continues, and a man cannot be roused in a few seconds, if he perspires much, and if the pulse at the temporal artery becomes weak, or scarcely perceptible, he should be forthwith taken down.

I never considered it expedient to examine the irritability of the iris, as is sometimes recommended in doubtful cases, being always satisfied with the conclusions which might be drawn from the above symptoms. Should a man recover instantly, the medical officer is sometimes supposed to have been unnecessarily cautious,—imposed upon, in fact. This conclusion he may occasionally expect, but not often; for to witness the flogging of a man is, I believe, in general very painful both to officers and men,—the infliction of bodily pain, as a punishment, under whatever name the operation may be executed, having very much the appearance of torture,—consequently, officers in general are pleased to see the infliction brought to a conclusion. Some officers, who in the exercise of their duty are obliged to attend punishment parades,

frequently turn their eyes from the sufferer, and obviously show, by their looks and gestures, that they are disgusted with the exhibition. In complete fainting the delinquent becomes unable to stand erect, the muscles of his limbs lose their power, and he hangs by the hands from the top of the triangles.

It need hardly be observed, that as long as a man exclaims and shrinks from the lash, a medical officer may be satisfied that there is not much tendency to fainting.

So long as it was customary to inflict second punishments medical officers were, from motives of humanity, much disposed to allow a man to receive the whole of the punishment which the court-martial had adjudged, at once, or, at any rate, as much as he was able to bear, in the hope that the remainder would be remitted. Soldiers who received to the extent of two thirds of the sentence awarded were seldom "brought out" to receive the remainder. The sentence was, however, not always remitted, it was allowed to *hang over* them, so as that the commanding officer might inflict the balance due when it pleased him to do so. Dr. Hamilton has very graphically described the cruel consequences of second punishments.

"Let us suppose," says he, "that a man is taken down at the end of 250 or 300 lashes, and that his sentence was 1000, all of which he must receive, whether at two, three, or more times, before he is released from confinement. Let us suppose he is conveyed either to the guard-house or hospital, is daily dressed till the wounds are healed, and a new cuticle formed, which may be in a month or five weeks. He is now become able to wear his clothes, yet perhaps scarcely able to suffer the weight and friction of his cross-belts, or the pressure of his haversack,—the parts are as yet red and tender; notwithstanding he is ordered a second time to the halberts, and at the end of 200 or 300 more is a second time taken down, cured as before, a third time brought there, and so on till the whole judgment be inflicted."

An elaborate expounder of martial law and military usages expresses himself as follows in regard to second punishments under one and the same sentence:—

"Every commanding officer," says Major James, author of a Military Dictionary, and several other military works, "has a discretionary power vested in him to remit the whole or part of the punishment which may have been awarded against a non-commissioned officer or private soldier by the sentence of a regimental court-martial. But no such power is vested in him when the king's approbation (and I presume I may add that of his authorized representative) has sanctioned the execution of any sentence given by a general court-martial."

"However the culprit may suffer on such an occasion, or have his punishment discontinued through the report of the surgeon, he must again be brought out to receive the remainder of the lashes; and, should he expire before the *bona fide* compliment of the sentence, it must be consummated upon his lifeless and mutilated carcass."

"We cannot omit," says our author, "mentioning in this place that the instant a military culprit receives a lash the surgeon becomes responsible for his life."—*Regimental Companion*, vol. ii., 460. Seventh edition, London, 1811.

I remember attending the punishment of a man belonging to the — regiment, in 1808, who had been tried by a court-martial, and convicted, in consequence of having a small piece of black muslin spread over the ball of the left eye and under the eye-lid. He had previously lost the sight of his right eye. He was sentenced to receive 1000 lashes in the usual manner, and at such time or times as the commanding officer might direct. He was taken down upon having received about 250 lashes. After being cured he was again brought out to receive the remainder of his sentence. The first few lashes tore open the newly-cicatrizized skin, so much that his back became instantly covered with blood, which flowed downward under his clothes. He was taken down before he received forty lashes. The second punishment was a most painful one to all who witnessed it; and I believe the disgusting exhibition was not in his case repeated.

The infliction of pain, without long disabling a man for duty, or endangering his life, being the immediate object of flogging, I am disposed to ask whether that intention would not be amply attained by employing a cat with one tail instead of one with nine tails. The pain inflicted by one cord would be severe enough, perhaps nearly as severe at the moment as with nine cords, while the ultimate injury and danger would be much less.

Dr. Hamilton gives the following account of a case of second punishment, similar to the one above mentioned, which came under my own notice:

"Hall," says he, "was sentenced to receive 500 lashes for housebreaking; he got 400 of them before he was taken down: and in the space of six weeks was judged able to sustain the remainder of his punishment, as his back was entirely skinned over. The first 25 lashes of the second punishment tore the young flesh more than the former 400, the blood pouring at the same time in streams. By the time he got 75 his back was ten times more cut by the *cats* than with his former 400,—so that it was thought prudent to remit the remaining 25, and take him down. Hall declared that his first punishment was trifling to what he suffered by the second. Other examples might be added," says Dr. Hamilton, "but to multiply cases of this kind is disagreeable."

Some men suffer much more than others from the same amount of punishment, more especially persons of a sanguine temperament, with red or fair hair, and a tall slender frame of body.

"Edwards, in the end of 1781, was sentenced to receive fifty lashes. He had got drunk, and otherwise misbehaved. In the army this number is accounted next to nothing. So much, however, did this small punishment affect him, that, notwithstanding every degree of attention to his case

it was upwards of three months before he could bear his cross-belts, or even move his arms to work. Perhaps 50 more would have placed his life in most imminent danger. He was of a thin, tall, genteel shape,—his hair black but soft, woolly, and thin on his head, with a skin remarkably white and smooth.—*Hamilton*, vol. ii., 40.

The effects of flogging are so different in individuals, that, although every attention is paid to the probable strength and constitution of soldiers by medical officers, untoward symptoms will sometimes follow.

"Henley, for desertion, received 200 lashes only; acute inflammation followed, and the back sloughed. When the wounds were cleaned, and the sloughed integuments removed, the back-bone and part of the shoulder-bone were laid bare. I never had seen so much of the muscular parts destroyed in any case from punishment before. . . . It was upwards of seven months before he was so far recovered as to be able to do his duty."—*Hamilton*, vol. ii., 44.

In 1806, I recollect having two similar cases of sloughing from punishment to dress; they having occurred in the regiment to which I belonged. One man died, the whole of the muscles of the back having sloughed, and the other was never fit for duty, and required to be invalided.

Hamilton mentions the case of a man who died at the halberts. "Lately, in England, not far from the metropolis," says the authority he quotes, "a soldier received 400 lashes; he scorned to flinch for some time, till by a repetition of stripes he groaned and died." Fever and sloughing of the back are the consequences of flogging which are most to be dreaded. Junius, in a note to his celebrated letter to the king, (15th Nov., 1769,) shows the partiality which is exercised in favor of the Guards, in strong terms, and then observes as follows:—"So much for the officers. The private men have four-pence a-day to subsist on, and five hundred lashes if they desert. *Under this punishment they frequently expired.*"

With the view of demonstrating to medical officers of the army the great necessity of their being extremely discreet and cautious in the discharge of a most painful and unpleasant part of their duty—namely, their attendance at punishments, Staff-surgeon Burmester published, in 1807, (*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*), the case of a man who died in consequence of what was considered a mild punishment.

The man in question was stout and healthy, twenty-eight years of age, subject to no constitutional disease, and who, for a considerable length of time previous to his punishment, had enjoyed perfect health. He was sentenced by a court-martial to receive 800 lashes, and received 250, which he bore with a manly resolution, and was taken down, the remainder of the sentence being remitted by the commanding officer,—not, however, from any appearance that he could not have borne a considerable number more without incurring the smallest danger.

Fever appeared on the second day after the punishment, which was followed by inflammation and sloughing of the back. On the twentieth day from his punishment, there was scarcely an inch from his neck to his loins free from disease. He continued to languish until twenty-four days from the time of his punishment, when he expired. This case happened in the Mediterranean; and other men who were punished at the same time, and to a more considerable extent, recovered in the ordinary time. The unhappy result of this man's case could not, in Mr. Burmester's opinion, be in any material degree attributed to an unhealthy climate.

In such a punishment as flogging, accident will be sure to assist the intrinsic rigor of the system, oversight will conspire with design, and congenial circumstances will develop strict discipline into cruelty. Startling results serve to arrest the attention, and prove the general character of corporal punishment as a means of enforcing discipline.

It may be observed, that in practice the attendance of a medical officer at a punishment parade is more calculated to prevent a man from escaping the amount of infliction to which he has been sentenced, than to meliorate and reduce the severity of punishment. His professional knowledge is employed to detect whatever latent principle of life a man possesses, which may enable him to undergo the sentence awarded. It has been stated to be "less necessary to dwell upon motives of humanity and discretion, than to caution military surgeons against attempts which are sometimes made to deceive them by soldiers feigning complaints to evade punishment, and feigning syncope or fits during its infliction;—to caution them also against any untimely or undue interference with the discipline of the service, or any violation of authority in the only case in which their authority can be considered as at all paramount to that of the commanding officer."

I may here observe, that the authority of a medical officer is on no occasion paramount to that of a commanding officer: he has, in fact, no military authority whatever. Medical officers are, in regard to choice of quarters, to be classed with other ranks; but this *indulgence* is not to give them any claim to exercise command.

Dr. Hamilton informs us, that he had seen several cases of partial or temporary loss of power of one or both arms, resulting from flogging. I have met with only one case of this kind,—the right arm having become paralytic, on which account the man was discharged.

When an unusual degree of tumefaction of the back takes place during punishment, a delinquent should be taken down, as this symptom is frequently followed by long protracted disease.

Bombardier Alexander incidentally mentions a case of this kind in his Memoirs.

"In 1803, at Chatham, a private of the 9th Regiment having been found asleep on his post

was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be flogged. The soldier was a fine-looking lad, and bore an excellent character in his regiment. The officers were much interested in his behalf, and it was said they endeavored to prevail upon the general in command, to give his case a favorable consideration, but without success. All the troops were assembled to witness the punishment; and during the infliction I saw the drum-major strike a drummer to the ground for not using his strength sufficiently. The man's back became black as the darkest mahogany, and greatly swelled. He was taken down at the recommendation of the medical officer, after he had received 229 lashes, and sent to the hospital, where he died in eight days, his back having mortified. I have witnessed 700 lashes inflicted, but I have never seen a man's back so black and swelled."

I have already stated, that extensive sloughing of the back occasionally occurs from flogging, notwithstanding the utmost care on the part of a medical officer.

"Burek," says Dr. Hamilton, "had so great a discharge from his back, accompanied with a smell so great, that though a more than ordinary robust man, it made him extremely faint and uneasy; he complained more of this than of the pain he suffered, yet he was carefully dressed and washed twice a day, and for some time shirted once every day."

"Dale was punished for stealing, and smelled so offensively, though the greatest attention was paid to dressing and washing his back, as well as to changing his linen; and so great effect did it produce on his health, that he fell into a fever, and narrowly escaped with life. He was removed to a ward by himself, the smell being extremely offensive to the other patients. From the putrid smell of his sores, it was no easy task to dress him; and such was the precarious state of his health, that I durst trust it to no one but myself."—*Hamilton*, vol. ii., 60.

In cases where great ulceration and sloughing occurs, the cicatrix is long, and, in some cases, permanently so sensible and tender, as not to permit a man to wear his cross-belts, or at any rate to carry his knapsack. I have seen a soldier permanently disabled for duty by this means, and rendered unfit for the service. It is alleged, by persons who have witnessed much flogging, that the back becomes callous by frequent corporal punishment, a circumstance which is probably occasioned by the repeated effusion of lymph.

"By frequently punishing offenders," says Dr. Williamson, "the parts become insensible to that laceration which tears up the skin. When that barbarous consequence is arrived at, its infliction becomes a matter of indifference to the unfortunate negro; and new sources of torture must be found out by which the commission of crime may be checked. It can scarcely be necessary to add, that such a condition of torpor in the parts to which punishment has been applied, can never be justified on any pretext; and I blush to reflect that white men should be the directors of such disgraceful deeds."—*Observations relative to the West India Islands*, by J. Williamson, M. D., 1817.

Dr. Williamson had peculiar opportunities of

acquiring information on this subject, he having resided in a medical capacity during fourteen years upon different plantations in Jamaica.

"Although that few or none die, which," says Dr. Hamilton, "I believe to be the fact, immediately from punishments moderately inflicted, I know, from experience in the service, that constitutions have been considerably impaired by them. We sometimes find the body melt away into a spectre of skin and bone, from the large suppurations that have followed; nor were they ever afterwards, as long as I knew them, able to bear the same hardships as before; and they must from thence also be more incident, not only to contagious diseases, if they be in the way of them, but to other complaints to which fatigue or hardships of duty may expose them."—*Hamilton*, vol. ii., 56.

Dr. Kirckhoff makes a similar observation in regard to the use of the cane in the army of the king of the Netherlands:—

"The punishment of the cane," says the doctor, "is injurious to the health, for it may occasion spitting of blood and inflammatory affections of the chest, followed by consumption and death. I have seen men expire immediately after the punishment, and even during the infliction."

Serjeant Armstrong, who was flogged to death by the orders of Governor Wall, passed blood constantly after his punishment, both by urine and stool; and the surgeon stated also that he had an asthma from the extraordinary absorption of the blood.

Sir Henry Hardinge bears strong testimony in regard to the injurious effects of the Portuguese mode of punishing military delinquents.

"Punishment," says Sir Henry, "was inflicted by a corporal seizing the culprit, and striking him with the flat of the sword upon the back. It was necessary to be done with the utmost caution, for it affected the chest so severely, that sometimes consumption and lingering complaints were the consequence. It bruised the body, and frequently led to spitting of blood, and very serious complaints."—*Evidence on Military Punishments*, Questions 5657 and 5658.

Sir Henry commanded five Portuguese battalions in the Pyrenees, by which means his attention was peculiarly directed towards the hurtful consequences of this mode of punishment.

"The proper end of human punishment," says Paley, "is not the satisfaction of justice, but the prevention of crimes. By the satisfaction of justice, I mean the retribution of so much pain for so much guilt."

The chief design of punishment being therefore to prevent the commission of crimes, not to avenge wrongs, if this can be obtained, the end of the law is accomplished. And may not that be as effectually done by moderate as by excessive severity! To reform delinquents, and to deter others from committing crimes, being the true object of the military law, it is presumed the punishment of offenders should be such as to give temporary pain and anxiety, but which should carry no lasting infamy with it, other

than the reflection of having been punished—a punishment, in fine, which repentance might obliterate. The ignominy which is connected with corporal punishment, but especially the brand of infamy which results from an ulcerated back, is an indelible and fearful consequence of flogging.

Great melioration of the penal laws and usages of the army has taken place since 1812; and I take leave to observe that the general state and conduct of the troops has proved the safety and the policy of the alteration. I sincerely hope that “the improvement will be extended, and that the army will not long be subjected to a degrading and barbarous torture, from which less moral men and much worse soldiers are exempted in every service in Europe.”

Previously to concluding this part of my subject, I may express my cordial concurrence with the sentiments which Dr. Hamilton published fifty years ago in his chapter on military punishments. “I wish,” said he, “after all, the military laws knew no such thing as flogging, and that in place thereof some other mode of punishment could be devised less ignominious. On this head, however, I dare say nothing; it is out of my line of life, though I wish it with all my soul abolished, as an inhuman thing, more suiting to the nature of savages than civilized and polished nations. Indeed, I feel confident, that in a very short time flogging will be very little resorted to in the army, that it will in fact fall into disuse, and that people will lift up their hands and wonder, as we do now in regard to some of the former barbarous punishments, that it has been tolerated and practised so long.

Were it demonstrated that flogging is sufficient to deter soldiers from the commission of certain crimes, and that other means of preventing crime after an adequate trial are insufficient, then perhaps flogging should be inflicted in a limited degree; but if it does not effect the above object, then it ought to be completely abolished; the only legitimate ends of punishment being to prevent the delinquent from repeating the crime, and to deter others from emulating it.

The usual defence of the punishment of flogging by military officers, rests wholly on the assumption that corporal punishment has the effect of preventing crime and sustaining discipline, and that it is superior to every other remedial means for that end. Degrading punishments very rarely produce contrition and reformation.

“There is not an instance in a thousand,” says Dr. Jackson, “where severe punishment has made a soldier what he ought to be; there are thousands where it has rendered those who were forgetful and careless, rather than vicious, insensible to honor and abandoned to crime.”

The reformation of a delinquent should be the motive, the object, and measure of all penal inflictions of a secondary character. Let reformation be recognized as a primary object in all punish-

ments, and we shall have good security for the adoption of humane and judicious measures. Should the allegation of the Reverend Robert Hall, in regard to the trade of war be well founded, and, perhaps, it is much too true, great care should be taken to promote good conduct, and to repress vice in the army. “War,” says he, “reverses with respect to its objects all the rules of morality. It is nothing less than a temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue. It is a system out of which almost all the virtues are excluded, and in which nearly all the vices are incorporated.” A state which contracts for the minds and bodies of men for an unlimited period, and which leads them into the temptations incident to a military life, becomes in a great measure responsible for their temporal and eternal welfare. Having surrendered their independence for life, and sworn unconditional obedience to their superiors, soldiers have a strong claim to become the adopted children of their country, and to be treated accordingly. The state has no doubt a right to command, but it has also important duties to perform; duties which comprehend the means of promoting the efficiency, the welfare and the happiness of the army.

From the Athenæum.

Transactions of the Association of American Geologists and Naturalists. Boston, 1843. *A System of Mineralogy.* By JAMES D. DANA, A. M. New York and London, Wiley & Putnam.

THE study of geology seems to find great favor in the United States. Its importance is there publicly recognized; professorships of the science being established in many of the colleges, and “state geologists” maintained by many of the provinces. Able and active men hold these appointments, whose names are becoming familiar to the scientific world in Europe, and commanding a respect to which their works entitle them. In thus early fostering a science which holds the key of many of the most valuable economic resources of their country, the Americans have sown the seeds of increased commercial, and what is of more value to a community as yet in its historical youth, of intellectual prosperity. As literary and scientific pursuits become more general in the states, the now disagreeable prominence of the money-worshipping feature in the American character will wear away. A study such as geology, which, while it elevates the mind, appeals to the interest of the seekers after wealth, is well adapted to lead the way to so desirable a change.

In England, the popularity of geology, only a few years ago the most idolized of sciences, is on the wane; in the states it is fast increasing. The state of things in both countries, though opposite, is healthy. The popularity of a science is greatest when its broader and more striking features are in process of delineation, when bold and speculative doctrines are our guides to the discovery of truth. This was the case at home during the earlier years of the geological society, and at the first meetings of the British association, when a band of enthusi-

astic and eloquent men seemed to have sprung up at the call of the rising science, to advocate its claims. The outline once sketched, the details required to be filled up, and a more laborious course, demanding patient survey, and critical discrimination, had to be followed. The harder work is only commencing as yet, but it has already scared away the crowds who followed the steps of young geology, when fancy held that place on her right hand to which a severe logic now lays claim. In America, where the great outline is still but partially sketched, and where the canvas on which the map has to be drawn is of gigantic dimensions, geology is as yet only advancing towards her zenith of popularity, and the earnest and enthusiastic are crowding into her service. Nor are they laboring unknown. The names of the brothers Rogers, of Hitchcock, Locke, Beck, Barley, Conrade, and many more, are becoming as household words within the walls of the geological and natural history societies of Britain, and memoirs and discussions on the structure of America are almost as frequent, and excite as much interest as those on subjects nearer home. The labors and travel of Lyell have done much to band together the interests of British and United States geologists, and to make known the merits of our transatlantic brethren.

Of the two volumes before us, the first is an account of the proceedings of an association somewhat similar to our British association, but more limited with respect to the subjects of which it takes cognizance. The proceedings of three annual meetings are reported in this volume of Transactions. The first was held in Philadelphia during the month of April, 1840, when a snug party of some eighteen or twenty men of science laid the foundations of the society, and sat discussing on geological topics for three days, under the presidency of Prof. Hitchcock. The second session was also held at Philadelphia, when Prof. Silliman, whose scientific journal is highly and deservedly appreciated in Europe, presided over a meeting which lasted five days. The third reunion was held at Boston, in 1842, under the presidency of Dr. Morton, the author of an excellent volume on the cretaceous fossils of North America. It lasted for a week, during which time abundance of interesting and novel matter appears to have been laid before the association, of the value of which, the memoirs, which fill several hundred pages of this volume, bear ample evidence.

The second of the works before us is one, which, while it does great honor to America, should make us blush for the neglect in England of an important and interesting science. It is a thick octavo, of above seven hundred pages, on mineralogy, treated in a highly scientific and perspicuous manner. It is no compilation, such as all works on this subject have been in this country since the writings of Jameson and Phillips, but an original survey of the mineral kingdom, executed with the greatest care. This, too, is the second edition, greatly enlarged, showing that Mr. Dana's labors are appreciated in America. We hope it will be received with due appreciation here, and serve to aid in giving an impulse to an important section of geological science, the connecting link between the studies of the naturalist, the chemist, and the geometriician, most unaccountably neglected in a country which boasts of being the head quarters of geology.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN.

[Concluded from the Gentleman's Magazine.]

Mrs. GRANT went to an exhibition of fruits and flowers in the Hopeton rooms :—

"I had no bonnet, but a very respectable cap, and, as I walked in from my sedan chair, I was surprised to see another lady with exactly such crutches, and precisely such a shawl as my own. I looked with much interest at my fellow-cripple, which interest she seemed to reciprocate. She took her place in another room, equally large and splendid and as gaily decorated as the one where I was placed, but so open that I had a full view of it, and of her sitting a little beside me, with the very fellow-shawl to mine. Amidst all the flush of bloom before me, I often withdrew my attention to regard this withered flower with still increasing interest. We were so as that every time I turned to look her eyes met mine, and at length, I thought, with a known and familiar expression, till at last I remarked it to those around me, and that I thought she would like to be introduced to me when the show was over. I thought, too, I had seen her somewhere; her figure was as ample as my own, but I comforted myself that I had a better face, hers being almost ugly. I rose at length, and so did she, and I saw her no more. Think of my mortification at having the laugh of the whole house against me on coming home; *there was no such room, and no such lady. When I had been talking of this other lady, they imagined it to be all playfulness, and never thought of the deception,*" &c.

We remember a story so similar to this in its circumstances as to be remarkable, and occurring in an *out of the way* book, now but little read, we may venture to extract it:—"Madame de Montausier crut ensuite avoir vu son fantôme : un jour que sa dévotion l'avoit arrêtée à la chapelle après la messe du roi, et qu'elle s'en revenoit seule par la grande galerie, qui, comme vous savez, conduit aux appartemens; elle crut voir, à son côté, une dame faite et mise tout comme elle. Cette vision l'étonna; et comme la galerie est longue, après avoir marché quelque tems avec sa semblable, qui lui rendoit regards pour regards, et saluts pour saluts, elle lui demanda son nom. L'autre lui répondit, qu'elle étoit la *Duchesse de Montausier*. Cette réponse, que la véritable Duchesse crut entendre, l'épouvanta; elle courut dans son appartement, où l'on s'aperçut bientôt du désordre de son esprit. Chacun raisonna sur cette aventure : les uns le rejettoient comme fausse, d'autres y ajoutoient foi, et disoient que Madame de Montausier étant de la maison de *Lusignan*, pouvoit fort bien avoir vu son fantôme, puisque cela arrivoit ordinairement aux personnes de cette famille, lorsqu'ils étoient prêts de mourir. La mort de Madame de Montausier, qui arriva bientôt après, sembloit fortifier cette opinion; pour moi, qui ne donne pas fort dans le merveilleux, je n'imagine que Madame de Montausier vit sa figure dans les glaces de la grande galerie, et que son esprit, déjà un peu troublé, lui persuada toute autre chose." &c.*

* See *Lettres Historiques et Galantes de Madame Du-noyer*, vol. i., p. 337, 1760. A similar circumstance has been related to me, as well authenticated, having taken place in the village of Benhall, in Suffolk, in the person of a farmer returning late in an autumn evening from his

P. 91. "I had a call the other day from old Henry Mackenzie, who has indeed been always my frequent visitor: you will be surprised to hear of the old man attending the royal society at eighty, and reading memoirs, written with much spirit and accuracy. The subject of a paper which he read there a fortnight since was the operation of the mind in dreams,—a proof, in addition to a thousand others, of the independence of spirit upon matter,—the mind performing such complex operations while all the bodily organs are inert. He mentioned, as an instance, that last summer, in his sleep, he had translated a French epigram into correct English; this, on awaking, he wrote down, and sent to Professor Dugald Stewart as a curiosity. He added, in his paper, several instances in which Coleridge's muse had literally visited his dreams.*

"Encouraged by finding that the same thing had happened to others, I ventured to tell Mr. Mackenzie what I had scarcely ever mentioned to any one, for fear of having my veracity called in question. The circumstance occurred in the last century, on board the good ship *Africa*, on my way from America. I dreamed that I saw lying folded on the cabin floor, a paper like a street-ballad, coarse and dirty; I unfolded it, however, and read in 'gude black print,' a ballad consisting of fourteen verses, most, if not all, of which I distinctly remembered when I waked; they resembled nothing I had ever read or heard. So little was I aware of possessing powers which had lain dormant in my mind, that when I waked I scrambled about my birth in search of the non-existent paper. The subject was the launching of a man-of-war. The verses, (which I could not write, being confined to bed,) slipped, one by one, from my memory; all I now recollect is a chorus at the end of each verse. A few nights ago there was another meeting of the royal society, for which the veteran sent my son a ticket. What was his surprise to hear Mr. Mackenzie mention to the society, as an additional proof of his statement on the former evening, that a friend of his, Mrs. G. of L., had dreamed a dream, &c.

fields, when a person joined him in a lonely part of his path homeward, whose figure, dress, look, in short everything, was a counterpart of his own. He walked with him side by side till he came to the wicket gate of the garden; the farmer then asked his *stranger-self* to enter his house, but on turning he was gone. The person's name to whom this happened has been told to me, but the circumstance was reluctantly mentioned or heard by the family, who have long left the parish.—Rev.

* The poem which Coleridge composed in his sleep was *Kubla Khan*; or, a Vision in a Dream. He says of it, that, "In the summer of 1797, then in ill-health, he had retired to a lonely farm-house, between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confine of Somersetshire and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas' Pilgrimage. 'Here then Kubla Khan commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed in a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition, in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation, or consciousness of effort. On awaking, he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, he instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved." &c. See Coleridge's *Poems*, ed. Ald. L. p. 266.—Rev.

P. 98. "I must next answer your question about *Tremaine*, which I do reluctantly, for I am very sorry that I can neither at all admire, nor much approve of, a work written, I believe, with the very best intentions, and meant to advocate the best principles, both political and religious. It is a feeble, prosing book, which may however be not only agreeable, but in some measure useful, to feeble, prosing people; but it will never convert an infidel, because none of those conceited gentry will wade through all the painfully tedious theology and wire-drawn arguments. The task of giving suitable manners, language, and sentiments to a man of refinement requires a great deal more of that sublimated spirit of fine sense, and fine taste, than the author of this work is master of," &c.

P. 138. "Miss Douglas greatly wished to see Mr. Henry Mackenzie. We found the family at a fine old gentleman-like place, called Old Hailes, three miles west of Edinburgh. They went there to nurse their daughter Hope, a lovely, meek creature, much resembling my Isabella—little known in the world, but very dear to her family. Mrs. Mackenzie, with the soundest sense, great conversational talents, and manners that would grace a court, has lived much retired, devoting her whole time and thoughts to her family, yet always receiving the best company. Every one thought it a privilege to be admitted to share their slight evening refreshments, where crowds never came, and where ease and good breeding took away the restraint which intellectual superiority sometimes creates," &c.

P. 156. "I had a charming guest before I left town to come here—no other than the very charming Mrs. Hemans, for whom I have long felt something very like affection. She had two fine boys with her, the objects, visibly, of very great tenderness, who seem equally attached to her. She is entirely feminine, and her language has a charm like that of her verse—the same ease and peculiar grace, with more vivacity. If affliction had not laid a heavy hand upon her she would be playful; she has not the slightest tinge of affectation, and is so refined, so gentle, that you must both love and respect her. She, and Southey, and your own dear self are the only persons, whom I previously drew pictures of, who have not disappointed me," &c.

P. 175. The two books which have most contributed to interest me of late are Bishop Heber's *Indian Journal*,* and the *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*. The latter I knew personally; his sister, Mrs. Erskine, brought him to see me. He was by no means a drawing-room gentleman, but then he was something better. I knew Sir Thomas much better in his letters; very charming they were, and now form the gems of this publication. I had read, along with his sister, a series of them for thirty years. I do not think she showed them to above two or three persons besides out of her own family. I was pleased with the manly simplicity and purity of the style, and its occasional playfulness, and gratified by the views which the letters opened of the interior of India, such only as a gifted mind, communicating with another of the highest class, could afford. I would have a myrtle and a palm planted by the grave of the bishop, and overshadow that of the governor with an oak and a laurel. I rejoice in seeing all his relatives brightening in his fame," &c.

* Among a few unpublished manuscripts and private letters of the late Bishop Heber, in the possession of the present writer, written to a near relation of his, he has

From Hood's Magazine.

HOW JACK MARLAND SOLVED A VERY STIFF PROBLEM.

JACK MARLAND was a happy fellow—at least any one who saw him seated in his comfortable chambers in the Temple in a vast easy chair, and enveloped with clouds of smoke proceeding from his favorite meerschaum, as the bell of St. Paul's rang ten, would have said so. Jack was a clever fellow too; he sang well, he danced well; the partridges on the first of September knew him well; the Cheshire hounds were not unacquainted with him; the Isis and the Thames were intimate with him (for Jack pulled a good oar;) a dab at fencing, a fair single-stick player, in his element in the pistol-gallery; and, to crown all, he had just made a not unsuccessful *débüt* as a speaker in the Courts at Westminster. Jack truly ought to have been happy, from a thousand reasons; he was a favorite with his acquaintances and professional brethren; by the fair sex, his witty conversation and handsome and gentlemanly person and demeanor were duly appreciated; in short, he was universally liked. Papas and mamas opened their doors to him (for he had a nice little fortune at his command;) daughters and sons were glad when he entered the doors so thrown open, for not a dull moment was suffered to exist from the time Jack came to the time he took his departure. "And was Jack happy?" methinks I hear a fair reader inquire. Jack was not happy, or, rather, he thought he was not happy. Jack had got it into his silly head that, in spite of his accomplishments, his cleverness, and his handsome face and figure, he, Jack, was a coward; and that, if ever his courage should be put to the proof, he should be lamentably wanting. This was Jack's "*ombre noir*;" this was the thought which embittered Jack's existence; and, at the time we introduced Jack to the notice of our readers, he was in his aforesaid easy chair, and under the soothing influence of his aforesaid pipe, assisted by a cup of strong Mocha—turning over in his mind the different methods by which he thought it likely that he might be able to solve the knotty question, "Am I, or am I not a coward?"

Jack thought and thought, and smoked and smoked, till he was half asleep, without coming to any correct or satisfactory conclusion; the idea had taken strong possession of his mind and tormented him strangely; he however determined, as indeed he had fifty times before determined, to seize the first opportunity which might present itself, of placing himself in the way of grappling with some imminent danger. We shall in less than ten minutes see that the wished-for opportu-

cast his eye on one relating to the death of Mr. Stowe, who he believed was his chaplain. "Should Miss Stowe not have received his (the bishop's) letter on the hopeless state of her brother," the bishop says—"I have determined to go round by the Metalunga again, in order to meet her, great as will be the delay that this will occasion in my northern journey; the desirableness of shortening as much as possible the agony of her suspense, and preventing the feelings with which she must learn the news of her brother's death on her arrival, is paramount to all consideration of convenience or expedition. It is, I own, a selfish regret, but one which I cannot help feeling, that you are so soon to leave India; such is, alas! the state of society here, in which we pass each other like bubbles in the mighty streams that surround us, and in which acquaintances, which are to us the most interesting and delightful, are separated as soon as made, by the waters of the ocean, or a yet more awful barrier," &c.—REV.

nity presented itself, and in rather a curious manner.

The long vacation arrived; that time so wished for, so looked forward to by all the legal profession; that time, during which, &c., &c.

Jack, like many other denizens of the Temple, packed up his traps, sent his clerk for a cab, stuck a card outside his door, with the inscription "Return before the 20th of October," "shipped himself all aboard of a ship," then of a diligence, and in a due course of time found himself in Paris. One half day was sufficient to enable him to find a good suite of rooms, Rue du Helder, Boul. Italien: and now behold Jack fully launched in all the gaiety, not to say dissipation, of the metropolis of the French. Jack, we have before said, was a very good shot with the pistol, yet he had never been guilty of that height of folly, a duel; and, indeed, had often been heard to say, that he never would. He, however, frequented many of the pistol galleries which abounded in Paris; and, amongst others, he had honored with his presence the *tir au pistolet* of M. Lepage, where, of course, he very soon became known as "*Ce Monsieur Anglais, qui tire aussi bien qu'un Français*."

One day Jack, on going to the gallery of M. Lepage with one of his friends, found it occupied by a young man well known as one of the best shots in Paris; and most assuredly he was a good shot. He performed all the feats which tradition assigns to the Chevalier St. George; he each time hit the bull's-eye of the target at the usual distance, snuffed a candle with the ball, split a bullet against the edge of a knife, and drove a nail into the wall by striking the head exactly in the centre with his ball; and, in short, by a thousand feats of this nature proved himself worthy the name of a first-rate shot. His *amour propre* was roused by the presence of Jack, whom the attendant, in presenting him with the pistol, had quietly said was almost as good a shot as himself; but at each shot, instead of receiving from Jack the tribute of praise which he deserved, he heard Jack, in reply to the exclamations of astonishment which proceeded from all in the gallery, say, "No doubt, that is a very good shot; but the result would be very different, I've a notion, if he had a live man for his butt." This incessant calling in question of his powers as a duellist, for Jack had repeated his observation three times, at first astonished the "*tireur*," and ended by annoying him; and, at length, turning round to Jack, and looking at him with an air half jesting and half threatening, he said, "Forgive me, Mr. Englishman, but it appears to me that three times you have made an observation disparaging to my courage; will you be kind enough to give me some explanation of the meaning of your words?"

"My words," answered our friend, "do not, I think, require any explanation; they are plain enough, in my opinion."

"Perhaps then, sir, you will be good enough to repeat them, in order that I may judge of the meaning which they will bear, and the object with which they have been spoken," was the reply of the Frenchman.

"I said," answered Jack, with the most perfect *sang froid*, "when I saw you hit the bull's-eye at each shot, that neither your hand nor your eye would be so steady, if your pistol were pointed against the breast of a man in the place of a wooden partition."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because," answered Jack, "it seems to me,

that at the moment of pulling the trigger, and firing at a man, the mind would be seized with a kind of emotion likely to unsteady the hand, and, consequently, the aim."

"You have fought many duels?" asked the Frenchman.

"Not one," said Jack.

"Ah!" rejoined the other, with a slight sneer, "then I am not surprised that you suppose the possibility of a man being afraid under such circumstances."

"Forgive me," said Jack, "you misunderstand me. I fancy that at the moment when one man is about to kill another, he may tremble from some other emotion than that of fear."

"Sir! I never tremble," said the shot.

"Possibly," replied Jack, with the same composure; "still I am not at all convinced, that at twenty-five paces, that is, at the distance at which you hit the bull's-eye each time —"

"Well! at twenty-five paces!" interrupted the other.

"You would miss your man," was the cool reply.

"Sir, I assure you I should not," answered the Frenchman.

"Forgive me if I doubt your word," said Jack.

"You mean, then, to give me the lie!"

"I merely assert the fact," replied our friend.

"A fact, however, which I think you would scarcely like to establish," said the "tireur."

"Why not?" said Jack, looking steadily at his antagonist.

"By proxy, perhaps?"

"By proxy, or in my own person, I care not which," said Jack.

"I warn you, you would be somewhat rash."

"Not at all," said Jack, "for I merely say what I think; and, consequently, my conviction is that I should risk but little."

"Let us understand each other," said the Frenchman; "you repeat to me a second time, that at twenty-five paces I should miss my man."

"You are mistaken, monsieur," said Jack; "it appears to me that this is the fifth time that I have said it."

"Parbleu!" said the Frenchman, now thoroughly exasperated, "this is too much; you want to insult me."

"Think as you like, monsieur," said Jack.

"Good!" said the other; "your hour, sir?"

"Why not now?" said Jack.

"The place?" said the other.

"We are but five steps from the Bois de Boulogne," replied Jack.

"Your arms, sir?"

"The pistol, of course," was Jack's answer; "we are not about to fight a duel, but to decide a point upon which we are at issue."

The two young men entered their cabriolets, each accompanied by a friend, and drove towards the Bois de Boulogne. Arrived at the appointed place, the seconds wished to arrange the matter. This, however, was very difficult; Jack's adversary required an apology, whilst Jack maintained that he owed him none, unless he himself was either killed or wounded; for unless this happened he (Jack) would not have been proved wrong. The seconds spent a quarter of an hour in the attempt to effect a reconciliation, but in vain. They then wished to place the antagonists at thirty paces from each other; to this Jack would not consent, observing

that the point in question could not be correctly decided, if any difference were made between the distance now to be fixed, and the distance at which his antagonist had hit the bull's-eye in the gallery. It was then proposed that a louis should be thrown up, in order to decide who was to shoot first: this Jack declared was totally unnecessary, that the right to the first shot naturally belonged to his adversary; and although the Frenchman was anxious that Jack should take advantage of this one chance, he was firm, and carried his point. The "garçon" of the shooting-gallery had followed, and was ready to charge the pistols, which he did with the same measure, the same kind of powder, and the same kind of balls as those used by the Frenchman in the gallery, a short time before. The pistols, too, were the same; this condition alone Jack had imposed, a *sine quâ non*. The antagonists, placed at twenty-five paces from each other, received each his pistol; and the seconds retired a few paces, in order to leave the combatants free to fire on one another, according to the stipulated arrangement.

Jack took none of the precautions usual with duellists; he attempted not to shield any part of his body, by position or any other means; but allowed his arms to hang down at his side, and presented his full front to his enemy, who scarcely knew what to make of this extraordinary conduct. He had fought several duels, but it had never been his lot to see such *sang-froid* in any one of his antagonists; he felt as if bewildered; and Jack's theory occurring to his mind, tended but little to reassure him; in short this celebrated shot, who never missed either his man or the bull's-eye of the target, began to doubt his own powers. Twice he raised his pistol, and twice he lowered it again; this was of course contrary to all the laws of duelling; but each time Jack contented himself with saying, "Take time, monsieur! take time." A third time he raised his arm, and, feeling ashamed of himself, fired. It was a moment of most painful anxiety to the seconds; but, they were soon relieved, for Jack! the instant after the pistol had been fired, turned to the right and to the left, and made a low bow to the two friends, to show that he was not wounded, and then said, coolly, to his antagonist, "You see, sir, I was right!"

"You were," answered the Frenchman; "and now fire, in your turn."

"Not I," said Jack, picking up his hat, and handing the pistol to the garçon; "what good would it do me to shoot at you?"

"But, sir," said his adversary, "you have the right, and I cannot permit it to be otherwise; besides, I am anxious to see how *you* shoot."

"Let us understand each other," said Jack. "I never said that I would hit you; I said, that *you* would not hit *me*; you have not hit me; I was right; and now there is an end to the matter;" and in spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of the Frenchman, Jack mounted his cab, and drove off, repeating to his friend, "I told you there was a mighty difference between firing at a doll and firing at a man." Jack's mind was eased; he had solved his problem, and found that he was *not* a coward.

THE Earl of Rosse has succeeded in polishing the speculum for his enormous telescope, which will now shortly be completed, and erected at Birs Castle in Ireland. The speculum weighs four tons.

From Hood's Magazine.

THE KEY : A MOORISH ROMANCE.

"On the east coast, towards Tunis, the Moors still preserve the keys of their ancestors' houses in Spain; to which country they still express the hopes of one day returning, and again planting the crescent on the ancient walls of the Alhambra."—*Scott's Travels in Morocco and Algiers.*

"Is Spain cloven in such a manner as to want closing?"
Sancho Panza.

THE Moor leans on his cushion,
With the pipe between his lips;
And still, at frequent intervals,
The sweet sherbét he sips;
But, spite of lulling vapor,
And the sober cooling cup,
The spirit of the swarthy Moor
Is fiercely kindling up!

One hand is on his pistol,
On its ornamented stock,
While his finger feels the trigger,
And is busy with the lock—
The other seeks his ataghan,
And clasps its jewell'd hilt—
Oh! much of gore, in days of yore,
That crooked blade has spilt!

His brows are knit, his eyes of jet
In vivid blackness roll,
And gleam with fatal flashes,
Like the fire-damp of the coal;
His jaws are set, and through his teeth
He draws a savage breath,
As if about to raise the shout
Of victory or death!

For why? the last zebeck that came
And moor'd within the mole,
Such tidings unto Tunis brought
As stir his very soul—
The cruel jar of civil war,
The sad and stormy reign,
That blackens, like a thundercloud,
The sunny land of Spain!

No strife of glorious chivalry,
For honor's gain or loss,
Nor yet that ancient rivalry,
The Crescent with the Cross.
No charge of gallant paladins
On Moslems stern and stanch:
But Christians shedding Christian blood
Beneath the olive's branch!

A war of horrid parricide,
And brother killing brother;
Yea, like to "dogs and sons of dogs"
That worry one another.
But let them bite and tear and fight,
The more the Kaffers slay,
The sooner Hagar's swarming sons
Shall make the land a prey!

The sooner shall the Moor behold
Th' Alhambra's pile again;
And those who pin'd in Barbary,
Shall shout for joy in Spain—
The sooner shall the Crescent wave
On dear Granada's walls;
And proud Mohammed Ali sit
Within his father's halls!

"Alla-il-alla!" tiger-like
Up springs the swarthy Moor,
And, with a wide and hasty stride,
Steps o'er the marble floor,

Across the hall, till from the wall,
Where such quaint patterns be,
With eager hand he snatches down
An old and massive key!

A massive key, of curious shape,
And dark with dirt and rust,
And well three weary centuries
The metal might encrust!
For, since the King Boabdil fell
Before the native stock,
That ancient key, so quaint to see,
Hath never been in lock.

Brought over by the Saracens
Who fled across the main,
A token of the secret hope
Of going back again;
From race to race, from hand to hand,
From house to house, it pass'd;
O, will it ever, ever ope
The palace gate at last!

Three hundred years and fifty-two
On post and wall it hung—
Three hundred years and fifty-two,
A dream to old and young;
But now a brighter destiny
The Prophet's will accords:
The time is come to scour the rust,
And lubricate the wards.

For, should the Moor, with sword and lance
At Algesiras land,
Where is the bold Bernardo now
Their progress to withstand?
To Burgos should the Moslem come,
Where is the noble Cid
Five royal crowns to topple down,
As gallant Diaz did!

Hath Xeres any pounder now,
When other weapons fail,
With club to thrash invaders rash,
Like barley with a flail?
Hath Seville any Perez still,
To lay his clusters low,
And ride with seven turbans green
Around his saddle-bow?

No! never more shall Europe see
Such heroes, brave and bold,
Such valor, faith and loyalty,
As used to shine of old!
No longer to one battle cry
United Spaniards run,
And with their thronging spears uphold
The Virgin and her Son!

From Cadiz Bay to rough Biscay,
Internal discord dwells,
And Barcelona bears the scars
Of Spanish shot and shells.
The fleets decline, the merchants pine
For want of foreign trade;
And gold is scant; and Alicante
Is seal'd by strict blockade!

The loyal fly, and valor falls,
Oppos'd by court intrigue;
But treachery and traitors thrive,
Upheld by foreign league;
While factions, seeking private ends,
By turns usurping reign—
Well may the dreaming, scheming Moor
Exulting point to Spain!

Well may he cleanse the rusty key
With Afric sand and oil,
And hope an Andalusian home
Shall recompense the toil !
Well may he swear the Moorish spear
Through wild Castile shall sweep,
And where the Catalanian sowed,
The Saracen shall reap !

Well may he vow to spurn the Cross
Beneath the Arab hoof,
And plant the Crescent yet again
Above th' Alhambra's roof—
When those from whom St. Jago's name
In chorus once arose,
Are shouting faction's battle-cries,
And Spain forgets to "close !"

Well may he swear his ataghan
Shall rout the traitor swarm,
And carve them into arabesques
That show no human form—
The blame be theirs whose bloody feuds
Invite the savage Moor,
And tempt him with the ancient key
To seek the ancient door !

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

FUTURE LIFE OF ANIMALS.

IN JESSE'S SCENES AND TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

SOME beautiful instances are given of the gratitude, attachment, and affection of animals, to which we refer our readers. When we consider these examples of "love strong as death" showing itself in the animal creation; instances of attachment as independent of any *selfish* motives as it is possible to imagine, as pure, as strong as are either to be met with in reality, or feigned in fable; and when we compare such feelings with the kindred ones that we meet with among mankind; when we acknowledge their strong resemblance, and then add that it is for the possession and exercise of such feelings that we raise our humble claim to be formed in likeness of the Divine image; when we add that in his worst and lowest form, in his most brutal, degraded, dishonest, selfish character, man still claims to himself to have sprung from an *immortal* seed,—how can we wish to deny the same gift of mercy to the lowlier servants of the Deity, to the humbler tenants of his love, to the grateful and contented pensioners on his paternal charity? For man there is appointed a future world, in which the spirits of the just may rejoice, and the remorse of the godless and impenitent may be the sole subject of their eternal shame; but can there be supposed no other worlds in the countless multitudes of the heavenly hosts, that may be the future habitation of the innocent creatures that have spent their little lives in this? May not there "the half-reasoning elephant" be found, who has had his faculties so much improved and enlarged by his acquaintance with mankind? May not there the noble horse, man's servant, or the dog, his faithful and sagacious companion, be permitted to prolong their lives, which have been so elevated and improved by their fellow-creatures here upon earth? Is it wrong to suppose that there can be no future compensation for the inflictions of cruelty, no enjoyment of freedom after a tyrannous and incessant bondage, no blessings of repose after a wretched

life worn out under the oppression of creatures far lower, far more brutal and bestial than themselves? Who would not wish this to be, and, wishing, who would not believe it true? The Creator seems, by bestowing on some animals an instinct to attach themselves to man, to have intended through this to improve and soften and elevate their nature. They learn to look to man as their protector and also their teacher; they watch his movements; they even anticipate his desires; they partake his enjoyments; they share his sorrows; they rejoice in his presence, they grieve for his departure; they feel for him in sickness, and they lie down by him in death. The longer we associate with men (the confession is sad but true) the larger we must spread the landscape that is to exhibit them to us in those various points of view that call out our surprise, our sorrow, or our indignation; the more knowledge we possess, and the more familiarity we cultivate with the animal creation, the more we are delighted with their instinctive virtues, and the more we are invited to train them to a wider sphere of usefulness, and to call forth their dormant powers into activity. We have long, very long, considered that there is no stronger and surer token of an amiable and good disposition than the love of the company of *children*. As age advances, we find our pleasure in their society still increasing, both for the natural delight their age of innocent enjoyment affords to us, and for the contrast they lend to that *other* society which we once too much frequented and too ardently enjoyed; which we spread out our most glittering fascinations to gain, which we exhausted our best resources to enliven, on which we lavished our warmest affections, which we trusted with our choicest hopes, and which repaid us with neglect, estrangement, and ingratitude. Often do we recall to our minds that pretty expression of Goldsmith's, in the most charming of all tales of fiction that time ever made immortal, which calls children "harmless little men;" and what we say and think of them, and what love we bestow on them, and what delight we have in their society, we are willing (we speak for ourselves) to partake also with that part of the *animal creation* which is most intimately known to us, and with which, by habit or choice, we have the nearest connexion. In an old man's heart the passions of life should have left a home in which they can no longer with propriety live; and then the recollections and feelings of early life, long banished and long forgotten, will rush in again to repair what has been injured, to refresh what has been weakened, and to shed a soft and evening light upon the closing day. This is the *euthanasia* so ardently to be wished, and this alone can repair the broken harmony of man's nature, and render it fit for immortality in that world of spirits to which it is hastening. How delightfully has the friend of Fox* described the innocent recreations that amused the leisure and occupied the attention of the retired and aged statesman.

"Thee at St. Anne's, so soon of care beguill'd,
Playful, sincere, and artless as a child;
Thee, who could watch a bird's nest on the spray,
Through the green leaves exploring day by day;
Then oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,
With thee conversing in thy lov'd retreat,
I saw the sun go down."

* Mr. S. Rogers, in his beautiful poem of *Human Life*.

Besides, it might be not unreasonably asked whether the animal creation is not now, like man, in a fallen state, possessing powers which seem, from some cause or other, to be impaired, yet able to recover, and exhibit, if opportunity is given, something of their original activity and intelligence. Some animals, like the elephant, show no superiority of powers nor superior instinct in their wild and natural state, but which seem to wait only to be developed by care and education, till that natural instinct is so heightened and improved, that even man scruples not to confess that it may approach so close to reason as scarcely to be distinguished from it. The same may be said of other animals, as some birds, and others in a state of domestication. Now this looks rather like a faculty impaired or lying dormant, than one which we can deny to exist. Place animals in a state of great difficulty, and their powers seem to increase in proportion as they are required. And this view of the subject seems not to be unsupported by the picture of the animal creation which we see in Scripture, where they appear certainly more *advanced in the scale of creation* than they do now; when they were at once the friends as well as the servants of men; when they were even gifted with the power of language, and conversed with him, as appears, without any expression of astonishment on his part, as if it were no unusual exercise of power; though Milton makes Eve express surprise when the tempter

"Her attention gained with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air;"

for he thus describes the effect of the address made to her by the enemy of mankind:

"What may this mean? language of man pronounced
By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed?
The first at least of these I thought denied
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.
Thou serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
I know, but not with human voice endowed,
Redouble then this miracle and say,
How camest thou speakable of mute? and how
To me so friendly grown," &c.

This, however, is the embellishment of poetry, and is not to be considered as a necessary deduction from any authority of Scripture. Many birds can distinctly imitate the human voice, and utter our language as clearly as ourselves; and this only from their own spontaneous habit of faculty of imitation, without being taught. Animals were originally divided by their Maker's will into clean and unclean, that is, more or less honorable; and this distinction may still exist, and thus enable some to be raised higher than at present they are in the scale of creation, enjoying a fuller and more enlarged measure of the divine benevolence, with higher capacities of enjoyment in a more prolonged existence. And this brings us to the consideration of another branch of the argument, which connects the care of the brute creation with the duties of man, and makes him responsible for his conduct towards them; for as by care and tenderness, and a prudent exercise of authority and application of his superior understanding, he may enable them to develop faculties which otherwise would have remained imperfect, or, perhaps, been wholly obliterated; so by cruel

usage, by infliction of brutal and savage treatment, by bad example, by habitual incitement to acts of passion and outrage, by breeding them up in habits of violence and enmity to all other animals, even of their own kind, and to man himself,—he may debase them below even his own degraded state, make them the mere creatures of fierce and violent passion, till to them every object they meet becomes, if strong, an enemy to encounter, if weak, a prey to destroy. So much does the character of animals depend on that of their masters; compare only the gentle spaniel, brought up to watch the movements and obey the kind voice of his master; see how the sagacity of the animal has developed itself with its improved temper and manners,—as in the instance of Cowper's favorite dog plunging into the river to gather a flower which its master was in vain endeavoring to reach; or the Newfoundland dog saving from death the drowning sailor; or the noble, faithful mastiff pulling down the robber who is threatening his master's life;—compare this with the race of the same animals brought up under different treatment; of the deer-hounds in the keeper's yard, which he warns us not to approach, and which in sullen and dogged hate slink away from those that they dare not attack; or of the fox-hounds, whom the huntsman dare not approach for his life, unless with a powerful weapon in his hand. If man be accountable, as conscience, and reason, and the voice of religion tell us he is, for the sorrows his conduct may bring on his fellow-creatures, from confidence he has deceived, innocence he has ruined, friendship he has violated, injury he has committed, or even happiness he has failed to bestow; so in a lesser degree may we not suppose, that, if his line of duty extend also up to those limits where the animal creation is found, it may be more forcibly felt, if not only their *present* comfort is seen to depend mainly upon his conduct, but that their future destiny may also be involved in it? We know very little regarding the individual tempers and capacities of animals; we think the subject beneath our notice, or at least not worthy of the trouble it demands. The sportsman, who shoots a thousand hares in a season, looks on them merely as the very same animal multiplied a thousand times; but the poet who brought up a few of them in perfect and familiar domestication with him, discovered the interesting fact, that they are all distinguished from each other by such difference of temper, feelings, and habits as we are; by different degrees of boldness, attachment, sprightliness, gentleness, and so on,—which fact surely opens to us a new and pleasing field of inquiry, and one that would tend more than any philosophical speculations to give us distinct views of what may be the instinctive and acquired intellect of the animal creation. We well know that it is very easy indeed to turn all such notions as these into ridicule; for ridicule can successfully disguise and debase with its motley coat far graver subjects than ours; but we know that these humble creatures are all, like ourselves, dependent on God's bounty, and partakers of his common and universal care; that they are gifted with very different degrees of capacity; that they are capable of great improvement; that, like ourselves, they are placed in situations which, humanly speaking, are not correspondent to their tempers, or dependent (if we may so speak) on their deserts; and that the general justice of God's government, must in a future state, in its wide embrace, comprehend the whole

of his creation; and speaking most reverently, most humbly, and most diffidently, as becomes us;—looking to the treatment which the animal creation receives here from the hand of man, there is much suffering to be compensated, much degradation to be removed, and even much goodness to be rewarded.

From Hood's Magazine.

AUGUST.—A WATER SKETCH.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

HERE, love, towards this islet let us steer,
Flush in this bay, thick paved with lily leaves,
The clear white cups our keen keel swirling down;
And see! up the dumb water-beetles dart,
Then dive again among the swaying stems
Our boat glides over. Hark! how fresh the sound,
As 'twixt the reeds we crash upon the bank:
Firm footing here this tuft of rushes gives,
One step and those twin-daisied feet we land
Upon the swarded green. See, darling! here,
Among the weeds, the glist'ning pieces still,
Of the Venetian glass I broke last spring,
Toasting "The lady with the Greek-waved hair"
Till the last bubble burst upon my lip.
Here I remember on the ground I lay,
Noting the silver satin's changeful flush,
And the long feathers, nodding courtesies,
Beneath that murmur'ing shade of sycamores,
Where now the clouds of insects rise and fall,
Then came a laugh, and then—your deep blue eyes
And yellow hair of leafy shade grown tired,
Towards yon tree came out into the sun,
Down dropp'd the ruffles from your loving arm
Upstrain'd to switch the chestnut's budding comes,
Which scattered all around their little stars.
"I wish I had the giraff's neck," you said,
To snap that tantalizing upper bud;
And then turn'd round as if a friend were nigh
To where I stood admiring. That courtesy proud!
Look, love, and see, from out the rustling reeds
The swan sail past. No Roman galley-beak
Back-curved disdained the water so—'t was thus,
You drew up seeing me—'t was all rare art—
Confess how much?

See my poor finger now,
How you have bruised it with my opal ring!
Well then, what cared I for the chestnut buds,
They said Sir Owlet there was quizzing them,
And so I volunteered unearthing you,
Hid close among the waving screen of ferns;
'T is still continual mirth, how suddenly
I froze that pert assured smile of yours.
I've often thought I should have lost you then,
Had not that glorious Weber's waltz struck up,
And swiftly into pity's melting drops
All my hoar-frosted haughty pride dissolved.
Then your revenge!—Up sprang the gladd'ning
strings,
Beneath the harper's spirit-stirring hand;
And round you whirl'd me till my hair blew back,
And pants broke up my set rehearsed speech:
I've scarce forgiven you for so cheating me
Into acquaintanceship.

Loop back your shawl,
Let thus your bonnet from the ribands swing
Just as—the music ceased—you wander'd with me
Through the woods. I'd picture o'er again
That scene—remember how polite we were,
Growing botanical o'er every flower,
Then the blue sky, its deep intense admiring,

And the grey shadows on the rounded clouds
Afraid to say what most we had at heart.
Then the beech wood came,—the tall wood of masts
Branchless and still; what wonder sweet my love
That then we let our golden secret out:
The rest you know.—I've felt so happy now,
Watching the sun-waves' ceaseless flickering
Upon the boat side dance, I've scarce perceived
The tide has left these flags,—we've barely time
To clear the shallows in the upper reach,
And bring our skiff up to her mooring ring
By the old willow shadowing the creek.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

"With angels and archangels, and with all the company of
Heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name."

COMMUNION SERVICE.

1.

Oh can it be that we,
So sunk in misery,
The degradation deep and vile of sin,—
May lift aloft the voice,
And gratefully rejoice,
With the all-glorious hosts of seraphim!

2.

Can there be chords that thrill
The angelic hearts, which fill
The pure and holy halls of light above,
Yet find a low, faint tone
Responsive in our own?
Oh wond'rous mystery of redeeming love!

3.

Over this kindling thought,
With strange, deep meaning fraught,
We kneel to praise, to wonder and adore;—
Yet Lord, one touch more sweet,
Bringeth us to thy feet,
With love that burns for utterance evermore:

4.

Imagination's gaze
Shrinks from the radiant blaze
That glitters round the unfallen hosts of God;
But oh, before thy throne
Are some, our-loved, our-own
Who once with us earth's varied pathway trod.

5.

Missing their sunny smile,
We linger here awhile,
Meekly the task to finish God hath given!
Then joyously we trust
To leave this frame of dust
And follow our beloved ones to heaven.

6.

What joy is in the gleam
Of hope, that still the stream
Of their sweet sympathy even yet is ours!
That stream which ever shed
O'er aching heart and head
Calmness and blessedness in healing showers!

7.

Oh Saviour! glorious Lord!
Forever be adored,
Midst all thy goodness this sweet act of love,
That binds in one bright chain
Us and our loved again,
While praising thee on earth, as they praise
thee above.

E. S. R.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE MINERS :

A STORY OF THE OLD COMBINATION LAWS.

THERE is a certain district of England which is at once a coal and iron field. To the eye of the passing traveller it presents now, as it did many years ago, at the period of our tale, all the dreary and repulsive features such a portion of country usually exhibits. The air has a dingy and clouded smokiness, the grass and trees are of a dirty green, the fences are uncropt and broken down, and every now and then you come to fields laid partially or altogether under water. This is caused by the sinking of the earth from the decay of the props supporting the roofs of the old wrought-out mines beneath. There is nothing of the fresh, breezy, sunny joyousness of rural scenery—everything is bleak, cold, and sooty, and the mind of one wandering over such ground, in place of experiencing the exhilaration of the country, is oppressed with feelings of vague despondency and hopelessness. He cannot help knowing that instead of a ruddy-cheeked and light-hearted peasantry, those long, straggling lines of dirty, tile-roofed cottages that stretch up from the highway, have for their inhabitants, an ignorant, stunted, half-savage race, miserable, misanthropic, and inhospitable, among whom it is dangerous for the merely curiosity-led stranger to venture. The view of the many magnificent, wood-embosomed mansion-houses of the coal and iron masters alleviates nothing of these feelings, for the sight at the same time takes in numberless hills of coal-dust, and shapeless mounds of brown iron-stone; while the road you travel on is formed of crumbling black slag, the refuse of the smelting furnaces, whose ugliness deforms the landscape as much by day as their volcanic glare upon the lowering clouds makes night hideous. And while you gaze, the impression irresistibly comes upon you, that the monstrous wealth of a few, is the result of the monstrous suffering and degradation of the many, and that the gorgeous equipages that whirl along the furred and jewelled young ladies of the proprietors are but in another form the labor—the life-sweat of the miners' daughters, who in ignorance, wretchedness, filth, and disease, drag on all-fours like brutes, the trucks of coal or iron-stone, along the stifling passages, and dripping poisonous caverns of the pits, a hundred fathoms beneath the very road their proud sisters of clay are riding over.

At the date of our story there was no branch of manufacture or commerce, no mode of employing capital or labor more productive of profit than the mining of coal and iron ore—probably there is none even now;—but that was the era of the old combination laws, when it was felony for any number of workmen to murmur against the price the purchasers of their toil chose to give for it, or combine their energies to obtain the full or highest remuneration for their labor. From this and other

causes, one of which was the facility and perfect legality of combination among the masters to keep up prices and keep down wages, the greatest fortunes were made with the most incredible rapidity, and the descendants of many that made them, now hold high places among our privileged ranks.

One of the wealthiest and most influential masters in the district alluded to, was Anthony Hastleigh, Esq., of Weldon Edge. His annual income was much more than ten thousand pounds—how much we are afraid to say, lest we should throw discredit on our story, in the thoughts of those of our readers who may be unaware of the treasures which trade, manufacture, and mining, pour into the laps of our commercial aristocracy, or who may be displeased that such enormous wealth, and all the luxuries and enjoyments it can procure, should be in the power of men of no more noble or ancient origin than Adam. He was considered rather a hard master, and was a man of much talent and considerable acquirement; indeed his great fortune, having been almost all accumulated by himself, may tend to show this. He was a widower, and had one daughter, a young lady of no little beauty, though the energetic and determined expression that shone through her features, gave them somewhat of a hard and masculine turn. She, with the two persons next to be introduced, will enact the principal scenes of the following narrative tragedy.

Mark and Edmund Vaspar were the sons of one John Vaspar, a working coal-miner, of average ignorance and wretchedness, who was one day killed by an explosion of fire-damp. His wife had died about a year before, and now his two sons were left to look out for themselves in the best way they could. Now, reader, you will scarcely credit it, that upon the heads of these two miserable children had descended the inspiring spirit of genius. It is nevertheless true, however unaccountable it may seem to those who believe that rank and talent always are born together, that these young beggars received from on high as much intellect as would have made a nobleman's second son premier, and his third, lord chancellor; but as they were born of the despised caste of those that *make* the gold—what it made them, this tale is written to show forth.

At the time of his father's death, Mark Vaspar, a boy about fourteen years of age, was employed in the mines, partly as a truck-drawer, partly as a sort of apprentice to the mining itself. But it happened that a new shaft of much promise having been sunk, which required a Newcomen engine of great magnitude, he managed, with some intriguing, to get employment as a sort of assistant to, or attendant on, the engine-keeper. Up to this time he could not read, nor, though he regarded with much curiosity the forms of the letters painted on the wagons, &c., and wondered how they could represent sounds, moreover, though he frequently expressed this curiosity, yet he never

could find any one able to satisfy it—all around were as ignorant as himself. But when he got this situation about the engine, he found the keeper—a quiet, well-informed Scotchman—both able to give him instruction, and also disposed to feel amusement in the task, and while the engine requiring them to give merely a glance at it now and then, labored away at the pumps, they were employed in the business of teaching and being taught—a piece of chalk and one of the iron plates of the engine-frame serving as the materials.

Mark had been from his earliest years a boy of very great penetration, in addition to his talent. He had seen, almost from the day he came above ground, that whether there ought to be or not, there are, have been always, and will continue to be, two distinct classes of men—the high and the low—between which lies a great gulf, almost altogether impassable, and whose conditions are widely different in respect of enjoyment, the portion of one being poverty, hard labor, ungratified appetites, humiliation, early death; that of the other, wealth, idleness, gratification of every desire, honor, and life prolonged to the utmost by care and nursing; and this too arising from no moral merit or demerit in the individuals of either class. He perceived it, and also that he himself was of that class doomed from birth to toil and disease, to every privation and all disrespect, whose sole comfort was said by the humane of the higher class to lie in contentment with its miseries, and an attempt to form a kind of negative happiness, by teaching the mind not to pine after the positive and real, which these humane had set apart for themselves.

He never thought there was the least political or moral injustice in this state of things; but knowing himself to be born of the low or miserable class, and feeling his mind capable of appreciating the enjoyments of the high or happy one, his whole thought was to discover a means of quitting the one and finding his way to the other, a course which he knew that a few had successfully followed out. And first, on considering the careers of these latter, he became aware that no man ever raised himself in the world by ignorance, idleness, or drunkenness, but that the steps whereby to ascend were intelligence, activity, sobriety, prudence, perseverance. That knowledge is power he soon perceived, although he had never heard of the aphorism, or the mighty mind from whom it first emanated.

It was therefore with an engrossing enthusiasm that Mark, the mining-boy, set himself to the acquirement of knowledge, as one of the steps whereby he might make himself a *gentleman*,—coveting that rank and condition, solely because he believed they afforded all facilities for the gratification of the appetites and desires, and in this consisted all the happiness he had any idea of.

The slothful or incapable may make extreme

poverty or constant toil an excuse for ignorance and debasement; where there is a will there is a way, and the enthusiast after knowledge, however great his poverty, or apparently unceasing his labor, will find ten thousand means, and opportunities of mental cultivation. Believing this, you will not be surprised that in three or four years Vaspar was a highly intelligent young man, and on the death of the engine-keeper, was found best qualified of any about the works to take his place. This was the most advantageous thing for him that could have occurred. He had now good wages, plenty of leisure, the respectability of having a charge, and the power of keeping himself personally clean. All these but whetted his appetite for further advancement, and for those great pleasures which money, and influence over the actions of others, could place within his grasp. Wealth and power were the deities he worshipped with all the fervor of youthful enthusiasm, and the possession of them the only paradise he looked forward to; and so ardent was his pursuit, that no obstacle could turn him from the path he had shaped out for himself, as the most direct to this goal of his hopes and wishes. Crime in his eyes was no obstacle, that is, if it could be perpetrated without chance of punishment. The worst crimes he would freely have committed if they helped him forward on his way to wealth, and could be done without discovery—for of moral right and wrong he took a most extensive and “philosophical view.” A crime that could not be punished, he considered no evil, and he saw that in the world many horrible crimes are continually being committed, which, from the criminals not being punishable, are even considered as laudable actions, and sent down as such through history to posterity. You will at once see our drift when we state that in his eyes, conquest and robbery were the same thing, war in no ways different from murder, and fraud identical with diplomacy, and when we tell you further that he believed religion to be a contemptible imposition, which showed little genius in its inventors, and less penetration in its dupes, you will be able to take a fuller view of his character on the whole. He saw the world to be one vast struggle in which every body of men strove for their own interest; and again, each individual of every body for his own particular advantage; and this interest and advantage he finally fixed to be the gratification of mental desires and bodily appetites, the *summum bonum*, to attain which, it was right to use every means, be they commonly called good, bad, or indifferent. You will begin to think that this hero of ours looks very like a villain. True, he was one; but he was not the only one in this world.

When he was about twenty-one years of age, and his brother eleven, he got for the latter employment in the engine-room, similar to what he had himself first held. This added a few shillings to their weekly income, and brought the youngster

more closely under his eye; for though he could not but look upon his brother as somewhat of a drawback at that age, yet he intended, by proper instruction, to make him a valuable adjutant in his own schemes of advancement to money and influence. He had, from the earliest years at which the boy was susceptible of instruction, labored to impart to him the knowledge, taste, and general mental ability he himself had acquired, and to implant in his mind the same views of men and morality as he entertained; nor were his efforts unavailing, for Edmund, at the age of sixteen, in the merely ornamental branches of knowledge, far excelled him—more than this—began to show a desire to follow out a career in life according to his own judgment, and altogether independent of that of his brother.

And this was the first cause of disagreement between them, and a heavy cause it was; for at the means Mark adopted to acquire wealth and influence, Edmund showed disgust, while those proposed by the latter were treated by the former with contempt, as hopeless folly.

But we may as well give a sketch of the person and habits of each, when we can better explain their separate speculations of advancement in life.

Mark was a tall, exceedingly muscular, harsh-featured, bristle-haired, lowering browed man, whom no process of dressing or setting off could ever make to look like a gentleman. He was decidedly repulsive in person, and his manners (for he was conscious of his appearance) were distant and haughty, approaching to rudeness. Edmund again, was of slight and elegant figure, and though his face too much resembled his brother's to be anything like handsome, still there was nothing about it positively disagreeable—indeed there was an expression of intellect pervading the whole features, and something like a poetic glance about the eye, that to some persons would have made him highly interesting. He was a poet, too, in a measure—read, in spite of his brother, all works of fiction in verse or prose—made verses himself, and took pride in a tongue whose persuasiveness to evil not Belial's could surpass. In conversation, his knowledge, however he had picked it up, seemed inexhaustible, and his manners were so winning, his voice so sweet in its sound, at the same time there seemed so much earnestness, so much enthusiasm in all his views, and so much force and originality in his ways of expressing them, that no one could avoid being pleased with him, and entertaining a desire to please him in return. Indeed, the truth of this was triumphantly proven by the ruin of two poor girls, miners' daughters, who tearfully laid at his door their moral death.

At the age of seventeen, he applied to Mr. Hasteleigh for a situation as clerk in the counting-house attached to the mines. His master, pleased with his handwriting, and the smart but respectful style of the application, gave him the situation he

required, and he forthwith bade adieu to the miners, and all sympathy with them, talking forever after with supreme contempt of the class from which he sprung.

Before the death of Mr. Hasteleigh, which took place about three years afterwards, he had risen high in his confidence, and had been entrusted with several important duties, the latest of which was the superintendence of a *truck* store, where the workmen were paid their wages, not in money, but in provisions, and other necessities, on which the master took a most respectable profit, thus grinding out of the poor creatures the uttermost farthing. So respectably did he acquit himself in this, that he rose daily higher in his employer's esteem, and was even honored once or twice with invitations to his table, where he shone with equal lustre in his eyes, and those of Miss Joan, his daughter. It is true, there were a few awkwardnesses about his presence and manners at first, at which Miss Hasteleigh did not scruple to laugh, not caring much about the pain she gave her guest, whose burning blushes bore witness to the acuteness of his feelings. Yet at each laugh Edmund wished and hoped for a rich revenge, and he had it ultimately. But all this soon was over, and his natural genius shone forth in his conversation with such power, that the young lady who had erewhile laughed so heartily at his blunders, forgot them all, and, won by his gentleness and grace of manner, word and thought, felt not only always happier when with him than at other times, but also upon his taking leave, strangely anxious for a future visit.

Now this only daughter and heiress of Mr. Hasteleigh must have seemed a very lofty and satisfactory summit to the hopes and speculations of Edmund, and to afford as short a cut to great wealth and influence as could be supposed. As such did he look on her, and he labored with his whole endeavor to render himself agreeable in her eyes. And certainly no man could be possessed of a more bewitching presence, or more calculated to win the heart of a woman, herself of some judgment, and for this he could not help giving her credit.

And this was the scheme which Mark Vaspar looked on as hopeless folly. Now what was his own, in which Edmund did not care to abet?

It was, we have said before, the time of the old combination laws. The workmen, wrought to the last drop of sweat, ill-fed and ill-clothed, through the operation of the *truck* system—kept in ignorance and wretchedness, and when mentioned by their superiors, only mentioned with the contempt wherewith a Brazil merchant speaks of negroes—were driven to the greatest exasperation against their employers. Any person combining, as it was called, with another to withhold their labor, so as to raise wages, was severely punishable by law, and the ringleaders of combinations have been known to suffer banishment, long periods of imprisonment, whipping, and other inflictions, suited

no doubt, to the heinousness of the offence. Consequently, when a *strike* was in contemplation, it required to be organized with so much nicety and secrecy, that on the day fixed, every man seemed to throw up work as if from his own opinion of the propriety of the measure, without previously conferring or combining with others. In such a case the masters would be altogether unaware till the very morning when the men *struck* work, that such a thing was to occur, and quite unable to fix upon any as the ringleaders, as they were called, or getters-up of the *strike*.

But to order to bring such an affair as this to perfect completion, it required in the organizer a genius of no mean order, and such a genius was that of Mark Vaspar.

From his twentieth year, he had been sedulously going about among the men, endeavoring to persuade them that he was the very man best capable of guarding their interests, and lecturing to them in knots of two or three, mingling among them at the few sports for which their overwrought frames allowed them inclination, doing for them, gratis, anything in the way of letter-writing that might be wanted—nay, even teaching some of them that desired it, to read and write.

The continual burden of his song to them on all occasions, was the iniquitous injustice of the fact, that they whose labor created the money, enjoyed such a miserable proportion of it, while such a vast share fell to the luxurious, oppressive, and do-nothing masters. The doctrines of equality among mankind, Agrarian division of property, limited labor, and all other doctrines of the French school, he disseminated, advocated, and explained among them to his utmost. And when the people, over a wide district, saw his great muscular strength, indomitable courage, and his talent and information, which appeared to them almost superhuman—his continence, sobriety, benevolence, and apparent entire devotion to their interests—they began in a year or two to place implicit confidence in him, and to take any advice or command from him with the same reliance as if it were a mandate from on high.

Now Mark, in the course of his extensive reading, had met with accounts of secret societies for various purposes—political, religious, and of other descriptions, and knew of Orangeism, Ribbonism, the secret tribunals of the middle ages, and the Carbonarism and Calderarism of Italy. Upon the basis of what he knew of these, aided by his own invention, he built a confederation among the mining workmen, for the purposes of combination, so secretly and so perfectly organized, that he had at once every individual in it under his cognizance, and was enabled to completely baffle all the efforts of the masters, aided by the minions of the law by bribes and espionage, either to discover its nature, or who were its originators or directors. This society had oaths, penalties, ceremonies, tribunals of judgment, signs verbal and by gesture, and certain

apparently unmeaning marks which, chalked on wall or tree, indicated to the initiated of the neighborhood particular understood commands.

But this perfection was the result, not of a few days' thought, but of years of study, experiment, and failure—for once having been convicted of an active share in an abortive strike to procure certain alleviations in the *truck* system, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor, which was rigorously inflicted. But this failure was perhaps the thing that contributed most to his ultimate success, for he had now the testimony, as it were, of martyrdom to his honesty; and the able way in which he had conducted his defence, and that of his fellow-workmen, and kept up their spirits under punishment, made those of them the most disposed to be independent, at once knock under, and acknowledge him as their master-spirit. Several letters, too, which he began to show them, and which he stated were in foreign languages, understood by him, and came from high personages disposed to sympathize with and aid them, threw an air of vast and hidden power about him, that made them regard him with a kind of awe.

After his conviction and imprisonment, he, of course, lost his situation as engine-keeper, and was disowned in public by his brother, now in high favor with his own and the neighboring masters. He removed to a small mining town, nearly in the centre of the district, where, after idling about for half-a-year or so, he took on lease, and furnished a small but pretty respectable house, and put on his door a plate bearing the inscription *Mark Vaspar, Agent*; though in what line the agency lay it would be difficult for a stranger to guess. But when we tell you, reader, that from each member of this body, containing as it did nearly all the adult population of an extensive district, he received sixpence every month as contributions to a common fund, of which he was the treasurer, along with one penny as his own salary, in compensation for having lost, on their account, his means of living, and devoted all his energies to their cause,—then, perhaps, you will perceive the agency in its proper light. For this money he knew there was no fear of those who contributed it ever calling him to account; for so well was the society arranged, that the number at large could not communicate with him, except through inferior officers, whom he led them to change, or arbitrarily changed himself, every six months, thus allowing them no time, even had they been possessed of intelligence sufficient to see through his character or measures; keeping also even from those nearest him in its ranks, a sort of mysterious distance on all points connected with his own proceedings.

By means of this society, he could in a morning throw every mine out of work, as the expression is, and that, too, at a moment totally unexpected and unprovided for by the masters, and for such moments, too, he was constantly on the look out,

rendering himself as complete a thorn in their side as could well be supposed, and materially affecting the state of markets. In fact, he wielded with admirable skill, dexterity, and success the engine of labor against that of capital, and so secret and well concerted were his measures, so baffling to the ingenuity of the masters and their myrmidons, that at last they succumbed, allowed reasonable wages, and the workmen their own choice between *truck* and free shops for provisions, clothing and general goods; and to conclude, at any time when they desired constant labor for any push in trade, they were glad to bribe Mr. Vaspar, the agent, with large sums of money. These he contrived to receive, Jonathan Wild fashion—that is, in such a way that the givers could not positively bring the criminality of the receipt home to him. Will you believe us, too, reader, that he was in constant communication with certain government authorities as an informer, being well paid either for plausible stories without foundation, or for betraying quietly any other bodies of laborers, except those of his own society, who might be disposed, tempted by the success of those he managed, to try for a few analogous results; and of these, from the extensive ramifications of his own society, he had early and always unsuspected intelligence.

Thus the men being happier now than they were before his supremacy, and filled with hope of being happier still; seeing, moreover, all things of the kind fail in which he had not a hand, began to look upon him with reverence, pride, and affection, considering him the very prophet of their class, and often paying out of sheer gratitude, double the usual monthly subscription.

Money was thus flowing in upon Mark, for we presume you will be aware there was no such thing as any established *fund*, every penny he received being at once appropriated to his own uses. His continence and temperance seemed now also to have undergone a wonderful change. He dressed, ate, drank, and did other things, as closely like a gentleman as he could, and with the complete abandonment of a professed voluptuary, stinting no appetite that the money so freely flowing into his coffers could afford the gratification of. Moreover, the masters knowing that his mysterious power over their workmen not only existed, but could be regulated, and was to be purchased, showed him every attention, invited him into their society, and he was even not a little courted. But here again the contrast was singular between him and his brother. He affected pride of his origin—practised no affectation; talked of the working class with the greatest respect, and in place of an affable manner, a musical voice and a winning tongue, preserved and seemed to pride himself in his forbidding demeanor, and his few and harsh, but forcibly expressed sentences, all bearing upon some important particular of commerce politics, or the like, while he had ever a sneer for any of the little bits of refinement he could not help observing among the wealthy and sometimes well educated proprietors. Those blunders too that a person suddenly raised from the lower caste to a comparatively high one cannot help committing, and which drew from his brother such blushes of shame, did not at all incommode him; indeed the sneer of utter contempt that would on such occasions glide over his dark and harsh physiognomy effectually prevented anything approaching to that unfeeling laughter which so mortified Edmund.

But while Mark was thus become a moneyed and influential man, popular and powerful, loved by the majority, and courted by the minority who hated him, Edmund continued to draw a small but still respectable salary from the *truck* business of Mr. Hasteleigh. He envied his brother, it is true. "However," he would say, "he is my senior by eleven years; when I am of his present age what shall I not be."

But in the mean time he had been progressing further and further into the favor of Miss Hasteleigh, when an event that for a year or two had certainly not been unexpected took place; Mr. Hasteleigh died, having first settled on his daughter, Miss Joan, and her issue only, all his property.

In fact, though she was at the time but twenty years of age, for the year or two previous the whole vast business of her father had been *bona fide* under her management; for he suffered from a painful chronic ailment that confined him to the house, and was glad to acquiesce in, and give the sanction of his name to any measure she pleased, and with the assistance of the various confidential clerks, &c., and especially of Edmund Vaspar, who acted as a kind of private clerk, she conducted all affairs with the greatest ability and success. She was now to be the independent mistress of a great and flourishing business, and to be disposed of at her own caprice alone. She was, moreover, a woman of much beauty, and of a character remarkable for masculine judgment and energy.

"She is mine!" thought Edmund—"she must be—I know she loves me—but more, she knows my talent, and that, great as her fortune is, I am the man that can double it in ten years."

"Poor fellow!" thought Joan, "he loves me, I believe; but, however good, amiable, talented, and, latterly, polished, he is still only a miner's son. His career has been remarkable; but what is intellect, enterprise, anything, if their possessor be low-born? I make no doubt, he thinks to have me; but that cannot be. However, I will help him on in life as far as I can."

In the mean time, Edmund did his utmost to render himself pleasing to her, and, once or twice, was convinced he would win her. He devoted himself with his whole energy to the task, considered no labor too great, and often, after a long day's work at the counting-house, would sit up half, or all the night, balancing and squaring different portions of the business, to please her, or lessen her trouble, or, perhaps, arranging the returns sent by the different commercial travellers, or making up abstracts of the state of the coal and iron markets at different periods, to guide her speculations. And when she saw the pale cheek and lustrous eye, produced as much by this labor as by having the all-exciting thought of making a fortune continually before the mind, she laid it to his consuming passion, and, while she pitied him, regretted that he was of a rank so low. But she did not love him—no: *as yet*, she did not—he was merely the favorite servant of the firm of Hasteleigh and Co.

She became now the great toast of the district, the very pet of its society, the cynosure of all ball-rooms and the like places of resort. Her name and fortune were the conversation of all the young men who thought their rank (they all thought their persons) offered pretensions to her favor. Moreover, her habits and disposition were a frequent theme of discourse, and those who were wise enough to see themselves altogether shut out

from any chance of her, were pretty well agreed upon the point, that, whoever got her, would get something to keep his wits in exercise without any mistake.

Edmund was not surprised, that, with all her talent, she should thus take delight in pursuits so frivolous in the eyes of those incapable of enjoying them. He could enjoy them himself, and panted for that time when his money and influence would allow him to take his natural place in the bright circle wherein she took such pleasure in holding her own eminent position. And yet this circle was that of the commercial and mining aristocracy of a district; there was not a lord mixed with it, save at election time, and the landed gentry affected to keep aloof from it. Probably the cause of this was, that few of them had money enough to keep up in it the consideration they deemed their due.

But shortly there appeared in this circle a class of persons who, probably, are the proudest, the poorest, the worst educated, the most polished and most privileged of all orders of people above the rank of mere bodily labor. We mean military officers—not generals, colonels, and other master officers, but the majors, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, &c., who tramp with their regiments, and may, therefore, be styled the journeymen officers. These personages, in all provincial towns, have an *entrée*, at once, unquestioned, into the wealthiest circles, and a poor ensign, whose father's pay could not afford him more education than he could pick up about the barracks—who has some six or seven shillings a day, and, out of that, must find a glittering uniform, and a man to keep it clean, will find himself more courted than the university-educated head of a mercantile house who sends a dozen men through the kingdom to puff his goods, giving each of them four or five times his rival's income. How this comes we need not delay our story to investigate; suffice it to say that the regiment, that had for a year or so been at the barracks of the large town in which the principal business of Hasteleigh and Co. was transacted, marched away, one fine morning, to the great grief of all the young ladies, which was changed to smiles when, on the following morning, another regiment, with younger officers, marched in.

In this second regiment was Lieutenant Peeche, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, remarkable for a tall and very fine figure, (partly the gift of the tailor,) handsome features, a good complexion, rather stolid blue eyes, a receding forehead, and a beautiful head of hair. His connexions were as follows:—his father was a lieutenant-colonel on half-pay, and with about two thousand pounds in the funds, and on the produce of these he had to live himself, and educate and provide for six sons. The two eldest of them he managed to get into the army, the next into the navy, leaving them to shift for themselves when there, while the fourth had to struggle into the church, and, with much ado, got a situation as chaplain to a travelling nobleman, whose means required him to reside abroad, while his religious predilections needed the service of the church of England. The fifth son, having no admiration for pride and poverty, broke away at a tangent, and opened a hat shop in Dublin, and soon made money enough to console him for being disowned by his relations. The sixth was our present Lieutenant Peeche, and was considered, both personally and mentally, the flower of the flock, was encouraged to look out for

a fortune, and told that his brother, the latter's, fate would be his if he threw himself away. He used to be told at home, by his anxious mother, that, though, when he joined his regiment, he would have to live on his pay, he might consider himself, at any time, worth ten thousand pounds worth of face, and the same amount of figure (if clothed in red.)

The above being his personal stock in speculating for a fortune, let us see what was his mental. He could read English, and write a note on occasion, though imperfect in the spelling department; he recollected the first five rules of arithmetic, had a vague idea that some people bothered their heads about squares, triangles and other odd figures; had learnt the first half of the French grammar; and was nearly perfect in the arts of carving, dancing, and talking charming frivolity. In society he had a fine bold bearing, let the ghost of a strangled oath haunt the conversation now and then, and had a way of leading the opinions and directing the ridicule of fair auditors, that was surprising; as, for instance, a young gentleman in black remarking that he had heard that mathematics were a branch of knowledge highly essential to a soldier, and that Bonaparte was deep in it—"Yes," replied Peeche, "I have heard that engineer officers work at it, but none of ours—none of ours. For my own part, I never could manage dry studies of any sort." This sentence, and the air with which it was uttered, were convincing—the ladies, at once, agreed that dry studies were very stupid and low things, and altogether beneath the rank and mind of Lieutenant Peeche, indeed, only fit for engineer officers, Bonaparte, and the young gentleman in black, who, feeling his discomfiture, shrunk out of the conversation, and was dumb; whilst his vanquisher, leaning back, showed the extreme edges of his fine teeth in a scarcely cognizable smile of self-complaisance.

But we are tired of the fool. Let us say at once that he made a conquest of Miss Hasteleigh, and married her and her money. We believe she loved him very deeply. His personal prettiness (what a quality for a man!) easy manners, art of talking much and soft, and the grace of his attentions to her, won her heart suddenly and for a time, and during that time he proposed, and on her learning that he was the son of Colonel Peeche, of Dublin, and had two brothers in the army, and one in the navy, being thus of the most respectable connections, she surrendered at once.

This event struck a blow at Edmund which nearly prostrated him completely, and he was all but giving up his speculations in despair, and turning his talents to some more promising pursuit. Indeed, he bitterly envied his brother, whose long endeavors and disappointments had at length been crowned with success complete and unequivocal, and so long did this feeling run, and so humbled was he by his own disappointments, that he determined to pay him a visit.

On going to the place, drooping and dispirited, he could not but admire the pretty little cottage, with the garden behind, which Mark had provided for himself, and when he compared them with his own lodgings, for he was on a comparatively limited salary, he could not but see that the balance of happiness was altogether on his brother's side. A boy in livery admitted him, and shortly ushered him into a neat little room opening upon the garden, fitted up with books all round, thickly carpeted, and every way comforta-

ble. Here he found Mark, seated in a library chair of the latest and most luxurious kind, busily engaged, pen in hand, among a lot of books, pamphlets, and written papers.

They talked for a little calmly and quietly, there being nothing about the manner of either of them indicating their being more than strangers conversing on some unimportant matter, save the humbled aspect of Edmund, and the subdued exultation and slight sneering smile of Mark. After a little,—

"Well, you have had it your own way," said the latter; "had you lent your aid to me I might have been what I am now a year or two earlier; or, in other words, at this time my wealth and influence might have been the square of their present amount, while you might have shared in proportion to your years. But you could not relish an apprenticeship—you wanted to jump at fortune all of a sudden; and now I suppose you are come to join with me after the long toil, humiliation, and imprisonment are over, and reap a little of their good fruits."

"Oh no, no, I merely came to see if you were well."

"I am well, Edmund, and I can see you are ill. I'll tell you why—I educated you and you deserted me—I was persecuted and you disowned me. Now I am independent,—the absolute ruler of ten thousand strong men, who love and implicitly obey me, for they know that the sole motive of all my actions—the only thing I have striven for—is their welfare—"

Here Edmund smiled so significantly, at the same time with so much contemptuousness at his brother's attempt to palm a canting lie upon him, that the latter was altogether put out, and the lurid indication of a blush rose over his swarthy physiognomy. In a moment he resumed more loudly, and in a tone that claimed not to be trifled with,—

"I can make the proudest of our old tyrants sneak, and bend, and smile, though they wish me in hell, for I could break half of them within a fortnight. I have money, influence, and, in a measure, fame, and can command all happiness;—you are poor, disappointed, considered and treated as an amusing inferior—a parasite in that society which I enter on terms of equality. You had a scheme of your own which has broken beneath you like a rotten staff, and you come to make a claim upon me,—you who have never done me a particle of good, but much harm, in return for all the benefits you have had from me."

"You are wrong, Mark; I have done you good negatively if not positively, for at any time when you were building this great scientific combination system of yours, which yields you such a revenue, I might have betrayed you to the law, exploded the whole fabric, and had you banished, or worse. You recollect the *nob**-shooting business. This would have been my duty to my employers; and besides great immediate reward, might have led to the ultimate establishment of my fortune. How do you know that when one scheme has, as you say, miserably failed, I may not be tempted to try the other, even so late as now?"

* We presume we need hardly inform the reader that *nobs* are men who take the place of laborers who have struck work for increase of wages, shortening of hours, or other objects, thus rendering null the endeavors of the workmen. Being workmen themselves, and thus betraying the cause of their class, they are generally objects of the bitterest enmity.

A deadly pallor, and an expression which coupled with it made Mark's countenance, forbidding at the best of times, positively terrific, preceded his reply. He sat calmly the while, with the top of his pen in his mouth, as if subduing by effort his emotion. At length he said, "If I thought you would, I would take immediate steps to prevent you, and you know what *they would be*"—here he laughed a short, harsh, grating "ha, ha!" which had a sort of interrogative sound, as his dark gray eye flashed upon his brother's, searching as it were his very soul. "But as I know you dare not, brother,—so"—here stretching his arm he rang the bell—"I wish you a good morning: I will do nothing for you. Grey, show Mr. Vaspas out."—And thus the brothers parted.

But to return to Lieutenant Peeche. No sooner had he got his hands on a little of his wife's money, or "the plunder," as one of his brothers (a wag) called it, than the fortunes of his whole family took a remarkable start of improvement. Colonel Peeche removed to a more aristocratic part of the city of Dublin, and set up an equipage. Captain Algernon Peeche found his way to a majority, and Lieutenant and Acting Quartermaster Percival Peeche purchased his company. All this showed Lieutenant Peeche to be a very dutiful fellow to his real relations, and to have a proper feeling toward his wife, as she, being the daughter of a coalmaster, and of inferior rank to him, was therefore to be pigeoned in the game of marriage, just as her upstart father would have been rightly served in the game of *écarté*.

He also showed a strong disinclination to take upon him the active conduct of the business. This arose partly from dislike to any employment except the toil fools call the pursuit of pleasure, partly from want of sufficient education, (for carving, dancing, and gallantry, are hardly enough of that for the counting-house,) but mostly from lack of adequate intellect. He was great, however, with the horse, dog, and gun, and soon became a perfect sportsman, leaving that vast business which supported him in splendor, and enriched his connexions, with all its cares, speculations, and immense correspondence, to the management of his wife, and whomsoever of the numerous underlings connected with it she chose to call to her aid. He gave many and splendid dinners moreover, and the eating and drinking gentry of the neighborhood began to flock around, while his house was always as free as the barracks to "ours."

But it was not many months before Mrs. Peeche began heartily to repent of her bargain. The warmth of her love for his pretty face and figure evaporated, and she began to regard with satiety and disgust that beauty which had erewhile so captivated her. She found him not only idiotically ignorant on all useful subjects, but contented with his ignorance, and disposed to mock with an inane ridicule any show of knowledge or talent, she or others might happen to display. On all matters that required judgment or information, or the application of thought for any time, he was utterly helpless, while at the same time he entertained neither respect for the talented, nor gratitude for the assistance they might yield.

Moreover, he had never loved her; he had not mind enough for that passion; he had all along regarded her, as we have said before, merely as a pigeon to be plucked by him in the game of matrimony—as a prize for himself and his family. As time went on, he did not scruple to tell her this. Before the first year of their marriage was over he

had become to her an object of contempt, a detested burden, a dreaded torment.

When she began first to see him, as the gloss of prettiness of person and of heroic scarlet faded from him, an ignorant and tyrannical fool, she could not but institute a comparison between him and that other, who she believed loved her with his whole soul, and was now suffering the pangs of disappointment—the all-gifted and able Edmund Vaspar. Disgusted with the beggarly aristocracy of the colonel's son, she saw a true and high nobility in the genius of the young plebeian; tired of the stolid beauty of the one, her admiration flew to the quick eye and sharp dark features that spoke the active intellect of the other. Worried to death with the yawning *ennui*, the lisped affectation, the stupid and often indecent slang of the stable and dog-kennel, she pined for the low-pitched and thrilling voice, the musical sentences and glowing ideas, of her former humble lover—for his exhaustless information on all topics, his dauntless talent, equal to every effort, and his indefatigable business ability, which no labor could tire, no difficulties dispirit.

Edmund could not but look upon his rival with a contempt which envy at his success elevated into fierce detestation, and as he sat day by day in his small wood-partitioned counting-room in the *truck* store, so intense became his hatred, so complete his despair of advancement, that he meditated the infliction upon him of some grievous bodily harm. It was to sound his brother, who had the power to effect this he well knew with ease and certainty, that he paid him the visit we have detailed.

But as time wore on, when he saw the feeling growing up between the pair, when he marked it with his whole soul, as alive to it as the ear of a criminal to his sentence, then did his spirits mount again to more than their former level, and he set his active wits to work with all their pristine energy.

It was not long after the marriage till he was recalled, to lend his aid in the chief conduct of the business of his new master. The latter saw him, surveyed him carelessly—would have done it with an eye-glass had such a thing been in fashion then; and on being informed that his skill and ability were indispensable, gave his consent to his being placed in the situation of chief confidential clerk, and turning to an eminent rat-catcher, who was with him at the time, began to converse about the state of the stables in regard to vermin.

Edmund was now continually about the person of Mrs. Peeche, appearing before her in his best light, and exerting upon her all his powers of fascination, and they were many. His object was to lead her to crime, partly for his own advantage, to have her completely in his power, partly for revenge; for, from the first time she had unfeelingly laughed at his early blunders, he had cherished against her a vindictive feeling, which his late disappointment, and the secondary misery it besides had bred for him, had certainly not put to rest. And the whole of this love then was acted—it had been all along a deception for the purpose of ambition and revenge. We cannot deny that her beauty, which was considerable, had made some impression upon him, but it was decidedly not that of *love*.

It is hard to imagine one seducing a woman out of pure animosity; but when you reflect that in seduction it is the woman's ruin that is sought, you will be able at once to unravel the paradox. No

one could be better fitted for such a course of proceeding than Edmund—totally unprincipled as he was—capable of keeping a great bad purpose constantly before his mind, and of bringing great powers to bear upon its furtherance—possessed also of a knowledge of mankind, infinitely greater than might have been expected from his opportunities. All the resources of extensive reading in poetry and romance, in mental philosophy, and in the great book of nature, he brought to his aid—every scheme of attraction—every winning artifice he could think of, he practised upon her, till the poor lady looked upon his company as a relief—a refuge—a heaven—and cursed her folly in choosing the glittering ass, from whose society she now fled to his, as she would from a lazar house to a bower in Tempe.

In a short time he was successful, she became completely his, and doted on him with an admiration, a devotion, and a joy, which she felt was truly *love*, and as different even from the regard she had formerly entertained for her husband, as it again was from the contempt in which she held him now.

But all this was totally unsuspected even by the menials of the house, a set of people who generally are the first perceptive of such affairs. Edmund was too sagacious to allow it to be in the slightest degree evident, and while he had the wife so completely in his power, he was finding his way rapidly into the good graces of her husband. By an exceedingly distant and deferential deportment in his presence, by numerous flatteries—well disguised and skilfully administered—and by a well-acted devotion to his interests, he in a short time succeeded in gaining his entire goodwill, and unquestioning obedience to every suggestion in matters connected with the business. And this fact, whereat he made very merry in private with Mrs. Peeche, only sunk her husband a degree still lower in her contempt.

But while he was thus managing his master and mistress, he did not forget his brother Mark, and during his leisure moments concocted a scheme, which he thought would make his fall sudden and complete. This was to organize a counter-combination among the masters, one of whose measures was to be a sudden and simultaneous dismissal of all their men, at a moment previously agreed upon in secret, and the importation from the mining districts of Scotland, by their collier-vessels, of a colony of new workmen, who would be content with lower wages, and being strangers and *nobs*, and detested by the former laborers, would not be likely, at least for years, to join in any general union.

This he explained to Mr. Peeche, directing him to unfold it to the other proprietors, and get as many of them to join in it as possible.

Now at this time, Mark Vaspar, by some insolent and exorbitant demand had strongly excited the masters against him, though they were powerless to avoid complying with it. They were therefore prepared to receive with avidity, such a scheme as that invented by Edmund, and when, at a dinner given at his house to about a dozen of them, Peeche proposed it, taking the merit of it entirely to himself, he found them disposed both at once to embrace it, and to give him credit for more capacity than they had ever before placed to his account. But Edmund, on hearing that he had thus exposed the scheme in public, before numerous servants, most of them belonging to the

mining class, and some of whom he knew, and others suspected to be, members of Mark's confederacy, while he cursed his unguarded folly, could not help congratulating himself on his vanity, which had led him to claim the whole authorship.

Within an hour after the proposal had been broached, and while they were yet over their wine, Mark Vaspar had got possession of the whole affair, and had taken his measures. But before you find out what they were, let us return to Edmund and Mrs. Peeche.

It is difficult for an author to allude decorously to such a connexion, for the odium attached to guilty love, the difficulties, its transient and precarious nature, the thought that for it all the pleasures and comforts of family and of society are put in jeopardy, that by yielding to it, the consciousness of honor and fair virtue is forever gone—and the fact, that to brave this, the passion, bad as it is, must be of extremest strength—all these make the poor heart cling to it with double fondness, and give it a sweetness exquisite, though delusive and mortal, like the fragrance of the poison-laurel. Poetic justice demands that sin should not in our pages wear an enticing aspect, but if the romancer is to copy truth he cannot but represent that "stolen water is sweet," and while he paints the loss for aye of self-respect, the terror of discovery and dishonor, the gnawing of conscience, and all other miseries attendant on the love we allude to, that make the mind a very place of torment, he can hardly paint them in more vivid colors than the deep delight for which they are encountered.

We have mentioned that Mrs. Peeche was a woman of considerable intellect. She possessed a mind fully capable of entertaining the passion of love in its strongest intensity and most perfect refinement—that love which is perceptive of beauty of soul alone, taking that of body but as a secondary consideration, though it may afterwards, by fancy's aid, gild up the latter to something like a proper material image of the former—that love in which the spirit of the object is the thing truly loved, and which is the only love that can be immortal. And with this, an emotion, such as only minds of a high order and much cultivation are capable of feeling or appreciating, she loved her paramour; and with the same fervor wherewith she loved him, she abhorred her husband, and would talk to Edmund of him in a manner that often startled even him.

About two miles to the rear of her house was a large wood, which being enclosed within a round bend of a river, had no regular path through or even near it, and was quite unfrequented. It was very rocky, and thick with brushwood; and in different parts of it were the mouths of one or two old coal-mines, long ago disused or wrought out. One of these had the engine-house, a little turreted building, still standing, covered with ivy, and topped with waving bushes. The mounds of coal-dust or other rubbish, had been converted into grassy knolls, overgrown with bramble, wild brier, and dog-rose, and in the midst gaped the black mouth of the pit. This one had been filled up to within about thirty feet of the upper surface, in which state it had been left with its brim overhung with bushes, and its new bottom formed of mud, moss-weeds, sticks, fallen leaves, and the like. The spot was completely surrounded by wood, and was approached by an old wheel-track that wound among the trees. Nothing could be more sequestered. The only creatures to be seen near it by

day might be a party of children, gathering nuts or wild berries, or by night, the slouching, stealthy figure of a poacher.

At twilight, or early night, this was a favorite haunt of Edmund and Mrs. Peeche, for a scarcely traceable path from it through the wood, opened into the rear of the park in which the house stood, and about different parts of this park she had always been accustomed to take a morning or evening walk. Here they were wont to find unbroken solitude, green foliage, a balmy atmosphere, the nightingale's music, and the soft gloaming of the summer-time, with all the other charms that act as accompaniments to love, and make its sweetness come flower-scented to the heart. And such was the chosen scene of their guilty joy.

On the evening of the third or fourth day after Peeche's proposal to the masters, they were here as usual, and as they sat by each other on one of the green knolls, in the warm converse of unlawful passion, they were startled by groans, and a voice calling faintly for help from out the old pit whose murky mouth yawned beside them.

On the first alarm they sprang to their feet, and she, starting from his side, would have fled through the wood. But on a moment's reassurance of themselves, they stood still, whispering, pausing, and listening again, and then silently approaching the mouth of the mine, they parted the bushes, and cautiously looked down. They saw the body of a man laid at the bottom among some rotten brushwood, sticks, and leaves. Presently looking up, as he heard the rustling of the bushes and catching view of their heads—

"Mercy, good people—help me, I am dying," he said.

"Gracious God, Edmund—it's he—Peeche—my husband!" she exclaimed, in a quick, thrilling whisper, catching her paramour by the arm with a hand that trembled as it clutched. "Three days ago he went over to Haverfield to shoot—he has not been home since—Great Providence, is it come to this at last?"

"Hold back now, Joan, dearest—hush, let me speak to him." Then going close to the brink, and stooping over to look down, "Is that Mr. Peeche?" he asked.

"Vaspar! thank God! help me out of this, Vaspar; lose not a moment, for love of mercy—I am dying—I have tasted nothing for three days."

Here he convulsively caught a handful of the wet leaves, among which he lay, and pressed them to his mouth, chewing a portion. This made his voice much more strong and distinct.

"Oh, Vaspar, have you no food near you to throw me down a morsel—oh, for heaven's sake! lose no time."

"How do you come to be there, sir? Did you fall in?"

"Oh—no, no—I was thrown down here by ruffians—the miners, headed by your brother, the agent. They attacked me, brought me here, and he with his own hands put me down."

Here Edmund drew slightly back from the brink, and remained for a space motionless in thought, whilst the wife stood beside, looking eagerly at him, as if anxious to read in his countenance his thoughts of their situation, and intentions as to her husband; but a vast tumult of new thoughts and schemes were rising, taking form, heaving upon each other, mingling and rolling in his mind, like smoke-volumes in a crater. In a minute he had resolved upon a course of conduct

to pursue. The leaving of Peeche to his fate was the principal point of it, but he desired that between himself and her it should appear that the measure was entirely of her suggestion. This was that he might have a strong hold on her forever after, and in any dispute between them shake himself clear of the guilt, and throw it entirely upon her.

"Had I not better go to the house, and get the servants with ropes?" said he.

"Never!" cried she, with fierce emotion. "What, would you tie me again to a hated torment thus by lucky chance cut from me. Fool, don't you see he is here being murdered—we have not done it—we are powerless of means to help—can we be blamed?—no other creature will come near—he must soon die. We can keep our secret, or even should it come out, what can they do to us!—what have we done!—nothing! Then do nothing—let him alone, and with the blessing of—(we cannot write the impious sentence)—I am free once more, though with the loss of half my father's property!"

"But starvation is a dreadful death, Joan!"

"True, but a sure one for us. It has no scar, and is not to be known from common dissolution—besides, it does not entail the hideous after-thought of blood."

"But he is your husband!" and as he spoke, she quailed before the peculiar expression of his eye—"He is the man you swore to love, and all that."

"I made him such in a moment of infatuation produced by his false pretences. He never loved me—but fraudulently cozened me out of my hand and fortune—and to be cozened by such a fool! Oh, there have been moments since then when under a stronger infatuation, I could have paid the penalty by suicide. Husband! he has been a curse to me. It comes bitter, indeed, such a reproach from you, Edmund, for whose love I have dared so much, and am now daring the punishment of hell." And she fell upon his neck and wept copiously, while he soothed her with silent caresses. "He shall never come between our loves again," she continued; "you surely do not wish to save him now, dearest—you have not ceased to love me—if you have, save him, and I shall die."

"But, Joan, my heart's own Joan, I cannot help feeling mercy, humanity—"

"Mercy to him is destruction to ourselves—is it not better that he should die, than that we should live in misery? We cannot much longer conceal our love, and then by divorce he may rob me of what remains, and marry some fool like himself into all my father's property."

Reader, every portion of this dialogue was overheard by the wretched husband. They had in their excitement spoken in a rather elevated tone, and as he lay below in the still, moveless air, the rocky sides of the shaft had, like a gigantic stethoscope, or the ear of Dionysius, conducted to him the sounds! He was tremblingly alive to every syllable, for his life was depending on it, and, fool as he was, he heard his wife's infidelity, hatred, and ferocious thirst for his death, with feelings of horror, indignation, jealousy, and revenge, that rose above those of the immediate danger of his situation, and crying aloud, by a frantic effort of his exhausted frame, he hurled at them both, but especially at her, all the epithets, curses, and threats, that a mind driven to desperation could suddenly throw together.

His wife trembled, in spite of her masculine nerve, as with her paramour she stealthily drew back, and away from the opening.

"Is there no fear of his finding his way out?" said she.

"I fear not," was the whispered reply; "the sides of the shaft are smooth and sheer—my brother takes his measures too surely for that. But look," and he drew an orange from his pocket, "I may throw this down to alleviate his sufferings a little!"

"No," cried she, snatching it from his hand, and flinging it away far among the brushwood, "not five minutes' prolongation of life shall he have through me—those that will find him dead, it is possible, if he eat, might find him alive—and what becomes of us then? But, hark!"

When they were no longer visible or audible to the poor writhing victim, the screams, prayers, and appeals he uttered, might have turned a tiger to mercy, whilst his voice had acquired a new and rending tone that grated on the ear, and more on the heart.

"Joan, Joan," he cried, "will you leave me to die in this pit. Oh, Joan, my wife! what have I done to you that you should desert me? Joan, I am starving to death—will you forsake me, your husband? You have lain in my bosom, Joan—Vaspar, have you no mercy—speak to her, save me, and I will forgive you both. Joan, Vaspar—do you not hear me? will you not speak to me?—are you gone! Oh, may God's eternal wrath curse you both! Joan, Joan—"

But here in his despair, his voice refused its office, and when he would have shrieked, the breath soured in his dry inflamed throat, mocking his efforts to produce a sound. When he could be no longer heard, his wife falling upon the bosom of her companion, and weeping as if she could have died among her tears, addressed him,

"Oh, Edmund, you see what I have done for you—will you ever cease to love me?"

They kept their secret well.

In about eight days Mrs. Peeche sent to Haverfield, a distance of about twenty miles, to learn if her husband was still there. The answer was that he had not been there at all. A search was immediately instituted, and a large reward offered for information regarding him. At length he was discovered by some laborers out of employment, who had engaged in the search with a view to the reward.

Nobody had any doubt that he had fallen into the pit by accident, while unwary in the pursuit of game, for his loaded gun was found beside him among the wet leaves. And while there was no mark on his frame of any violence, one of his shoulders was dislocated, as would be the likely consequence of such a fall. The verdict found by the coroner's jury was, in consequence, "Accidental Death."

It was not long till Colonel and Major Peeche arrived, accompanied by a couple of lawyers, and though Mr. Hasteleigh, before his death, thought he had pretty well secured his fortune to his daughter and her issue, they managed, as representing the heirs of the deceased Mr. Peeche—for he had no children—to secure a considerable amount of property. As soon as this matter was settled, Edmund, who had been ever since the death of his master at the actual uncontrolled head of the business, married the widow, and thus became Mr. Vaspar of Weldon Edge.

No sooner had he done so, than his character came out in its true and most vivid colors. The name of the firm was no longer Hasteleigh and Company (for Lieutenant Peeche, tenacious of the military and aristocratic dignity of his name, had never allowed it to be associated in public with the coal-trade.) A complete revolution took place, too, at Weldon. All the servants received their dismissal, and were replaced by others from distant parts of the country. New improvements in the machinery of the mines and iron-works were introduced, and totally new discipline and arrangements among the men. Schools were instituted, and a pretty good library rapidly got together. This was, however, for no philanthropic object, but solely as a business speculation, and as tending ultimately to his own great gain.

Although he had come to a noble fortune, still, from the slices taken from it by the Peeches, and the mal-administration of the lieutenant, it was much less than it would have been had he got it when he was first, as he believed, in such a fair way. Every means, therefore, of improving it he put into active operation, and one of the chief he could think of was to put an end to the domination of his brother among the men, and thus get the poor creatures once more entirely into his power as a master, and as helpless as they were before the genius of Mark had given them such unity, strength, and importance.

Having fully resolved upon this, he invited his brother to his house.

He received him in a manner quite opposite to the reception he had met with from him about a year before. His immense house, his library, with all articles of taste and luxuries in the way of furniture, he showed him; introduced him to his wife, and asked him to stay to dinner. All dainty viands, and rare and expensive wines, he set before him, and took every means to make him see the apparent happiness in which he lived with his wife, who vied with him in paying him attention.

Mark knew quite well that all this was intended to give him pain—to excite his envy and humble his pride, and he felt the intention to be fulfilled. He was hardly prepared, however, for the disclosure that followed it.

Immediately on the withdrawal of Mrs. Vaspar, Edmund bidding the servants leave the room, so soon as they had done so, and he had pushed the decanter to his brother, made to him coolly the proposal that he should immediately break up his combination society, expose to him all its signs and secrets, plots and crimes, and leave the district forever, being grateful that he was to take the money he had made with him, and that he was not delivered up to the law to answer for his enormities.

"For I am determined," continued Edmund, "to allow no one to dictate to me in my business, or stand between me and my interest. Moreover, no man shall bully me or terrify me into any steps. I am on my guard, and have made all my preparations—I will be absolute lord of my estates, and all upon them."

Mark heard all this in silence, but the color forsok his face, giving place to a tallowy paleness, while ever and anon some feature would give a small convulsive twitch, and his eyes became completely altered in color and expression, looking bloodshot and lurid in place of their ordinary gray.

"And what," said he, after a little time, "if I should simply disobey this command, and go on as before?"

"Within a week I will have you in gaol, and you are as sure to be capitally convicted as you are that you deserve the fate. The combination business might be transportation—the extortion of money from men and masters might be possibly death—but the killing and conspiring to kill and maim *nobs*, and the murder of Peeche, (for I have witnesses to prove you did it,) make the gallows inevitable."

"—And I murdered Peeche, did I! Where did you learn that fact?"

"From his own lips, as he lay dying of hunger in the pit, and another person besides myself heard him say it—that you, with your own hands, threw him in—that person is ready to be a witness."

Mark rose from his seat, and pushing his chair away, whilst he glared like a tiger, unfolded his immense muscular frame, as if he would have proceeded to instant violence on the slight figure of his brother, and crushed him and his schemes forever. But the latter rising, nevertheless keeping his eye on his, rang a small bell. A man-servant entered the room.

"Attend to the fire, William."

"As I was saying, brother," he continued, as Mark with quivering lip resumed his seat, "I think your best plan would be to accede to my views. No other measure will be of any avail. In truth, you will find no other course is open to you. The business you practise has been going on as long as it can go. It has come to an acme, and now must go to ruin—and what I want is to have you kept clear of its wreck, with all you have made by it."

Here the servant withdrew.

"As for my intentions, I am in earnest, I assure you; and were you not of my blood, and otherwise did I know what I know, you should swing within a month. It is only the consideration of public opinion that makes me let you off; I should like the whole thing to be brought about quietly. One indispensable condition is, that you shall leave the country. If you remain here, or near this place, you will have your wits eternally at work, plotting and scheming—I might as well have no estate."

"It is too important a matter to decide upon without a thought," said Mark; "give me time to consider."

"I will," said Edmund; "come here to-morrow at twelve, and I will be prepared to hear you; and in the mean time, as I don't think after what has passed you can relish much more wine, and as, besides, I don't feel exactly comfortable with you so near me, you had better take your leave."

Mark withdrew, half-stunned with what he had heard, and seeking his own home, sat down to ruminate, and there he sat, without undressing, the whole night, revolving what measures he could adopt.

He found his vast combination scheme, which he had reared around him at such an expense of time and thought, of crime and punishment, which was to him the source or so much influence and emolument, was about to crumble to dust like a gourd smitten by the sun. He had established it upon so firm and extensive a basis, protected it with so many outworks, and hidden it in such a mist of secrecy, that it seemed to him indestructible. But here a more potent magician, in one moment, was about to shiver it to pieces. And against his talisman, the law, there was no counterspell.

He saw but two alternatives—one the removal

of his brother, the other to yield up with a good grace his system, and sell the ruins of it to the best advantage. The former he at first determined to adopt; indeed, he had a plan formed to seize the person of Edmund, carry him off, and confine him in one of the mines in the neighborhood, at the same time to throw the men off work by a sudden *strike*, and keep them thus till anxiety about his numerous speculations or positive dread of bankruptcy should extort from him conditions of mutual accommodation.

"Nay, he might even," thought Mark, "if his place of concealment was known only to one or two, and they trusty, be served as Peeche was."

But he had not reflected long, when he began to perceive that this plan was quite hopeless—for his brother, a very different character from the other victim, was sure to be well on his guard, and to have plenty of counter-schemes in action. He therefore finally, seeing no better resource, resolved upon the latter alternative—for he saw that his brother possessed the power to expose him to condign punishment—that by an event he had never contemplated, but which had been brought about by one of his own crimes, it had become his interest to do so—and when it was, he knew he would do it without fail.

Nevertheless, it was not without the bitterest sorrow, he could find it in his heart to abandon that organized confederacy, which had been the sole occupation of his thoughts since boyhood—the one object of all his youthful enthusiasm—which had been the source of his cares and joys, hopes and fears—of his pride and power—which had brought money to his pockets, and respect to his person. And must that vast combination system by which one intellect could, for one purpose, so secretly yet so certainly direct, arrest, give, or withhold the labor of ten thousand hands—that system so philosophical in theory, so admirably efficient in practice, which he could have well trusted to carry his fame as a man of genius to posterity—must it be at once annihilated, and pass forever from thought and from memory! It had withstood for years the open attacks and underhand machinations of its enemies, and now it was to be destroyed by the mere threat of one! But that one was himself of the laboring order—a man of high talent—*knew the system*—knew all its springs and wheels—indeed, had formerly been a member of it, and bound by oaths which he did not value one farthing—and here Mark could not but feel a pang when he reflected who had taught his brother this value of an oath.

"The first day he left us, and went cringing among the masters—that day should have been his last; if it had, he would never have done this—from that one oversight the labor of a tolerable intellect for a long series of years has thus, by one blow, fallen to the ground."

Next day at the appointed hour he waited on Edmund. They met in the library of the latter.

Mark, like one entering a cold-bath, plunged at once into the business, stating his willingness to betray the whole.

"But what *compensation* am I to expect for my own losses by the disclosure?" said he.

"Why, indemnity for your own share of it, which is the principal one. You shall have your life, and all the money you have made."

"Nay, if that is to be all, I can have much more by disclosing the whole to the government myself, and getting admitted as crown evidence."

"But that would cost the lives of three or four of these poor people you have misled."

"I dare say a few would be *expended*, but then I should be nothing indebted to you—moreover, for the betrayal of such a combination scheme as *mine*," (here he sighed involuntarily,) "I am sure of a thousand pounds from the secret service money, besides the credit. If you think I could not do this safely, look at that," and he held a paper before his brother.

Edmund read it. It was addressed to magistrates, justices of the peace, &c., directing them not to proceed against Mark Vassar, agent, without first communicating the whole matter to the Home Office. And when he saw the name signed to it, he could not help, as he repeated it aloud, addressing his brother.

"Well, Mark, you are the most consummate, traitorous villain it ever entered my imagination to conceive."

Mark sneered fiendishly, but remained motionless.

"I see from the date of this, that ever since the year 179—, you have been a hired informer."

"Yes, and have made something by it, I assure you."

"Well, I will accede to your terms. I will guarantee the masters paying you a thousand pounds on your effecting the complete subversion and annihilation of this confederation."

"I shall want a document from you in the form of a letter to that effect."

With this request Edmund hastily complied. Then taking paper, he wrote from the dictation of his brother, whose lips were bloodless, dry, and had a slight quivering motion as he spoke. Every degree and division of the society was stated, with their oaths and secret ceremonies—the ringleaders of each, their separate signs, words, and ciphers, and places and times of meeting. When he had finished with this—

"Then there was the death of William King," said Edmund, "who was shot at the brier copse six years ago. I think I was led to suspect it was the man Crow that did that job. What is his proper name?"

"I thought you did not intend to bring these men under the law!"

"Not if they do as I desire. I want merely to get a hold upon them."

"I do not know his name—he goes by the nickname of Young Crow. His father was called Old Crow, and I believe neither of them knew either name or surname."*

"And whom could I have for witness?"

"Long Bill Brown saw the act. He was with King at the time, and that night was sworn in, and left off *nobbing*, bringing all the rest of them into the confederacy."

"And who blinded Mr. Wood, the overseer, with vitriol?"

"A man now at the High Corner pit, by name Peter Watkin, commonly called 'the Slounger.' The liquor was procured from one John Coats, a workman at the St. Margaret's Hall printing-work. There were three in company with the Slounger—one was Thomas Overton, since dead; another, Thomas Chummins, nick-named 'The Handy Kid,' employed at the Rock-house mine; the third was myself."

"Over all the other atrocities, in the way of

* This is not an uncommon thing in the mining districts, especially the northern.

murder, intimidation, and conspiracy, that had been committed by members of his society, he went minutely, exposing freely the criminals, the objects desired in the crimes, the circumstances, and those that aided and abetted.

When Edmund had done writing, "Well then," said he, "now that it is all out, and I know so much of you as I do, I would not wonder to see you playing a double game, and betraying these men to the law on your own account, for the rewards and pay of the informing part of the business, besides what you are to receive from us—"

"I should not be surprised myself," replied Mark, with mocking levity, but immediately knitting his harsh features into threatening sternness, he came out rapidly with—"But if you should *play double with me*, or after this betray me either to the law or the confederacy—beware—I say beware how you goad a crushed and desperate man."

"Oh, the confederacy shall not hear of it through me. There are others who can give them a hint; look here!"

And going to the side of the room he threw open a concealed door. It had been made, for uniformity with the rest of the room, to resemble shelves, and leather backs of books, each volume lettered and numbered, and was so ingeniously contrived and finished that nothing but a minute examination could unveil the deception.

Mark wondered at this proceeding, but stood as if thunderstruck as he beheld enter from the dressing-room into which it opened the very men he had been just betraying, to wit, the man called Young Crow, and Peter Watkin the Slounger, along with others of much weight and influence among the men. Nothing could have been further from his expectation than this consummation of the adventure. There they stood before him, begrimed and muddy, in their uncouth black mining clothes, scowling upon him through the darkness of their faces like so many accusing devils. Oh what a sight was this for Mark—whither could have sneaked away from him his boasted and long-tried cunning, that he should be so miserably outwitted—should have so wofully and irretrievably committed himself! And who could with a pen adequately forible describe the convulsive throes of his mighty though reprobate mind. Bitter, bitter chagrin, anguish, panting thirst for vengeance, rage, hate, malice, pride, despair, and reckless defiance—all these fierce passions glowed through his harsh and now haggard countenance, united into one expression that had in it a terrible grandeur, a sublimity, while the big tears coursed down his rugged cheeks—a thing of which he was himself unconscious. Thus he stood regarding them, then his brother, anon turning, and staggering slightly as he did so, he walked towards the door and went forth from the house.

This then was Edmund's plan to break up the combination-union—by exposing Mark to the body in his most villanous colors of double treachery, and by showing them that they were completely in his own power—that their whole organization was known to him, and that at any time he pleased he could give up any member to capital punishment or transportation.

The men he had brought to the house he had all along suspected—indeed, from his half and half connexion with the society, all but understood to be criminals, or connected with the crimes. At all events they were exceedingly popular and influential among the great body of the workmen. Two

of them were employed at his own mines, and he could thus easily get hold of them; another he enticed to his house, offering him the situation of "ganger," or petty overseer; the fourth by stating that a letter from his brother, who had been banished, was in his possession. When he had got them together he informed them that their great apostle, Mark Vaspar, was "bought and sold," and had "sold" them and the rest of the confederacy. To give them proof he put them into the small dressing-room, bidding them apply their eyes and ears to crevices he had previously made, and they would soon become aware of the truth of what he had told them.

On the bank of the river we have described as circumscribing the wood in whose limits Peeche was destroyed, was an extensive meadow, surrounded by grounds wooded, and considerably elevated above its own level. On the night after the occurrence of the scene last narrated, a convocation of miners belonging to the society, to the number of about a thousand, were met here. Nothing could be more picturesque than this assemblage, as they stood together in the bright moonlight, with their curious caps and cowls, their loose and peculiarly shaped clothes, and their hands and faces all of one deep and mystic black. Many of them too had their small tin lamps stuck in their caps, which, reflecting the pale moonbeams, sparkled strangely, giving a most unearthly aspect to those who wore them; in short, if a painter had to limn some diabolic conclave described by a German romancer as assembled on the Walpurgis night, this meeting would have afforded him an admirable study. They stood and reclined pretty much in a double circle, with their orators in the midst, and had about twenty or thirty scouts on the high grounds around, whose duty it was customarily, on any person being seen, to observe him closely; if he were not dangerous, to detain him from advancing; if he were, to give a signal agreed upon, when the whole meeting would disperse, either for the night, or to assemble elsewhere.

To this assembly went of his own accord Mark Vaspar. Such a proceeding would seem madness, but Mark did nothing without a purpose—the purpose of this was revenge against his brother. He knew the attempt was fraught with the greatest danger to himself; nevertheless, he had hopes of leading them to some wholesale attack upon Edmund—some "do or die" business upon which he had not yet resolved, leaving its nature to be determined by after circumstances. He hoped to completely satisfy the men that the account they might have heard was false or mistaken—trusting to his great influence over them, his long management of them, the apparent improbability of one who had suffered and done so much for them betraying them, but placing his chief confidence in his own talent, tact, and powers of persuasion. But he was mistaken; he found the men entirely predetermined against him, treating him on his approach with a sneering malignity that boded the worst evil. There is no crime for which the working orders have a greater detestation than treachery—especially treachery to themselves—even suspicion of it at once condemns.

He was immediately seized, and subjected to a regular trial by jury; a form of procedure which he himself had instituted among them, and at all previous instances of which he had himself presided. Not "the man Charles Stuart" at the bar of an incensed people could be more surprised at

the novelty of his situation than was Mark Vaspar before the judgment of those he had so long and so implicitly ruled, for good or bad, with no standard but his own opinion. Nevertheless he nerved himself for the hazard, and stood collected and firm, resolved to make the best of every word that should be spoken, every incident that could occur. The evidence against him was damning. There were the four witnesses each examined separately, and all agreeing in their black and unanswerable tale, which no cross-questioning from Mark could shake in the smallest iota. Then there was brought forward a copy on paper of his disclosures, and another of the letter guaranteeing him the money which had been taken by permission of Edmund by Peter Watkin, who happened to be able to write a little, having been taught that little by Mark himself years before. These last appeared to sink his heart considerably, nevertheless, he entered on a long and most able defence, if intricate sophistry be a proof of ability. He endeavored to urge the falsity of the accusation, but his own bare assertion was all the proof he could offer. He labored much to persuade them that the view his accusers had taken of the matter was altogether an erroneous one—his whole apparent disclosures having been but part of a scheme to dupe his brother and the other masters, from whom there was great danger impending on them; with much in the same tenor. He dwelt greatly besides on the length and value of his services; but all was in vain; he was found most clearly and barefacedly guilty by the jury, and the whole meeting as his judges proceeded to pass sentence upon him by vote. It was DEATH.

He was immediately surrounded and marched away to a place about a mile distant, where was an exhausted coal-pit, known to be eighty fathoms or four hundred and eighty feet in depth. After receiving his sentence he spoke not a word till his arrival at the mouth of the mine. He walked along, looking in a solemn, absent manner straight before him, and once or twice raised his eyes, and gazed with an earnest glance at the starry firmament, which was that night exceedingly bright and glorious. What thoughts were passing in a mind like his in such circumstances—whether horror of the future—repentance of the past—the galling feeling of forever disappointed revenge against his brother or envy of the latter's triumph compared with his own miserable defeat—whether dread of the hideous death he knew he was moving to, or ideas of escape and freedom, we cannot imagine, nor will attempt to say.

On reaching the mouth of the mine he was told he would have five minutes allowed him wherein to say his prayers, and one offered him a Methodist hymn book—probably the only book of any description in all that assemblage. He motioned it away with a bitter smile, and turning asked one who stood by to lend him a small iron tool in his hand. With some hesitation it was lent. Taking it in his hand he knelt down, and began to trace with it, on a smooth flat stone that lay near the brink, some strange lines and curves. It was the figure of a proposition in Newton's *Principia*, demonstrating the regular motion of the planets in elliptical orbits.

They could not conceive what this might mean, but as he kept cutting the figure deeper and deeper into the stone, interrupted him, telling him "time was up." They then bound his hands behind him and his feet together, and placed him standing on

the edge of the yawning shaft. While the rest stood round in a dense circle, one advanced, and, standing near, pushed him. As he went somewhat slowly, inclining from his balance over the fearful brink, he gave no cry, but with a convulsive effort of his mighty strength, wrenched one arm free from the fastenings that bound it, and clutching the man who had pushed him by the fluttering, loose and ragged clothes, drew him with him, and ere the latter had time to utter one wild scream down they went together, knocking and smashing against the rocky sides of the pit; a distant, faintly heard heavy blow telling when their broken bodies struck the bottom.

The thousand men stood listening appalled. A humming whisper stirred among them. "It was Young Crow!" and breaking up into groups they hurriedly left the place, and in five minutes were completely dispersed. And that was the last meeting of the combination society.

And so Mark Vaspar passed away, leaving behind him no memorial of his crimes or his talents, save the muttered curse in the mouths of those he had betrayed, who were bound by their secret oaths not to breathe his name even in solitude, and the strange figure cut in the stone, a mystery to all that saw it, at the spot where he met his death.

His fate was not known, even to his brother for some years, when he was informed of it in language uncouth but strikingly forcible, in an anonymous threatening letter. Up to that time he believed he had absconded on the night after being denounced, as nothing was found in his cottage save the furniture, which was claimed for rent and taxes.

But let us trace the after life of Edmund.

He was successful in business to a singularity; everything seemed to flourish with him, save that he had no children. But with all this no creature could give even outward evidence of being more miserable. It was remarked by all with whom he came into contact, that he appeared a very picture of remorse and mental agony, and this was especially evident after the period at which he became informed of the fate of his brother.

About this time he took to the private consumption of opium, which he carried to such an extent that it brought him to the brink of the grave. He was confined to bed at last, dying with all the loathsome symptoms attendant upon death from such a cause. A medical practitioner who was called to prescribe for him, on hearing the nature of the case, at once completely stopped the opium. But deprivation of the stimulating drug seemed only to accelerate his dissolution, and at length he ceased to breathe.

He was buried in a vault beneath the church of the parish in which his house was situated. There was a small loophole in the wall, guarded by a crossed stanchion of rusty iron, nearly eaten through by the damp air.

"At that time," said the gentleman from whom we had the incidents of the above tale, "I was apprentice to a surgeon in the town of —, about ten miles from Weldon Edge. There were several others in the place, and we all knew each other, indeed formed a society for mutual instruction.

"Now one of us was out at this parish church on the day of the funeral botanizing, or for some such purpose, and seeing the sequestered character of the place, and reconnoitering the nature of the vault, formed an idea of stealing away the body of Mr. Vaspar, for the scientific purpose of anatomi-

zation. Communicating the thought to us, three of us set out on the expedition.

"We managed to bend aside one limb of the crossed stanchion, and being all pretty slim fellows, got through the loophole into the vault with tolerable facility, and commenced digging by the light of a dark lantern, having previously hung up a couple of great-coats by way of blind before the loophole by which we had entered. Presently we came to the coffin, pried open the lid, and turned aside the drapery to see what sort of a subject we were likely to have.

"To our amazement we found him turned nearly completely round in his coffin! One ankle was dislocated, the leg being firmly locked between the sides, while that part of the bottom on which the head and shoulders lay was flooded with blood, which appeared to have come from the mouth. We lifted up our heads and looked at each other in horror. He had evidently been buried whilst animation was only suspended, and had recovered consciousness in the grave, and dreadful must have been his vain struggling against the walls and roof of his firm and narrow house. On turning his face up a new dread froze our veins. Never on any countenance, or in any painting, did I see such a ghastly picture of despair; every feature spoke sense of dreadful danger, agony of body and violent muscular straining, with sudden and total departure of all hope, whilst the mouth appeared to have poured forth gushes of blood.

"We were so struck that two of us were for burying him up again and having nothing to do with him, but the third, who now holds a high rank on the army medical staff, insisted on carrying him off.

"If he was buried alive," said he, "he is dead enough now for all practical purposes, there is no questioning that phenomenon, so let's precipitate him into the sack, bundle him up, and be off in a hurry. It will be long before we get such a precious chance again."

"And so we did, filling up the grave, lowering the flagstones that covered it, and bending back to its place the stanchion, so as to leave things as like what they had been as possible.

"The body was dissected in different portions by different students, and each preserved and carried with him to whatever part of the world fortune and his profession took him from our town, the bones of some of his members, or some of the organs of his body preserved in spirits. The rest of the flesh as it was dissected away piecemeal we flung into the river that ran through the town, nor was it ever suspected that he did anything but sleep undisturbed in his grave."

The end of Mrs. Vaspar was analogous in its misery. After the death of her husband, on whom she doted fondly to the last, it became evident her reason was impaired. She was put under restraint, and all the means that were then used or known in the treatment of mental disorders were put in requisition, but fruitlessly, and she ultimately died mad. Her mania was general,—on all subjects—but she had one particular hallucination that took the lead—one scene seemed to be continually passing before her mind, and she would constantly be enacting it, though the precise words and gesticulation might vary at times.

"Edmund, dearest Edmund," so would her ravings run, "how can you think of such a thing. Take him out!—let him perish—we shall be happy then. No, no; save his life, and you will make

me a murderess either of him or myself. We shall never separate more, my love—he is sure to die. Save him, then you may stab yourself and me. Oh, Edmund, I love you—my heart dotes on you. I have lost my soul for love of you. Take pity on me and love me; it is all the happiness I can ever have, and happiness indeed it is. Kiss me, Vaspar. We are happy, and he—my curse—is enduring the worst misery man can suffer—dying of hunger. While the kiss of our endearment falls soft upon the perfumed air of this chamber, his last groans sound hollow in the cold, murky pit. Whilst we are lost in blessed forgetfulness, he sleeps in the arms of death."

From Hood's Magazine.

SEPTEMBER.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

UPON the upland, slanting to the plain,
(Gently as slants a bird with outstretch'd wings,) Dreaming, with half-closed lids, I listless lie.
The thistle downs float slowly past; each seed,
Pendulous swaying from its parachute,
Skims lightly o'er the hindering blades of grass:
The purple heath-bells, sway'd by gentle gusts,
Knock timidly against my brow and cheek:
Whilst ever, in the amber fields below,
The flashing sickle, by brown Labor urged,
Gleams crescentwise through falling threads of corn.

Far off, along the tranquil landscape creeps
The smoke's thin azure from the stubble fires.
All's gentle motion and continual calm.
Oh, that the scene's content we could drink in!
With thirsty eyes and realizing brow
I gaze, and it is gone; just like some star,
That, in perusing, fades—to dreamy eyes.
The vividness returns. Westward I look.
The setting sun upon the hill's brim rests,
Shooting a golden west along the ground.
In life-lines o'er the bosom of the steep
The sheep-tracks run, and ever from the sheep
Long shadows stream. Over the broken wall,
With bended knees, a ram leaps suddenly
And stares, tinkling at intervals the bell
Half muffled 'neath his woolly throat, full-brow'd
Between his rib-carved horns, firmly he stands;
And round him gather up the scatter'd flock,
Till like a cloud the whole drive swiftly past,
Seized with a panic fear. Upon the hills
And o'er the plain, still crowned, Summer sits;
But in the vale sad Autumn slowly steals.
How melancholy, in my homeward walk,
Between the avenue of limes, to see
The leaves fall undulating one by one,
And then upon the ground in eddies whirl!
There are no bees about, no busy drones
Curious within the painted chalices.
The sundial in the garden day by day
More idle seems. The pathway weedy grows;
And we do watch no more a favorite flower,
Counting the buds.

From the Gallery of Portraits.

MADAME DE STAEL.

ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER, the celebrated daughter of a celebrated father, was born at Paris, April 22, 1766. In her earliest years she manifested uncommon vivacity of perception and depth of feeling; and at the age of eleven, her sprightliness, her self-possession, and the eager and intelligent interest which she took in all the subjects of conversation, rendered her the pet and the wonder of the brilliant circle which frequented her father's house. Necker himself, though he delighted in promoting the development of his daughter's talents, was a watchful critic of her faults: "I owe," said she, "to my father's penetration, the frankness of my disposition, and the simplicity of my mind. He exposed every sort of affectation; and, in his company, I formed the habit of thinking that my heart lay open to view." She repaid his care and tenderness by a passionate and devoted affection, such as scarcely seems to belong to the relationship which existed between them. Throughout his life, the desire to minister to his pleasure was her first object, and his death threw a permanent shade of melancholy over her spirit.

Madlle. Necker paid the usual price of mental precocity, in its debilitating effects upon her bodily constitution. At the age of fourteen, serious apprehensions were entertained for her life; and she was sent to St. Ouen, in the neighborhood of Paris, for the benefit of country air, with orders to abstain from every species of severe study. Thither her father repaired at every interval of leisure; and being withdrawn from the strict line of behavior prescribed by her mother, who, having done much herself by dint of study, thought that no accomplishments or graces could be worth possessing which were not the fruit of study, she passed her time in the unrestrained enjoyment of M. Necker's society, in the indulgence of her brilliant imagination, and the spontaneous cultivation of her powerful mind. This course of life was more favorable to the development of that poetical, ardent, and enthusiastic temper, which was the source of so much enjoyment, and so much distinction, than to the habits of self-control, without which, such a temper is almost too dangerous to be called a blessing. Her character at this period of life is thus described by her relation and biographer, Mad. Necker de Saussure: "We may figure to ourselves Mad. de Stael, in her early youth, entering with confidence upon a life, which to her promised nothing but happiness. Too benevolent to expect hatred from others, too fond of talent in others to anticipate the envy of her own, she loved to exalt genius, enthusiasm, and inspiration, and was herself an example of their power. The love of glory, and of liberty, the inherent beauty of virtue, the pleasures of affection, each in turn afforded subjects for her eloquence. Not that she was always in the clouds: she never lost presence of mind, nor was she run away with by enthusiasm." In later life her good taste led her to abstain from this lofty vein of conversation, especially when it was forced upon her: "I tramp in the mire with wooden shoes, whenever they would force me to live always in the clouds."

Endowed with such qualities, the effect which Madlle. Necker produced upon her introduction to society was as brilliant as her friends could desire, though the effervescence of imagination and youthful spirits sometimes led her to commit breaches

of etiquette, which might have been fatal to the success of a less accomplished debutant. At the age of twenty, in 1786, she married the Baron de Stael Holstein, ambassador of Sweden at the court of France. He was much the elder, and the matter seems to have been arranged by her parents, with her acquiescence indeed, but without her heart being at all interested in the connexion. And we trace the effect of her ruling passion, love of her father, in the Baron de Stael's engagement not to take her to reside in Sweden, without her free consent. During a large portion of their married life they were separated from each other by the baron's absences from France; but when age and sickness weighed him down, she hastened to comfort him, and his last hours (in 1802) were soothed by her presence and watchful care. By this marriage Mad. de Stael had four children, of whom only a son and a daughter survived her: the latter became the wife of the Duc de Broglie; the former inherited his father's title, and has won for himself a creditable place in the literature of the age.

At the beginning of the revolution, Mad. de Stael watched the new prospects opening on her country with joyful anticipation: but she was shocked and disgusted by the ferocious excesses which ensued. Her love of liberty was too sincere to let her justify the policy, or join the party of the court, but, with an admirable courage, she used the powerful influence of her talents and her connexions to save as many as possible of the victims of that frenzied time. She arranged a plan for the escape of the royal family from the Tuileries; and after the death of Louis XVI., she had the boldness (for so it must be called) to publish her "*Défense de la Reine*." It needed all the author's tact and ingenuity, as well as eloquence, so to plead the queen's cause, as, on the one hand, not to compromise the dignity of her innocence, and, on the other, not to aggravate the rage of those who clamored for her destruction.

Having passed safely through the Reign of Terror, Mad. de Stael hailed the establishment of the Directory in 1795, as the commencement of a settled government. Through life she devoted a large portion of her attention to politics, which she designated as comprehending within their sphere, morality, religion, and literature; and at this period especially, while her fame in literature was not yet established, and the ardent enthusiasm of her temper was unchecked by misfortune, she not only took an eager interest in the course of affairs, but exerted her powers to gain some influence in the direction of them. Her brilliant conversation drew around her the ablest and most accomplished men of the French capital; and in Paris, where the public opinion of France is compressed into a narrow space, wit or beauty have always had an influence unknown to the more sedate nations of the north. To this period of her life belong the treatises—more interesting as specimens of her genius, than important for the truth of her theories—"De l'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur des Individus et des Nations," published in 1796, of which only the first part, relating to individuals, was completed; and "*De la Littérature considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales*," published in 1800: subjects, it has been truly said, which demand the observation and study of a whole life. It is not on these, therefore, that her fame is based. But the latter has the great merit, according to the testimony of Sir James Mackintosh, of

being the first attempt to treat the philosophy of literary history upon a bold and comprehensive scale.

But she could not aspire to "direct the storm," without running some danger of being caught in it; and it is probable, as indeed she herself admits, that if she had foreseen the troubles which political influence was to bring upon her, she would have been well pleased to resign all pretension to it. At the end of 1799, Bonaparte rose to power on the ruin of the Directory. That remarkable man inspired Mad. de Stael from the first with an indescribable fear and dislike, which she has expressed throughout her very interesting work, entitled "*Dix Années d'Exile*;" and as she saw at once the danger to which the cause of rational liberty was exposed by his ambition, and feared not to express her sentiments, her house became the focus of discontent. Benjamin Constant, then one of her intimate associates, having prepared and communicated to her a speech to expose the dawning tyranny of the First Consul, warned her that, if spoken, it would necessarily be followed by the desertion of the brilliant society which she loved, and by which she was surrounded. She replied, "We must do as we think right." It was accordingly pronounced on the following day, on the evening of which her favorite circle was to assemble at her own house. Before six o'clock she received ten notes of excuse. "The first and second I bore well enough, but as one note came after another, they began to disturb me. I appealed in vain to my conscience, which had bidden me resign the pleasures which depended on Bonaparte's favor: so many good sort of persons blamed me, that I could not hold fast enough by my own view of the question." And she says just before, with her usual candor, "If I had foreseen what I have suffered, dating from that day, I should not have been resolute enough to decline M. Constant's offer to abstain from coming forward, for the sake of not compromising me. The speech was followed by an intimation from Fouché, that Mad. de Stael's retirement from Paris for a short time would be expedient.

In the spring of 1800, Bonaparte's absence upon the campaign of Marengo, and the publication of her work on literature, brought Mad. de Stael again into fashion. From that time until 1802, she remained undisturbed, and divided her time chiefly between Paris, and her father's residence at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva. In the latter year, (in which she published "*Delphine*,") her intimacy with Bernadotte caused the First Consul to regard her with suspicion, though the dread of being banished from the delights of Parisian society had taught her prudence. "They pretend," he said, "that she neither talks politics, nor mentions me; but I know not how it happens, that people seem to like me less after visiting her." Prudence, or the warning of her friends, detained Mad. de Stael at Coppet during the winter of 1802-3: but when war broke out, and she thought that Bonaparte's attention was fully occupied by the proposed descent upon England, she could not resist the thirst of conversation which always drew her to Paris. She did not venture to enter the city; but she had not been long in its neighborhood, when she was terribly disconcerted by a peremptory order not to appear within forty leagues of the metropolis. She candidly avows that "*la conversation Française n'existe qu'à Paris, et la conversation a été, depuis mon enfance, mon plus*

grand plaisir." The rest of France, therefore, had no attraction for her, and she determined to visit Germany. Weimar was her first place of abode, where she became acquainted with Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller, and, under their auspices, commenced her study of the German language and literature. In 1804, she proceeded to Berlin; but she was suddenly recalled to Switzerland by the illness and death of M. Necker.

To this most painful loss Mad. Necker de Saussure attributes a deep and beneficial influence on her friend's character. It inspired a melancholy which perhaps never was entirely dissipated; it raised her thoughts to a more exalted strain of meditation, and gave vigor and consistency to those reverential feelings, which before were perhaps hardly definite enough to be termed religion. At this time she composed her account of the private life of M. Necker, of which B. Constant has said, that no other of her works conveys so good a notion of the author. Shortly after, she visited Italy for the first time. The grand and solemn remains of antiquity harmonized with the melancholy of her mind; and in this journey was developed a love of art, and, in a less degree, a taste for scenery, of which up to this time she seems to have been strangely deficient. The fruit of her travels appeared in "*Corinne*," written after her return to Coppet in 1805, and published at Paris early in 1807, which raised her to the first class of living writers. Mad. Necker de Saussure says, in the strain of high panegyric, "Il n'eut qu'une voix, qu'un cri d'admiration dans l'Europe lettrée; et ce phénomène fut partout un événement;" and Sir James Mackintosh, who read it in India, in a translation, says, "I swallow *Corinne* slowly that I may taste every drop. I prolong my enjoyment, and really dread the termination." Dictated by the same leading idea as "*Delphine*," but far superior in depth and truth of sentiment, as well as eloquence, and genuine poetic ardor, it was also free from the moral objections to the former novel. Each heroine, according to the lively author first quoted, is a transcript from the author herself. "*Corinne*" is the ideal of Mad. de Stael; "*Delphine*" is her very self in youth." A similar idea occurred to Mackintosh,—"In the character of '*Corinne*,' Mad. de Stael draws an imaginary self—what she is, what she had the power of being, and what she can easily imagine that she might have become. Purity, which her sentiments and principles teach her to love; talents and accomplishments, which her energetic genius might easily have acquired; uncommon scenes, and incidents fitted for her extraordinary mind; and even beauty, which her fancy contemplates so constantly, that she can scarcely suppose it to be foreign to herself, and which, in the enthusiasm of invention, she bestows on this adorned as well as improved self,—these seem to be the materials out of which she has formed '*Corinne*,' and the mode in which she reconciled it to her knowledge of her own character. * * * The grand defect is the want of repose—too much, and too ingenious reflection—too uniform an ardor of feeling. The understanding is fatigued, the heart ceases to feel."

Before the publication of "*Corinne*," Mad. de Stael had ventured into the neighborhood of Paris. The book contained nothing hostile to Napoleon; but the new wreath of fame which the author had woven for herself revived his spleen, and she soon received a peremptory order to quit France. This was a bitter mortification. We have mentioned

her ruling love of conversation : and to her, Paris was the world ; beyond its limits life was vegetation. " Give me the Rue da Bac," she said to those who extolled the Lake of Geneva ; " I would prefer living in Paris on a fourth story, with a hundred louis a year." The chief studies of her exile were German literature and metaphysics. In the autumn of 1807 she visited Vienna, where she spent a year in tranquil enjoyment, soothed by the respect and admiration, and gratified by the polished manners and conversation of the exalted circles in which she moved, and undisturbed by the petty tyranny which, in her stolen visits to France, always hung over her head. In 1808 she returned to Coppet, to arrange the materials for her great work on Germany. Having devoted nearly two years to this task, she went to France in the summer of 1810, the decree of exile being so far relaxed, that she was permitted, as before, to reside forty leagues from the capital. Her principal object was to superintend the printing of her work, which was to be published at Paris. After passing safely, though with many alterations, through the censorship, the last proof was corrected, September 23. Scarcely was this done, and 10,000 copies struck off, when the whole impression was seized and destroyed. Mad. de Stael fortunately was enabled, by timely warning, to secrete the manuscript. This blow was accompanied by an order to quit France without delay. America, which she had expressed a desire to visit, and Coppet, were the only places offered to her choice : an attempt to reach England, which was her secret wish, would have been followed by immediate arrest. She chose to return to her paternal home. There the Emperor's persecution, and her hatred of him, reached their height ; and though not to be ranked with the graver offences of tyranny, his treatment of her was of a most irritating character, and unbecoming any but a low-minded despot. It was intimated that she had better confine her excursions to a circle of two leagues ; her motions were watched, even within her own house ; to be regarded as her friend was equivalent to a sentence of disgrace or dismissal, to any person dependent on the government ; her sons were forbidden to enter their native country ; M. Schlegel, their domestic tutor, was ordered to quit Coppet ; and worst of all, her two dearest friends, M. de Montmorency and Mad. Recamer, were banished France for having presumed to visit her. These, and more trifling delinquencies are set forth with most stinging sarcasm, in her " Ten Years of Exile."

Harassed beyond endurance, she resolved to make an attempt to escape from these never-ending vexations. But whither to go ! She could not obtain permission to reside elsewhere ; and if Napoleon demanded her, no continental power, except Russia, could give her an asylum. To obtain a conveyance to England was impossible, except from some port to the north of Hamburg ; and to reach that distant region, it was necessary to traverse the whole of Europe, in constant danger of being intercepted and detained. After eight months of irresolution, she found courage and opportunity to make the attempt ; and quitting Coppet secretly, she reached Berne in safety, obtained a passport for Vienna, and hastily traversing Switzerland and the Tyrol, arrived at the Austrian capital, June 6, 1812. But this was neither a safe nor pleasant resting-place. The Emperor was in attendance on his son-in-law at

Dresden ; and the Austrian police thought fit to pay their court to Napoleon, by following up the example of annoyance which he had set. Mad. de Stael, therefore, hastened on her route to Russia, through Moravia and Galicia, honored all the way by the especial attention of the police, on whose happy combination of " French machiavelism and German clumsiness," she has taken ample revenge in her " Ten Years of Exile." She crossed the Russian frontier, July 14, and in the joy of having escaped at last from the wide-spread power of Napoleon, she sees and describes everything in Russia with an exuberance of admiration, which the position of the country at that moment, and the kindness which the writer experienced, may well excuse. The French armies had already crossed the Vistula, and the direct route to St. Petersburg being interrupted, she was obliged to make a circuit by Moscow. After a hasty survey of the wonders of that city, she continued her route to St. Petersburg, where she was received with distinction by the Emperor and his consort. But England was still the object of her desires, and towards the end of September, she quitted the metropolis of Russia for Stockholm. There, during a winter-residence of eight months, she composed the journal of her travels, to which we have so often referred ; and in the following summer she arrived in London.

She was received in the highest circles of our metropolis with an enthusiastic admiration, which no doubt was rendered in part to the avowed enemy of Napoleon, as well as to the woman of genius. Sir James Mackintosh, in his journal, gives a lively description of the manner in which she was *fêted*. " On my return I found the whole fashionable and literary world occupied with Mad. de Stael—the most celebrated woman of this, or perhaps of any age. * * * She treats me as the person whom she most delights to honor. I am generally ordered with her to dinner, as one orders beans and bacon : I have in consequence dined with her at the houses of almost all the cabinet ministers. She is one of the few persons who surpass expectation ; she has every sort of talent, and would be universally popular, if in society she were to confine herself to her inferior talents—pleasantry, anecdote, and literature, which are so much more suited to conversation than her eloquence and genius." A very characteristic observation was made by the late Lord Dudley—" Mad. de Stael was not a good neighbor ; there could be no slumbering near her, she would instantly detect you."

The publication of her long-expected work on Germany maintained the interest which Mad. de Stael had excited, during the period of her residence in England. It is comprised in four parts,—on the aspect and manners of Germany,—on literature and the arts, as there existing,—on philosophy and morals,—and on religion and enthusiasm. For an analysis of it we may best refer to the elaborate criticisms of Mackintosh, in the Edinburgh Review, No. XLIII., who gives it the high praise of " explaining the most abstruse metaphysical theories of Germany precisely, yet perspicuously and agreeably ; and combining the eloquence which inspires exalted sentiments of virtue, with the enviable talent of gently indicating the defects of men and manners by the skilfully softened touches of a polite and merciful pleasantry ;" and of being " unequalled for variety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation of view, and comprehension of mind, among the works of women, and

in the union of the graces of society and literature with the genius of philosophy, not surpassed by many among men."

After the restoration of the Bourbons, Mad. de Stael returned to France. She stood high in Louis XVIII.'s favor, who was well qualified to enjoy and appreciate her powers of conversation; and he gave a substantial token of his regard by the repayment of two millions of francs, which the treasury was indebted to her father's estate. At the return of Napoleon, she fled precipitately to Coppet. She was too generous to countenance the gross abuse lavished on the fallen idol; and some sharp repartees, at the expense of the time-servers of the day, seem to have inspired Napoleon with a hope that he might work on her vanity to enlist her in his service. He sent a message, that he had need of her to inspire the French with constitutional notions: she replied, "He has done for twelve years without either me or a constitution, and now he loves one about as little as the other."

Concerning the last three years of her life, our information is very scanty. She had contracted a second marriage, with M. Rocca, a young officer, who, after serving with distinction in the French army in Spain, had retired, grievously wounded, to Geneva, his native place. For an account and apology for this much-censured and injudicious connexion, the date of which we have not found specified, but which should seem to have been previous to her flight to Coppet, since Rocca accompanied her on the occasion, we must refer to Mad. Necker de Saussure. It appears by her statement (and this is a material consideration in estimating the extent of the lady's weakness,) that though she must have been more than forty, and the gentleman was twenty years younger, she had inspired Rocca with a devoted and romantic passion. "Je l'aimerais tellement," he said to one of his friends, "qu'elle finira par m'épouser," and he kept his word. A less distinguished woman might have contracted a marriage in which the disparity of years was greater, at a slight expense of wondering and ridicule; but probably Mad. de Stael felt that the eyes of the world were upon her, and that any weakness would be eagerly seized by her enemies; and, perhaps, had a natural dislike to resign a name which she had rendered illustrious. She judged ill: the secrecy was the worst part of the affair. The union, though generally believed to exist, was not avowed until the opening of her will, which authorised her children to make her marriage known, and acknowledged one son, who was the fruit of it. The decline of M. Rocca's health, which never recovered the effect of his wounds, induced her to take a second journey to Italy in 1816. At that time, her own constitution was visibly giving way. She became seriously ill after her return to France, and died, July 14, 1817, the anniversary of two remarkable days of her life. These were, the commencement of the French revolution, and the day on which, by entering Russia, she finally escaped from Napoleon. M. Rocca survived her only half a year. He died in Provence, January 29, 1818.

Mad. de Stael's last great work, which was published after her death, is entitled "*Considérations sur les principaux Evénemens de la Révolution Française*," a book, says Mackintosh, "possessing the highest interest as the last dying bequest of the most brilliant writer that has appeared in our days, the greatest writer, of a woman, that any age or country has produced." That it was left unfinished is the less to be regretted, because it is

not a regular history of the revolution, but rather a collection of penetrating observations and curious details, recorded in the true spirit of historic impartiality, and therefore a most valuable treasure to the future historian. The scope of the book, in accordance with her warm admiration through life of the English constitution, is to show that France requires a free government and a limited monarchy. The catalogue of her works is closed by the *Œuvres Inédites* published in 1820, of which the principal is "*Ten Years of Exile*." They are collected in an edition of eighteen volumes 8vo., published at Paris, in 1819-20, to which the "*Notice sur le Caractère et les Ecrits de Mad. de Stael*," by Mad. Necker de Saussure, is prefixed.

The leading feature of Mad. de Stael's private character was her inexhaustible kindness of temper; it cost her no trouble to forgive injuries. There seems not to have been a creature on earth whom she hated, except Napoleon. "Her friendships were ardent and remarkably constant; and yet she had a habit of analysing the characters, even of those to whom she was most attached, with the most unsparing sagacity, and of drawing out the detail and theory of their faults and peculiarities, with the most searching and unrelenting rigor; and this she did to their faces, and in spite of their most earnest remonstrances. 'It is impossible for me to do otherwise,' she would say; 'if I were on my way to the scaffold, I should be dissecting the characters of the friends who were to suffer with me upon it.'" Though the excitement of mixed society was necessary to her happiness, her conversation in a tête à tête with her intimate friends is said to have been more delightful than her most brilliant efforts in public. She was proud of her powers, and loved to display and talk of them: but her vanity was divested of offensiveness by her candor and ever-present consideration of others. Of her errors we would speak with forbearance; but it is due to truth to say that there were passages in her life which exposed her to serious and well-founded censure. As a daughter and mother she displayed sedulous devotion, and the warmest affection. Though never destitute of devotional feeling, her notions of religion in youth seem to have been very vague and inefficient. But misfortune drove her sensitive and affectionate temper to seek some stay, which she found nothing on earth could furnish; and in later years, her religion, if not deeply learned, was deeply felt. Of this, the latter portion of Mad. Necker de Saussure's work will satisfy the candid reader. And though her testimony to the truth and value of religion were for the most part indirect, we may reasonably believe that it was not ineffective. "Placed in many respects in the highest situation to which humanity could aspire, possessed unquestionably of the highest powers of reasoning, emancipated in a singular degree from prejudices, and entering with the keenest relish into all the feelings that seemed to suffice for the happiness and occupation of philosophers, patriots, and lovers, she has still testified that without religion there is nothing stable, sublime or satisfying; and that it alone completes and consummates all to which reason and affection can aspire. A genius like hers, and so directed, is, as her biographer has well remarked, the only missionary that can work any permanent effect upon the upper classes of society in modern times—upon the vain, the learned, the scornful and argumentative, 'who stone the Prophets, while they affect to offer incense to the Muses.'" (—*Ed. Review*, No. LXXI.)